

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY
OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1924

YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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Anthology of Magazine Verse
for 1924
and Year Book of American Poetry

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and

Yearbook of American Poetry

Edited by

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



BOSTON

B. J. BRIMMER COMPANY

1924

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Reference

Printed in the United States of America
At the Charles River Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts

43332

TO
KATHARINE LEE BATES
POET AND TEACHER
Long and very much beloved

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



TO THE American poets, and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology*, I wish to express my thanks for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish, also, to thank the *Boston Transcript Company*, for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of the *Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

Harper and Bros.: "Forget," "Companion of Quiet," "This is My Portfolio," "Water," "Herodiade" and "Instead of Tears" from *Sunrise Trumpets*, by Joseph Auslander.

The Macmillan Company: "Black Christmas," "Pirate Legend," "New England Landscape" and "Alternatives" from *Skyline and Horizons*, by DuBose Heyward.

Alfred A. Knopf: "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter" and "Captain Carpenter" from *Chills and Fever* by John Crowe Ransom; "Ranch of the Fan" and "Design of White Lilacs" from *Ship's Log*, by Grace Hazard Conkling.

George H. Doran Company: "Squaw" from *The Middle Twenties*, by John Farrar.

Henry Holt and Company: "Nothing Gold Can Stay," "To Earthward" and "The Star-Splitter" from *New Hampshire, Notes and Grace Notes*, by Robert Frost.

D. Appleton and Company: "Sea Mist" from *A Harp in the Wind*, by Daniel Henderson.

Thomas Seltzer: "To a Child With Eyes," "Big Mare," "Stone," "Crow," "Spring Thunder" from *Spring Thunder*, by Mark van Doren.

Thomas B. Mosher: "Russets," and "Rewards" from *Frontier*, by Isabel Fiske Conant.

James T. White Company: "La Petite Fiancée" and "Flower of Quince" by Virginia McCormick.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin: "Star-Dancers" from *Slants*, by Clifford Gessler.

B. J. Brimmer Company: "Euterpe," "Corydon" and "Pietro Aretino" from *Corydon, and Other Poems*, by Lucius M. Beebe; "April Evening" and "Vagrant" from *Through Many Windows*, by George Elliston.

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INTRODUCTION



ANNUALLY for the nineteenth year, this commentary on the current affairs of American Poetry is presented to the country. Since the appearance of the original poetry article, almost an era of American poetic history has had its rise and decline. If the acceptance of nineteen hundred and twelve, by the middle and younger generations, as the date of the revival becomes authoritative, then any advocacy and enthusiasm in nineteen hundred and five must be equally accepted as prophetic. We were prophetic in nineteen hundred and five. We were justified of that prophecy in nineteen hundred and twelve; and in nineteen hundred and twenty-four we were sensible, by a fair right, of a retrospective detachment from the subsiding turmoil of an ending era. We look back seven years longer than the crowd. And, also, seven years longer than those self, or otherwise, elected captains hedged in by the crowd, and whose perspective is, and has been, the rim of the crowd itself. In nineteen hundred and four May Sinclair discovered that America had three new poets of genuine talent and promise: Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ridgely Torrence and William Vaughan Moody.

These new talents were new roots in a soil not too richly fertilized by the chemistry of original song. Miss Sinclair discovered these new roots sprouting from the seed of "Old Walt." The stems that began so thinly to drink in the air and sunlight of a new vision took, if anything, the substance of the old master and gathered from a sub-soil deeper than Whitman's expression of theories the traditional form of metrics. Moody is dead, his mellow and brooding artistry early quieted and gone; Torrence flickered brilliantly for a brief while in the magazines, indifferently careless of his own extremely promising worth; Robinson, in those early years, battling with patient courage for the emergence from obscurity, was steadily pursuing his own straight path through the welter and confusion of an overcrowded Parnassus to the goal, which he was to reach nearly twenty years later as the foremost American poet of his day, nearly achieving, as Theodore Maynard asserts, a position among the foremost poets of all time. It is a singular thing that the two most highly gifted poets who had published their earliest volumes by nineteen hundred and four—we refer to Ridgely Torrence and Anna Hampstead Branch—had so long been silent by nineteen hundred and twelve that they were almost forgotten.

The twenty years between nineteen hundred and four and nineteen hundred and twenty four will always present the most paradoxical poetic records in American literary

history. The currents of song came from every source from which the national character was forming; all, more or less, striving to present a unified consciousness of native art. There cannot be, in spite of this, a merging group of characteristics representing a background, symbolizing an heredity, as happened with the six poets known as the New England group. Then, one little corner of the country had sufficient culture to fertilize, or be fertilized, by the imagination. The opening and development of the West, the rehabilitation of the South, have made their contributions to the sum of contemporary American poetry. The poetry that has come out of these sections has for the most part been the voice of progress. It has been the passion of Whitman for the beautiful and giant body of America, godlike in feature, and radiating a temper of freedom. No one can deny that here indeed was the key for large imaginings and energies which were capable of intensifying vision on a new plane of human experience.

Look close at the performances and we catch always less the artist than the inspired prophet. We come back to New England, as we have most surely come back in the last few years, to a realization that the balanced forces of substance and expression in art is here rooted in a community whose soil is thin but whose character is rich in the deep formations of human experiences. Here indeed is the possession of roots, roots that have been starved of luxuriance, but which send the sap struggling against the companionship of rocks to blossom fruitfully in the hard sting of the northeast wind. Endurance is a symbol of this aspiration, and the ephemera of the light privileges of equality has much less concern than the eternal cycling of man's higher destinies of birth and death. Between these two points of its chief concerns it takes many an ironic notion of the futile and tragic desires which are so much the sum of which men strive for against other backgrounds. One has only to note the substance, a substance full of its own flame of intensity, in the art of Robinson and Frost, to name two of the longer established poets, or of a lesser known but no less impregnated a poet with the same substance as Frederick R. McCreary. Even in the lighter and more flippant lyric impulses of Edna St. Vincent Millay one catches the strange force of this New England substance. And Miss Lowell, too, for all her rococo brilliance, signalizes the same power through the intense perfection of her energies. If ever a person saw art steadily and saw it whole and made rhythm a pure criticism of color and imagery, it is she, and it is nothing more, in analogy than breaking soil and making settlement.

We have in the confines of New England three poets, each one of whom you will find accredited by a large following as being the greatest American poet of this day,

and one of the greatest of all American poets. Robinson Frost and Amy Lowell are the poets. Another New England born poet has also her adherents in large numbers who are convinced that no American has written more hauntingly perfect lyrics than Edna St. Vincent Millay! Such statements about these poets named may be a bit gratuitous in the face of one's duty not to observe any sectional lines in the art; but it is not a bad thing, now and then, to offset the prevailing assumption from the Mid-West that New England is a graveyard of poetic reputations.

One such reputation has been resurrected during the current year in Emily Dickinson, upon whose collected volume of poems, as well as her biography, has been focused a chorus of praise which acknowledges her among the immortals. The sense that one gets in all that has been written about Emily Dickinson during the year is, not that she is a smaller star in the literary heavens than Whitman, but of a greater distance from the eye. There is no doubt but that the rediscovery of Emily Dickinson has been the most important poetic event of the year. We have looked for some definite signs during nineteen hundred and twenty-four of a change in the monotony of the last two years. Polish and more polish seems to be the aim of the poets who put in a promising appearance a few years ago. Elinor Wylie and Louise Bogan continue to beat out the thin leaves of gold and silver imagery, being not altogether over-particular to avoid the corroding effect of repetition.

No poet has received more praise for a book during the current twelve months than Mr. Joseph Auslander, whose "Sunrise Trumpets" has caused him to be hailed as a supreme colorist. A poet with more range to her work is Elizabeth J. Coatsworth; with not the same quality of intensity that Mr. Auslander has, Miss Coatsworth gathers in more vibrancies and tempers from the objective aspects of human nature. She has a keenly sympathetic gift for detaining the values of backgrounds in their associations and reactions to spiritual portraiture. Her volume, "Atlas and Beyond," in its very name has a significant relation to this quality in her work. Mr. Frost's volume, "New Hampshire," and Mr. Robinson's "The Man Who Died Twice," are, of course, the most important volumes that have been published during the year. American poetry suffered during the year a loss in the death of Hazel Hall. It was only three years ago that her first book, "Curtains," was published, and within this time her poignant and pathetic songs and lyrics have won her a place in the company of Sara Teasdale for the simplicity of her singing quality.

*Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts,
October 10, 1924*

W. S. B.

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Part I
Anthology
of Magazine Verse

DEATH AND THE LADY

Their bargain told again

Death to the Lady said
While she to dancing-measure still
Would move, while beauties on her lay,
Simply as dews the buds do fill,
Death said: "Stay!
Tell me Lady,
If in your breast the lively breath
May flicker for a little space,
What ransom will you give to death,
Lady?" he said.
"O not one joy, O not one grace,
And what is your will to my will?
I can outwit parched fancies still."
To Death said the lady.

Death to that lady said,
When blood went numb and wearily,
"In innocency dear breath you drew,
And marrow and bloom you rendered me,"
She said: "True"
"How now Lady?"
"My heart sucked up its sweet at will,
Whose scent when substance' sweet is past,
Is lovely still, is lovely still,
Death," she said.
"For bones' reprieve the dreams go last:
Soon, soon your flowery show did part,
But precious I cull the heart,"
Death said to the Lady.

Death to that Lady said:

"Is then not all our bargain done?

Or why do you beckon me so fast

To chaffer for a skeleton

Flesh must cast,

Ghostly Lady?"

"For, Death, that I would have you drain

From my dead heart the blood that stands

So chilly in the withered vein.

And Death," she said,

"Give my due bones into your hands."

"Beauties I claim at morning-prime,

But the lack-lustre in good time."

Death said to the Lady.

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

A GULL GOES UP

Gulls when they fly move in a liquid arc;
Still head; and wings that bend above the breast,
Covering its glitter with a cloak of dark,
Gulls fly; so would at last toward balm and rest,
Remembering wings, the desperate leave their earth,
Bear from their earth what there was ruinous-crossed,
Peace from distress, and love from nothing-worth,
Fast at the heart, its jewels of dear cost.

Gulls go up hushed to that entrancing flight,
With never a feather of all the body stirred;
So in an air less rare than longing might
The dream of flying lift a marble bird.
Desire it is that flies; then wings are freight,
That only bear the feathered heart no weight.

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

RICH MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF

Rich man, beggar man, thief,
How we clutch at a glint of treasure,
Selling our silver dreams
For a handful of tinsel pleasure;

Hurrying through the world
With greed in our eyes to blind us;
Cramming our pockets full
Of the things we must leave behind us.

Lying straight in our graves
At the end of the road we must travel,
Rich man, beggar man, thief,
We shall grasp but a handful of gravel.

The Forum

Medora Addison

SEARCH

I have a dress woven of rose and gold,
And glinting jewels in my hair:
And yet my mirror shows
Only a shade
In grey.

My garden lies beneath the summer moon
Like Danaë to the rain of gold:
The softest airs are there—
Why is the moon
So cold?

I saw a mountain towering silently;
I saw two swallows swiftly fly;
I saw a nun at prayer:
All these look up—
And I?

I went into the forest, and I found
A flower's perfume lingering:
Upon the ground were petals
Trampled down
And broken.

I passed among a crowd of moving men.
Their eyes were unalight, their hands
Reached out for unknown aid:
What do you seek?
I said.

I looked along white faces in a temple.
It seemed they came together there
Better to hide in praise
Each one a secret
Prayer.

My feet are fleet to carry me away:
But when I ask who follows me,
There comes a silent answer,
Go no further—
It is I.

I heard ecstatic music in a church—
Te Deums mounting high and clear:
If all that sound were true,
There must be God
To hear.

I saw them putting candles by an altar,
And all that holy place was bright.
I put my candle there—
Why did it shed
No light?

I heard the ocean crying to the night,
And looked to see if God were there.

Till dawning day I watched:
Oh tell me, where
Is God?

I saw, against the white of winter snow,
The blackened stalks of summer flowers
Bending above the footprints
Of a girl who dreamed
Of love.

Pictures there are and music and the dance,
And books, and multitudes of things:
So many thoughts sent forth.
And each one says,
I want!

Philosophers are wise, I said, and searched
Great golden books, but only found
In every learned line
A wistfulness
Like mine.

I looked and saw not one familiar face:
And yet I called, O Brother, Brother!
And many an answer came
In greeting to
Another.

.

From my dim hope I made a prayer with wings.
Out through the void it flew and cried,
Beating upon the Silence.
Silence answered—
And it died.

WHEN I AM PLUNGED IN SUNLIGHT

When I am plunged in sunlight
And spattered with drifting blossom,
And my heart is stitched with scarlet thread
Twisting into song,
I may belong to my body—
Funny and brown and lissom,
Or to any calico wayfarer
Who happens to swing along.

For I am a foolish person
Who would rather steal than borrow.
I'd lie with a priest in a fallow field
To keep from sipping sorrow!
But since my heels *will* blister—
For all my head is light,
I very often cry to you
In the mauve twilight.

And where you are I do not know,
Or even how you fare
But I weep to see the stars
Shining through your hair.

The Bookman

Jane Barbara Alexander

NUDE

From what mysterious seas,
What iridescent shell,
Did diving men release
This rounded miracle.
Those waters are deviceless now;
Reft of that pearl;
And I have what is priceless now,
The likeness of a girl.

Kenneth Slade Alling

The Measure: A Magazine of Poetry

WINTER WATER

This bright, irregular disk of ice
I hewed out with my hatchet to get at the lake,
It formed last night on the water hole
That we cut. When it's cold the ice will **make**
Quickly; an oasis of glass
In an acre of snow ice. It came to pass
That the night was cold and the cold is fuel
For fusing water into a jewel.

PEBBLES

Who first heard the high and silver treble
Of pebble striking upon pebble.
Like the blaze of music from a harp
The water chords but through them sharp
These came. The cupped hands of the brook,
Taking the stones, together shook
Each hard, translucent minor moon
And found the forest a new tune.

SPRING WATER

How very distant shrills the slaughter
Of time when March hears falling water.
Obsidian pools in purple walls—
On them the falling water falls;
White sound struck out of a black drum:
And there beside the hemlock hole
A dryad dances with her soul
And forest things grow frolicsome.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Kenneth Slade Alling

FOUR SONNETS

I

A hundred years ago the church bells spoke
Resonant through the sleeping market place.
The drowsy little village stirred and woke
To the ancient beauty of the commonplace.
The chimneys smoked, the morning tasks were taken
Lads awoke jubilant to breathe the name
Of a dear unnamed one, with her hair downshaken,
Sighing to pass the hours till evening came.

And in the evening sat the older folks
To talk of how the young world took to sin.
Down at the corner old men changed old jokes
And thought the stage was late getting in.
The stars came out, the cool earth whirled to morn,
An old man died and a young child was born.

II

They said that Jimmy was the handsomest lad
In all the witchery of the country side,
The good townspeople took unconcious pride
In his kindly smile and way of being glad.
The rest of the idyll is as old and sad
As love's own sadness.

A heroic ride,
A shot, a lurch, and gallant Jimmy died.
The papers said that the war news was bad.

A little maid stood waiting at the gate
When kind friends told her of her lover's story,
Her deep eyes brimming with the sting of fate,
And Jimmy's voice was more than Jimmy's glory.
Sometimes at night, when all the world was stilled,
She dimly understood that Jim was killed.

III

Poor Lucy never laughed much after that.
Half-captured happiness had left a scar,
A hidden woman's heritage of war
Seared in her tired heart. All day she sat
Finding a thousand foolish things to do,
Little loving things, inconsequential,
But she had lost, you see, the one essential
Thing in life, which changed her point of view.

And Lucy said, "They will remember Jim,
When I am trodden dust his very name
Will be a watchword and a battle hymn,
An inspiration and a secret flame."
So musing she would smile, a little sadly,
And then continue knitting, rather badly.

IV

So Lucy found at last the world was blind,
Grieved for the bad, forgetful of the good,
Until there came a friend who understood,
Talked quietly and listened and was kind.
She washed the bitterness from Lucy's mind
Leaving instead sublimity of mood
With rich companionship in solitude
Of a peaceful heart unwrung and unconfined.

People said, "She loved a soldier lad.
Killed, poor fellow, in some little fight,
The only lover that she ever had.
Aren't the hills lovely here and clear to-night?"
And Lucy kept a boarding school for girls,
A quaint old lady, with old-fashioned curls.

The Yale Literary Magazine

Frank D. Ashburn

DISCOVERY

All the long day they hunted for their sheep,
All the long night through their uneasy sleep
They strained to catch the faintest little call
Where no call was, save wind and waterfall
 Sounding and singing through their dreams till dawn.

Trackless the waste by which they climbed, a place
Where never footfall could have left its trace,
Yet still they climbed, still searching, searching on,
For their lost flock had passed that way and gone
 Up to the heights above the Mesa wall.

The faintest tinkle of a tiny bell,
The faintest crying—tokens these that tell
Of some small lamb fallen beside the trail.
Around the cliff they pushed, they could not fail
 To find at last those wandering sheep they sought.

The sun had set. Far in the velvet sky
Hung low the evening star. Water fell close by,
And once again they heard the little bell; around
The last long corner peered in hope, and found
 Not sheep—but palaces enchanted, tower on tower.

The Lyric West

Ruth Aughiltree

FORGET!

Let your anchor go whinnying down: it should strike
Deep into some merman's pearl-assaulted skull;
Or—if you like—
A nereid's throat white as death and as beautiful,
A nereid's hair streaked weed green, rust gold where
 pike
And inquisitive shark teeth pull.

Forget home and the half-friends; forget the soft
mouth
Syllabbling lovely treacheries; forget the hollow words,
The dust, the drouth—
Everything! Go with the sulphur wings and the sap-
phire birds
And the cream curves of the great gulls screaming
south
And the whales in wallowing herds!

Forget! Let nothing make you remember; allow
No pale intrigue of roseleaf dust, no pressed clover;
Let no sound now
Haunt your brain with the old crushed cry of the
lover;
Forget you ever touched a cool skin, a quiet brow—
Let your anchor go over!

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post Joseph Auslander

COMPANION OF QUIET

I

You who have shared the sunset with me, known
Tranquillities of tone,
Cathedral me in thought, be architect,
And out of silences erect
A temple where we two may stand alone.

And love will be the pontiff of our peace,
And beauty without cease
Will stain the bleeding oriels; night will glow
With candles: we will know
The pressure of cool hands and long release.

II

When the fires of thought are low and burned away,
And one bird ripples to the bronzing west,

And hearthlight flickers with the fading day
Against the shadows in the room of rest,
And quiet things are like your hands caressed:

Then when the air is smoothed to more than sleep
In a fine agitation of all sense,
Loosen the beautiful silence that you keep
Locked in the cool cave of deliverance
And whelm me in a velvet violence.

Hands that have never failed me in the hour
Of my most tranquil need, be on my head
The speechless benediction of a flower
Fallen from a garland of the dead,
And let no word be contemplate or said.

The Bookman

Joseph Auslander

THIS IS MY PORTFOLIO

This is my portfolio
Of things that take me as they go:
Flicker of fins; the crisp cool sting
Of air lit wild by some swift wing;
Leaves that star my window-ledge;
Rain slanting to one silver edge
With the drops pulled long, like thin
Harmonics on a violin.

Wind-mists winding down a bog
Make music in my catalogue;
The rich round klup of horses' feet
Anvilling an empty street;
Even a whistle that cracks the night
From some far engine dazed with flight
Like the peak of a giant arpeggio
Crashes through my portfolio.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Joseph Auslander

WATER

Water remembered, treasured up;
Water that has never touched an earthen cup;
Held only in the creased hollow of a hand,
Trickling through, flickering silver, furrowing black sand;
Water tapped at the source
Of cool damp precincts moving without force,
Even and quiet and confident and clean
With all the beauty of some suave machine—
These things, these phrases wrenched themselves softly
 loose
Like young tulip bulbs or the inside grass spear whose
Rootless white green end is sweet to suck:
So the phrases filtered through, light struck,
Pulled loose from the intricate loam of thought and spaced
Themselves because you laughed, and got unlaced
Because you laughed at something that I said . . .
Your laughter was like water—not drink only, but drink
 and dark-grained deep-breathing bread.

The New Republic

Joseph Auslander

HERODIADE

Should I grieve with much grieving,
Desolately alarmed
Because you go, leaving
Mirage, cool-throated, cold-armed?
Waste the strength of my teeth on stone, taste stone;
Moan implacably, moan
Now that you go, leaving me emptied, dried out and
 bleached to the bone?

Will not your young hair flow
With the same slow stress?
And someone else's nostrils know
The sharp smell of your sombre nakedness?
The pointed larkspur glitter of your eyes drive delicate
 blue

Radiantly through and through
Other bleak veins? . . . Yes, leave me! . . . The brute
and the blind have need of you—you!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Joseph Auslander

INSTEAD OF TEARS

Instead of tears my eyes have stones
In them; tears can become as hard.

I have had tears enough and groans
Enough—a wounded animal moans
A little, then is on his guard.
Now I can think of you without
Love, without hate; I can think
Steadily about such things; about
Things like stones that leave no doubt—
Dark earth, and water cool to drink.

I am like a child to whom
Accustomed curves and edges mean
What to an invalid his room,
And the sweet regulated gloom,
And the implicit soft routine.

These reassure and satisfy
Heart and brain and hand and slow
Rovings of the anxious eye. . . .
I think, if you should pass me by,
I should not know, I should not know.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Joseph Auslander

MILTONIC

Poet, thou shalt have to drink
Water in a wooden bowl.
There shall be a friend for thee:
The lonely one within thy soul.

But the grass about thy door
Men called grass in Babylon,
And from a simple shore like this
Astounding ships have gone.

Drunk with water thou hast sung
Of the gods in epic song;
Loud bronze battles of the world,
Helen's old, immortal wrong.
Thou hast sung how once a child
Roused in a child love mystical;
And how a blind old man has seen
The flaming angel fall.

Whoso would sing of little loves
Within a little lyric line
May dance and drowse to his content,
He may drink the purple wine.
But thou who hast plucked a leaf of grass
And found therein thy happy soul,
Thou shalt only have to drink
Water in a wooden bowl.

Emerson Quarterly

Mavis Clare Barnett

THE DEBT

Because the years are few, I must be glad;
Because the silence is so near, I sing;
'T were ill to quit an inn where I have had
Such bounteous fare, nor pay my reckoning.
I would not, from some gleaming parapet
Of Sirius or Vega, bend my gaze
On a remembered sparkle and regret
That from it thanklessly I went my ways
Up through the starry colonnades, nor found
Violets in any Paradise more blue
Than those that blossomed on my own waste ground,
Nor vespers sweeter than the robins knew.

Though Earth be but an outpost of delight,
Heaven's wild frontier by tragedy beset,
Only a Shakespeare may her gifts requite,
Only a happy Raphael pay his debt.
Yet I—to whom even as to those are given
Cascading foam, emblazoned butterflies,
The moon's pearl chariot through the massed clouds
 driven,
And the divinity of loving eyes—
Would make my peace now with mine hostess Earth,
Give and take pardon for all brief annoy,
And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

The Atlantic Monthly

Katharine Lee Bates

AUTUMN WEATHER

Had I a flute made out of the heart
 Of a seven-year cherry tree,
How blithely would I bear my part
 In the day's wild minstrelsy;
A world all glitter, whistle and twitter,
 Whir of a rising quail,
Rustling edges of saffron sedges,
 Flirt of a squirrel tail,
Robin conventions in meadows of gentians,
 Debating the hour to fly,
While the birch, a goddess in silver bodice,
 Waves them a gay goodbye!

I love the laughter that follows after
 Knowledge of life's keen cost,
As I love the swirling of leaves unfurling
 New colors to flout the frost,
Leaves worn meagre but swift and eager
 As the merry winds pipe them on

To their last cotillion in frocks vermillion,
Amber and cinnamon;
As I love the valor of flowers whose pallor
Carries a fragrance yet,
On whose crisping petals the moth still settles
For a passing pirouette.

O trumpet-blowing of gales, O glowing
Of maples and oaks that shine
Flame on the altar, gold on the psalter,
Till the earth is so divine
That the acorns falling are rosaries calling
The faith of the woods to burn,
And mid poplar candles God walks in sandals
Embroidered with bronze of fern!
How blithely would I bear my part
In anthem and litany,
Had I a flute made out of the heart
Of a seven-year cherry tree!

The Forum

Katharine Lee Bates

FEBRUARY 3, 1924

Above all controversy
Celestial beauty glows.
Called to Death's final mercy
Our martyr goes.

From earth's hard heart come rushing
Sorrow and honor twinned.
A rain of tears is hushing
The angry wind.

O Zion gates uplifted,
As to the opaline
Splendor from shadows rifted
He enters in!

Like soaring lights auroral
The glad crusader souls
Greet him with cheer and choral
And banneroles;

But while Heaven's welcome blesses
His path with harpsichord
And clarion, on he presses
To seek his Lord,

And lay at the Cross of Disaster
That draws the world to its gleam,
At the white, pierced feet of the Master,
His white, pierced dream.

Boston Transcript

Katharine Lee Bates

EUTERPE

Long, long ago we met,
Sweet Mother of Hellenic song,
Where argent hues and violet
Make hills articulate against the sun!
Full-lipped we met in the profound embrace
Of things immoral
Under the portal,
Wisteria crowned, of happy days.
And then I stood alone and deified,
Nor could I comprehend,
When you had swept
Out of my ways and vanished, and I cried
—Ah, come again!—You answered not,
And after a little space I wept.

But I have seen you since
When the dawn
Creeps jasmine-scented on Etrurian hills
Before the many-petaled day has blown

Into the world and died;
And in cities of the mightier West
At day's decline
Have heard you in the boulevards,
At dusk, when street lamps shine
On watcher's faces.
O fairest of the Graces,
Here also is your home.
They matter not, the cycles in their fashion,
And you shall ever sing, the while you roam,
Of life and hope and immemorial passion.

The Yale Literary Magazine

Lucius M. Beebe

CORYDON

The pleasant hills in solemn silence sleeping
Under a sunset of perpetual fire,
Past summer's weeping,
Shall know no more the vibrant melody
Of thy sad songs, O lovely shepherd boy!
The winds are free
And chill November
Sweeps thy reed music and thy lyric joy
Away with all the things I would remember.

The wood-smoke on the silent autumn air,
The disconsolate petals on the grass
Symbol despair,
And all the fragrance of the divine Apollo
Is fled from this incalculable loss
Where none may follow.
Is there no rest
In the stark shadow of a naked cross
In silhouette against the scarlet west?

Shall I forsake philosopher and sage
Rebellious drawn
From solemn cloister and scholastic page

And get me gone,
O shepherd of the slender fingers?
Guide me above the mountain passes
Through the lush grasses
Where thy music lingers,
Out of nocturnal anguish into dawn.

For I shall sing to thee of Mytelene
And aucient things
And paint with popped words a twilight scene
Where Lesbos flings
Her stretch of Sapphic isle
Over the sea. Ah, liquid interlude!
We would intrude
But for a little while
Upon the rapture of ambrosial springs.

This then is all of the enchanted vision
Far from the dusty passion of the streets?
The world's derision,
The inarticulate call
Of ageless things in the awakened woods,
Unhappy autumn moods
And the wan summons of a grieving fate,
Hastering through the twilight pall
And beauties vanished, inarticulate?

Let no dim spectres haunt my darkened brain
Like aspens whispering at eventide
Of ancient pain
So oft repeated.
I shall flee far from the abysmal night,
Not in impetuous flight,
But, lingering by Lethe's tideless void
Shall slumber undefeated
In sunset woods, forever unannoyed.

PIETRO ARETINO

Nay, I am free. To copy lesser minds.
Petrarca or Boccaccio, perchance,
For one of my estate were small indeed.
The world—what of it? Give me but a quill
And half a ream of foolscap to my hand
And I shall mock me of the universe.
For one of my estate were small indeed.
Save women infinite and the defects
Of Venice's half palsied regiment,
Are swift to wreck their purses to buy up
The matter of some idle pasquinade
Or what contempt I void upon their state.
The Scourge of Princess—aye, they call me that;
No sweeter garland ever crowned the brow
That bore the superscription and relief
Of utter genius. It is said that none
In Italy draws breath or sword but fears
The insolence of my authority.
Sweet mead were that! What would a pen be worth
That might not rate the guerdon of its skill
In minted ducats of an empire's price?
I shall persevere still while prelates pay
And merchant princes open out their vaults
To stifle slander and correct abuse.
If any patron crave the sure defense
Of trenchant missive and impassioned verse.
In short, if he desire me to his train,
I am his man if he be generous,
For say what please you, the humanities
By valor earn a princely recompense.
This is the very fashion of my strength
And I defy you, masters, find the peer
Of Pietro Aretino if you may,
And I will brand him false as hell itself.
Before he challenge my supremacy.

QUATRAIN

Delve not so deep into the gloomy past
That life's bright sands cave in and bury thee;
Better it is to make a ladder fast
Against a star, and climb eternally.

The Christian Century

Charles G. Blanden

THE SCULLION OF THE QUEEN

The scullion of the Queen was grieved because
She had refused to lend a favorite sigh
Of hers to stain the lightness of his cake.
Boldly, he had demanded also one
Long petal from the winter of her mind,
To serve as fertile icing for his tarts,
And one revolt of color from her heart
To rescue the deficiencies of taste,
And one bewildered promise from her soul
To bring his cakes a new release of shape.
The Queen replied that he must first devise
These gifts within the tortured industry
Of his imagination, and that when
This task was done he would not need the less
Intangible corrections of her face. . .
He smiled and raised himself above the earth.

Contemporary Verse

Maxwell Bodenheim

MY ART

My prose is for others,
My songs for myself.
The slow dust that smothers
My poems on the shelf

Inflicts on my haughty
And insolent nerves
The treatment such naughty
Exposure deserves.

My prose is decorous,
Or strips other men,
Discretely sonorous
On things that have been.
My verse tears he curtain
From shuddering me,
Pale, haggard, uncertain,
As souls should not be.

My prose is large, sunny,
And pleasant to touch;
It brings me some money,
Though, damn it, not much.
My verse bares my pocket
As well as my heart;
Yet, love it or mock it,
To sing is *my* art.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

GOD'S HUMOUR

I'm a little bit perplexed
Over God and me.
Is he likely to be vexed
At my levity?

I imagine him at least
So immensely kind
That my worship patched and pieced
Will not be declined.

Sense of humour large as his
Cannot hug the letter.
If it does, then mine is
Comfortingly better.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

MY TREES

My trees, my trees! Their age-long glory
All in a moment swept away,
And blighted by the transitory
Disaster of a winter day.

For fifty years I've watched their tender
Spring verdure creep upon my earth.
Then autumn laid away their splendour
With calm assurance of rebirth.

Now twig and branch and trunk are shattered
By one fierce blast of winter's breath.—
I shudder, as if nothing mattered
To them or me or God but death.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

MORTALITY

How could you believe that I
Could adore so cold a creature,
One who bears mortality
Written large on every feature?

How could one of my demeanor
Come to love a thing like you,
Just a spectre, paler, leaner?
Tell me, how?—God knows I do.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

THE FISHERMAN

I sit beside Lethean streams,
And in that ghostly tangle
Of quaint and ill-assorted dreams
Fantastically angle.

The wand of memory is my rod,
My hook is old affection,
With which I keep extracting odd
Phantoms of recollection.

The creatures glisten in the wave
And magically quiver;
But, once ashore, what charm they have
Is apt to fade forever.

And yet the future is so dark
And grimly unalluring
That I fish on, and scarce remark
The failures I'm securing.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Braajora

INHERITANCE

They left to me their house and land
Who am the next of kin,
On what was theirs I lay my hand
And freely I go in.

Before the hearth where they did sit
I speak my "yes" and "no"—
I am the master over it,
That once did come and go.

I would repeat the bitter sting
Of all my early need—
Yes, I would own not anything
But have Them here instead.

I would resign my years of right
If I could hear Them say,
"We cannot let you go tonight"
Or "Come and spend the day."

Now, this estate is all my own,
As far as eye can see,
But not a voice breaks the air
And no one speaks to me.

Anna Hempstead Branch
Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

AFTER OPERATION

Sick with other ills than these,
Very sick with these, I lie,
Weak with old hypocrisies,
Pray to die and would not die.

Sense, in dream-like terror caught,
Stands stock-still and cannot swerve,
While he pulls to bits who wrought
Bone and artery and nerve.

In a body soon to rot,
Pain indrawn on every breath,
I would rather stay than not;
Pain is not so long as death.

The Century Magazine *Juliet Branham*

SPOIL

"Fair spoil I thought Him as I reached the well,
Upstanding, tall, and vigorous of tread;
Wanderers like Him had often found me there,
And spent their desert gold with reckless hand

In wild delight. His burnous veiled His face,
I could not see His eyes as I came in,
But after the ancient fashion of my trade
I smiled and dropped a corner of my veil.
Ah, He would think me fair, like a garden fair,
My eyes like the eyes of doves, a scarlet thread
My lips that waited for His first hot kiss:
And then . . . I saw His face! Not man like that
Had ever crossed my path. His words were filled
With courtesy and ancient kindly grace,
As though He thought of His mother seeing me.
I gave him drink to slake the hot day's thirst,
Then something happened I cannot understand.
For He talked of living water from strange wells
Deep in the heart of God; and as He talked
I knew a thirst like none I had known before,
But not for the old delight that filled my days.
Strange how the scarlet paled beneath His eyes,
How gay things withered to a scorned contempt!
And hours I thought so fair came trooping back,
Like grinning goblins in a ghostly night,
Pointing their horrid fingers, crying shame.
I felt soul-stripped and naked in His sight,
A leprous thing His hands could never touch—
And yet His eyes were tender as He spoke.
I go to tell the town that knows me well.
(Strange herald I, to go before His face)
The sun burns hot . . . my head reels . . . is it the sun?
I hope He stays here yet another day,
For if He does perhaps I shall find peace. . . .
Peace! . . . and two hours ago I thought Him spoil!"

The Survey Graphic

William E. Brooks

MELISSA

Melissa

Is the sweet core of the apple of a young man's dream
Of a perfect woman.

Melissa

Is pretty, not beautiful.

(God save us from Beauty—

Pedestaled on granite,

Molten in red-white furnace hearts,

Smiling in hell.)

Melissa

Is charming faithless.

(God save us from Faith—

An acid, an eye that stares,

A curse upon transitory joys,

A brazen curse blaring from trumpets.)

Melissa

Is neither too old nor too young.

(God save us from Youth—

Acrid chemistry, sick yeast,

Rumbling, earthquaking,

A mad elephant!

And God save us from Age—

A supreme white statue carved of a cliff

Gazing out over the pale serenities of an ancient sea.)

Melissa

Is quick-witted, but has no brain.

(God save us from Brain—

A steaming corruption that befogs the stars,

A massive stealthiness,

A sneaking glacier,

A panther screaming in a mountain cave.)

Melissa

Giggles, but does not laugh.

(God save us from Laughter—

A cracked obelisk,

A chattering of teeth,

A grinding of bones,

A scared whisper in a lonely night.)

Melissa

Kisses and plays, but does not love,

Does not love,

Does not love.

Melissa

Does not love.

God save us from Love!

O dear God in Heaven, save us from Love!

Save us from Love!

Save us from Love!

Poetry, A Magazine to Verse

Robert Louise Burgess

RHYTHM

A nature that takes and never gives

Really dies before it lives;

A nature that gives and never takes

Dreams a while before it wakes.

Therefore let the dreamer rouse

And learn a lesson from the cows

That eat their fill the livelong day,

The better to give their milk away.

Therefore let the corpse be quick:

It's rhythm, not arithmetic.

A poplar drops its treasure-trove,

The sooner to become a grove.

The New Republic

Witter Bynner

LORENZO

I had not known that there could be

Men like Lorenzo and like me

Both in the world, and both so right

That the world is dark and the world is light.

I had not thought that any one
Would choose the dark for dwelling on,
Would dig and delve for the bitterest roots
Of sweetest and suavest fruits.
Though I had neither been a fool
Nor won a scholarship at school,
I never once had dared to doubt
That now and then the light went out;
But I had not known that there could be
Men like Lorenzo and like me
Both in the world, and both so right
That the world is dark and the world is light.
I had not guessed that joy could be
Selected for an enemy.

The Century Magazine

Witter Bynner

STARRY WEATHER

Though she is dead and I alive,
Life is not so bitter
When the deeps of night arrive
With their absolving glitter.

How far can Celia be?
No farther, dead, than I
Who, living, am as lost as she
In the starry sky.

The New Republic

Witter Bynner

TRUANT

Fifty ladies trot to church
To hear Reverend Doctor Burch—
He treads the path without a lurch.

Fifty ladies heave and sigh,
Twenty-five make shift to cry
Doctor Burch's tone is high.

The man in hard black wields a rod:
None would ever dare to nod
When he lays the law for God.

But God is an artful tease:
God is in the evening breeze,
God is in the apple trees.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *Mary Cass Canfield*

LOVELY LADIES

Where do the lovely ladies go
That make the earth a bed of flowers?

Ladies, all frankincense and gold
Who weep at dawn over their powers.

Wanton, tender, idly cold,
Each dealing forth a cicatrice.

Sheba is still and, so we know,
Is Deirdre with her waste sorrows.

Nausicaa and Beatrice
Have plucked the last of their tomorrows.

Oblivious catacombs of mould
Are flying girls these Aprils miss.

Brief queens whose beauty is their foe,
Treading behind the winds that blow,
Whose loves from bad incline to worse—
When they have worked appointed woe,
They drive for air upon a hearse,
Seeking the comfort of a nurse.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *Mary Cass Canfield*

EARLY SPRING

What a royal pomp our meadows have assumed
Since Spring, the beggar maid, passed with bare feet,
And in her hand a chill white crocus bloomed
That made the tears to start — it was so sweet.
Alas, that she has gone! There follows now
More splendor and less pathos: I could give
Half summer's wealth that cumbers every bough,
And all of autumn's promise, to revive,
But for a moment, the unbroken trance
Of those dark, sacred, inexperienced eyes
That flashed and vanished.

For Spring's earliest glance
Awakes innumerable memories,
And many a thought that men can never know
Save in the cavern of Life's afterglow.

The Independent

John Jay Chapman

DANIEL WEBSTER'S HORSES

If when the wind blows,
Rattling the trees,
Clicking like skeletons'
Elbows and knees,

You hear along the road
Three horses pass,
Do not go near the dark,
Cold window-glass.

If when the first snow lies
Whiter than bones,
You find the mark of hoofs
Cut to the stones—

Hoofs of three horses
Going abreast,
Turn about! turn about!
A closed door is best.

Upright in the earth,
Under the sod,
They buried three horses
Bridled and shod,

Daniel Webster's horses.
He said as he grew old:
"Flesh, I love riding;
Shall I not love it, cold?

"Shall I not love to ride
Bone astride bone,
When the cold wind blows
And snow covers stone?

"Bury them on their feet
With bridle and bit.
They were good horses.
See their shoes fit."

The Century Magazine

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

ON BUYING A MAINE FARM

The house should be white,
The barn red,
The farm-carts blue,
There should be a hillock for the dead,
And a bed-room view,
Old apple-trees,
A rooster to crow,
Down by the cornfield

A sunflower row,
Cows each with her bell,
A fat plow horse,
A maiden birch wood
And a young cat of course,
Hard work in the field,
Good sleep in the bed—
And a ship weather-vane
To swing overhead.

The Yale Review

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

SUBJUNCTIVE

(There is a tradition in Wiscasset, Maine, that a house was bought there as a refuge for Marie Antoinette.)

Suppose Marie Antoinette *had* come to Wiscasset,
Escaped from Paris, escaped from violence, escaped from
fear,

Would she have lived soberly and quietly,
Talking to the women in the square white houses here?

Where they saw gray water, she would have seen steel
flashing,

Where they saw autumn leaves, blood she would have seen.
The shivering white birches would have seemed like frightened ladies,

Where the Wiscasset eyes found only moving green.

And when she saw the women go out into the barnyards
Then she would have felt her tired heart fail,
Remembering the Trianon and a dress of flowered satin,
And herself going milking with a silver milking pail.

The Yale Review

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

LE TOUR DES FRANCS

Loneliness? when I think of loneliness
I think the small towers of the crusaders
Built on the treeless mountains of Palestine,
Watch-towers held by half-a-dozen men,
Who were brought up in hamlets beside streams
With woods and meadows near them.
Loneliness? The night coming on,
The night that covers danger,
And hungry stars
Peering from heaven,
And the wind sweeping from ridge to stony ridge,
And a horse neighing with a shiver in it,
And some one tower with half-a-dozen men
Left isolated in a harsh inimical land.

The Dial

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

DEDICATED TO HER HIGHNESS

The Queen of Sheba was a true romantic—
Her imagination being touched, she prepared a caravan,
Marshallled her servants, loaded her dromedaries
With spices and gold
And with precious stones,
And so set off, a queen leaving her kingdom
To follow an adventure of the mind.
Paltry-spirited persons, reasoning from Solomon's known
tendencies,
And thinking that, as she admired him
She must have loved him,
Have underestimated the quest,
And deducted from it the entire line of the Abyssinian
kings.
But her real interest in him was intellectual.

She probed relentlessly the profundity of his mind
With questions she had evolved in the long days of meditation

On her swaying dromedary,
Among the noises and confusion of the march.
It was the story of his wisdom that had stirred her from
her kingdom,

It was to test it that she had made her dangerous
wayfaring.

His prosperity, and his House of the Cedars of Lebanon,
With its throne flanked by golden lions and its shields of
gold,

His stables and His chariots, the pillars embossed with
lilies and pomegranates,

The numbers of his servants and the orderliness of his
household—

These things proved to her that from understanding
comes peace,

And from peace, beauty. They were the justification of
knowledge.

So—having found the truth of travellers' tales—

She gave praise with the warm courtesy of a queen,

Presented and received gifts as was the custom,

And took her departure once more into the mythical
depths of Sheba,

A sovereign in state, surrounded by her servants.

The Dial

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

CHOICE

Last week I talked to a sailor,
Who was young and wild and strong;
(Or, rather, he talked and I listened,)
For an hour, perhaps—not long.
And Jens, whom I'd promised to marry
But an hour or two before—

Jens, who has lived all his stunted life
On a leaf-enshrouded shore,
Jens passed at a little distance,
And I knew that he frowned at me;
But I sat very still, and I listened,
While the sailor talked of the sea.

He used strange words that I do not know—
But I saw brown feet on alien sand;
His eyes were hot with the lure of quest—
And he said I could not understand—
But I saw wide spaces and flying spume,
And ships in the lone black nights;
I saw with a poignance almost pain
The passing of dim green lights:
I heard the wail of following gulls,
I felt the whip of the cold white fog,
And I saw a man in a dripping slicker
Bending over a log—

But I shall marry Jens, you know,
And live in a prairie town,
Where never a fog-horn blares in the morning,
And never a ship goes down—
Goes down to the sea with her singing crew.
With her anchors up, with her sails unfurled,
Where never a woman waits like stone
For a man on the rim of the world.
And he asked me, Jens, I mean, of course,
What the sailor said to me,
And what was the thing he talked about,
And I answered—"poetry." . . .

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse Elizabeth Colter

RUSSETS

From an old hayloft
When the cold was still,
Winter made a sapphire
Of the distant hill.

Warm in that refuge
Despite the window's frost,
Many mornings,—long ago,—
The world was well lost.

Through adventure's pages
The outlawed hours sped
To the taste of russet apples
Sounder than the red.

Remembering Massachusetts,
Once in a store
I asked for russet apples,
But they were sold no more.

If I had found them,
I must have read too
Some book of old stories . . .
Sounder than the new.

The New York Herald Isabel Fiske Conant

REWARD

Because a passing stranger
Wore a high look
I was saved from danger
And the safe turn took. . .

Since I'm not ungrateful,
I have sent his way
A magic, heaped crateful
Of reward today.

If at all he need them—
And he seemed to fast—
May his hungers feed them
On these fruits at last.

When, surprised, he reaches
My unexpected gift,
Pomegranates, peaches,
Choosing, he will lift.

He did not know my peril,
Or his own boon;
But he will feast on beryl
And the pale gold moon.

The Christian Science Monitor

Isabel Fiske Conant

RANCH OF THE FAN

(Tierra Caliente)

Down on the ranch they brought in honey.
Manuel dug it out of a tree.
Jasmine swirled when the honeycomb broke.
The thick drops tasted a little of smoke,
A dusky flavor like oboes chuckling
Low in their throats. A flavor like tea
That comes from a Chinese jar I know,
But there was resonance in it too,
Sweetness inscrutable, mingled quince
And pomegranate blossom . . . The wild bees must

Have come home powdery with the dust
Of tiger orchids; and rosewoods grew
By the canyon river. It seemed to me
That gold dark honey was Mexico.
I have been tasting it ever since.

The New Republic

Grace Hazard Conkling

DESIGN OF WHITE LILACS

In alleys of lilacs
The river runs,
And all of its water
Is moons and suns.

Lilacs are whiter
That wade the moons
And suns of a river
Long afternoons,

And river-lilacs
And river-birds
Cry to each other
Moon-words, sun-words.

The New Republic

Grace Hazard Conkling

IMAGERY

Perhaps, a tree, a sweet slim tree,
And when the wind with fluted strings
Sends little joyous signalings
I twirl my painted skirts and dance a gay coupee!

The passerby can only see
Me knitting soberly.

At times, a gull, a storm-swept gull,
I fight my way from crest to crest
My heart congealed within my breast!
I rise! I fall! To rise again with ecstasy!

The passerby can only see
Me knitting placidly.

The Minaret

Ruth Irving Conner

BLAKE

Blake was the child who saw
God at his window-pane.
He frightened Blake and then
Went away again.

Blake saw angels in
A tree at Peckham Rye,
Like stars upon the branches
They flamed before his eye.

Blake was a madman to
The men of his day;
They never saw the Lord
Or Heaven his way.

It is a queer thing:
Though I am wise and sane
God does not come to stare
Through my window-pane,

Nor anywhere in London
Do angels stand in trees,
Though I have knelt down yearning
For visions like these.

The Nation

Harold Lewis Cook

QUESTION

All morning long
A young sparrow
Chirping on the window-ledge
Of my office
Has distracted me from the column
Of figures
It is my task to add . . .

Why is it that I,
A clear-headed young man,
Devoting my life
To debits and credits,
Am confused
By anything as aimless
As a bird
Wasting its life
In *song*?

Brief Stories

Le Baron Cooke

SONNET

Your souls are blinded and your eyes deceived,
Ye who find Beauty in a passing rose,
Singing the wonder of each bud that blows
And sighing how the senses are bereaved
When a frail flower fades before the wind.
She has no place in earthly loveliness
And few are they whose straining hearts may guess
That she is but a phantom of the mind.

Beauty is Song, interminably sung;
The whisper of the wind among the trees,

The verveless drone of clover-seeking bees,
Or music on a winging sky-lark's tongue.
Know these as her ethereal disguise
And search her out with unencumbered eyes.

The Yale Literary Magazine

Albert Coote

THE VESTAL

Once a pallid vestal
Doubted truth in blue
Listed red as ruin,
Harried every hue;

Barricaded vision,
Garbed herself in sighs;
Ridiculed the birth marks
Of the butterflies.

Dormant and disdainful,
Never could she see
Why the golden powder
Decorates the bee;

Why a summer pasture
Lends itself to paint;
Why love unappareled,
Still remains the saint.

Finally she faltered;
Saw at last, forsooth,
Every gaudy color
Is a bit of truth.

Then the gates were opened,
Miracles were seen;

That instructed damsel
Donned a gown of green;

Wore it in a churchyard,
All arrayed with care;
And a painted rainbow
Shone above her there.

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post *Nathalia Crane*

SHADOWED

SIMON THE CYRENIAN SPEAKS

He never spoke a word to me,
And yet He called my name.
He never gave a sign to me,
And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, "I will not bear
His cross upon my back—
He only seeks to place it there
Because my skin is black."

But He was dying for a dream,
And He was very meek;
And in His eyes there shone a gleam
Men journey far to seek.

It was Himself my pity bought;
I did for Christ alone
What all of Rome could not have wrought
With bruise of lash or stone.

THREE EPITAPHS

For My Grandmother

This lovely flower fell to seed.
Work gently, sun and rain—

She held it as her dying creed
That she would grow again.

For a Virgin Lady

For forty years I shunned the lust
Inherent in my clay:
Death only was so amorous
I let him have his way.

A Lady I Know

She thinks that even up in heaven
Her class lies late and snores,
While poor black cherubs rise at seven
To do celestial chores.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Countee P. Cullen*

PENITENT

Though she be flint and jasper in the day
Now she is melted;
Here as she droops within your door
In satin belted;
With moonlight slippers on the floor
Her small feet felted.

Now crumbling all that proud young icy heart,
Tortured and turning;
Lost in a sigh that crystal voice
Keen-edged for spurning;
That faltering uneasy breast
In embers burning.

Pity her then, nor smile that secret smile
Of subtle scorning;
Your easy love knows not her Calvary

Of passionate thorning.
There shall yet midnight gloom your sky
When hers is morning.

Christine Turner Curtis

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry

THE SEEDING

This is my song for you, of the great Northwest in
the seed-time;

Song of the great grain fields, and the mighty engines of
farming.

This is my song for you, who know nothing of farming.

Come, then, you of the cities, and see these fields with
my vision:

Winter is gone at last from the great gray hills and the
praries.

Gathered and piled to be burned are the ghosts of the
gaunt Russian thistle—

Sapper and parasite, the Anarchist of the grain-fields.

Now is the day of the tractor, a mighty monster of iron
Dragging its ten great shares, and turning ten mighty
furrows;

Back of the plows is the drill, and yet behind that the
drag harrow.

Plowing, seeding and packing, the giant of iron moves
onward.

Back of its massive wheels the soil springs to life and is
fertile.

Smearred with oil and black are the men who are guiding
the tractors,

Wearing their grease and grime as the badge of their
honest endeavor;

Toiling by day and by night, never ceasing. The roar of
the engines

Welcomes the rising sun, and bids it farewell at its sinking.

And while you lie asleep, the engineer on the night shift
Stands in the tractor cab with the darkness black all
about him,

Seeing only before him the headlight's gleam on the furrow,

While over and through and around is the pulse of the
engine's explosions.

Shades of the tillers of soil, come look on the work they
are doing!

You whose imagination must feed upon wonders and
marvels

Gaze on these bleak, black fields, and then let your fancy
wander

Onward with me to June, when they gleam in the glory
of growing.

This is my song for you, of the great Northwest in the
seed-time;

Song of the great grain-fields, and the greater song of
their planting.

This is my song for you, who are fed by their bounty.

The Lyric West: A Magazine of Verse Lucy A. Curran

CIRCUMSTANCE

Cleptra flew silently, her head held low,

Motioning the others to follow in a slow line,

Turning from their whipping wings and the restless shine
Of their eager eyes.

Cleptra flew steadily, watching the earth below,

Not once did she look to the gold flowering skies.

This was a hard task and one she must not shirk.
Others had tried and failed, now Cleptra must succeed;
They may have cared little, great was her need,
This was her high chance!
Faith had been shown in her, giving her this work,
Now she must prove her strength by molding circumstance.

This child had been sent for many times before,
But there were two to guard him, instead of one,
Father and mother—they left nothing undone,
Love of two is strong!
The angels sent to take him found an iron bolted door,
The child must go to others who had waited long.

He must wake love in others as he had in these,
They had been self-wrapt, indifferent, till he came
Drawing them, whispering to each the other's name . . .
Till their cold eyes met.

When he was born to them they skimmed the deepest
 seas,
The pain that pried their hearts loose, they would not
 forget.

Cleptra came at dawn to the house of the child,
Her brow was firm, her cool hands stretched out to take,
Hours she worked to lead the child down to the lake,
He must go alone . . .
When the mother drooped wearily Cleptra smiled,
The father was in the ravine painting colorful stone.

Cleptra was swift now . . . Bathers on the beach
Tossed light laughter and green water in the glinting air,
A loud cry is feeble when there is none to care
The child went down . . . down . . .
Only a small pebble's fling beyond their reach;
But two, a youth and woman made Cleptra frown.

These were two prescient ones, they were light in flesh,
Cleptra threw wing shadows across their quick eyes,

She beat the wind to stifle the child's cries,
The angels crowded 'round;
Out of light and tumult they wove a blinding mesh,
Hurrying, stunned, the two searched for the dying sound.

The youth leapt in, the woman ran to the men,
"A child cried and went down!" The angels fought for
time,
Their whipping wings turned the sunny lake cold as
rime—

Ice drove men ashore.

Only the youth undaunted dove again, again,
He rose, and Cleptra wept to see the thing he bore.

The woman had gathered help. They took the boy
Labored for hours over him, but Cleptra too
Worked as she prayed and hoped she might have strength
to do—

At last Cleptra won.

Calling to the stricken, "You will find strange joy!"

A band of angels soared into the setting sun.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Power Dalton

IN A MOUNTAIN PASTURE

Green bowl where heaven drinks and cools the cheek
Of watchfulness. White, wading blossoms trim
The grassy wave, up-rambling to the brim
In swaying liesure. Oak and chestnut streak
The crest-line with their young, that tip-toe meek
And listen upward, reaching limb to limb
Like children in a ring. What pagan hymn
Is ended, and what god about to speak?

No god. This is a human shrine, too warm

For chill of deity. The roofless air
Is like a crystal where I see a form

Nameless as man; or named, what do I care
If in his world-old eyes all hate hath end?
Buddha, or Jesus, Ghandi, or my friend.

The Literary Lantern

Olive Tilford Dargan

POINT LOMA SONNETS

I

O N L O M A

I have grown old on Loma. I have seen
For twenty years North Island's scimiter
Curve on the arm of Mexico, where stir
The fringes of the Silver Strand between,
Hilted with Coronado's jeweled green
And rose on gold and gold on lavender;
Long shadowed granite hills the vaguest blur
Against my blue, blue sky. My heart has been

This promontory jutting to the South
That wears down waiting through a dream of tears;
My words the whispers at the warm wind's mouth
Murmuring of love along the lonely years.
My nights have called lost little shore birds home;
My days have gone and go upon strewn foam.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

II

B E N N I N G T O N

Today I climbed to Bennington and stayed
To mother the still dust—a soldier's tomb—
For his far mourning mother. Neither room
Nor time for sorrow Bennington has made;
Nor shut life out. Today pink roses prayed
To dance tuncs; and all the hours were bloom
And bird notes ringing to the cannoned boom
Where on red cliffs the mad seas enfilade.

Beside the slender shaft that holds the blue
Flung banner-wise above these victor boys,
These lonely lads, the winds of Loma blew—
Whispered bright peace; whispered of joys
Gentled in sunshine like long interludes
Of songs at battle's close . . . long quietudes.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

III

EL VELO DEL SOL

Two larks are lilting rain thoughts. Like long threads
Of silver lace the veil before the sun
Whips lightly on a breeze; frays out. A gun
Stifles the fog-horns and a dreadnaught spreads
Her swinging shadow to North Islands sheds,
Streaming but now like gossamer so spun
That waters, roofs, earth, sky and ships were one—
Diaphanous, ethereal—drawn shreds.

You'll hear our larks of Loma whistling now.
The gray, fire-riddled veil, a tattered sheet,
Falling from masthead, stern and bow
Loosens sun-sequins on the drab-gold fleet.
Mists gather radiance at your white brow
And swirl in wisps of dream about your feet.

American Poetry Magazine

Winifred Davidson

IV

SILENCES

There are long silences where lost winds blow
Upon these Loma altars of the sun;

And when small winds with seafaring are done,
There are deep paths the feet of evening know.
The sudden stars of evening on tiptoe
As if the wistful dreams of Time had run
Into the night forever, one by one,
Through Loma's lonely violet canyons go.

Past Pio Pico swift ships lift and glide
Into our channel, into port; or far
Inexorably drawn down that old tide
Where Orient stillnesses of temples are
As subtile as sage incense; and as wide
Blown to the sea; and as familiar.

The Poetry Review

Winifred Davidson

V

GRAY

Our days of gray on Loma by the sea
Are like gulls' pinions spread and poised, at rest
Upon the wind; are like silk scarfs caressed
By young girls' throats that flutter ceaselessly.
Our days of gray are soft days. They can be
As tranquil as the mated wood dove's breast;
And they can make of North, South, East and West
And dawn and noon and night monotony:

A sameness of shot silver gauze—a thrill
Diffused across the heart of life and lost
Between the sun and sea-floor. This bare hill
Stands wrapped in thoughts of old rains, drawn rains
tossed
On fragments of dun clouds; stands smothered, still . . .
A rock of Time's chiaroscure mists have mossed.

American Poetry Magazine

Winifred Davidson

VI

B L U E

Sometimes when afternoon has written peace
On Loma's forehead and the ocean turns
To carry blue back to the sky in urns
Of sapphire, then this torquoise shore is Greece
And Greece walks where my iris borders cease!
With Clytie's passion larkspur sunward burns;
Lobelia, Daphne-wise, Apollo spurns.
Point Loma might be Thracic Chersonese

Blown to blue bloom against this fragile stair
Of amethystine seas, mauve hills and skies
And lilac mesas. In such azure air
Drooped Gaea's tragic purple lids—where lies
Drowned on that bed of myosotis there
A pool of lupins bluer than her eyes.

American Poetry Magazine

Winifred Davidson

VII

R A I N

It rained tonight and down gray Loma's slopes
Creep hesitant a thousand vagrant streams
Into deep sculptured canyons; like your dreams
Of other days; as singing as your hopes
Of days to come. How sometimes Fancy scoops
A hollow out of Time itself, and gleams
Among stilled hours and dead! So long it seems
You have but silence known—your tired heart gropes

At first along ways unaccustomed, lost;
Then lifts and rushes like this rushing rain,
Pours like these rills that search the barren coast

And hurtle to the sea. Down some close lane
Your heart runs home. So Loma—lonely ghost—
Awakes tonight and sings and lives again.

The Poetry Review

Winifred Davidson

VIII

I S L E L O M A

Long lay this Loma isle; from age to age
A lift of little hills turned from the West
Where Ocean Beach finds sea-way; with high crest
Of bordered canyons where the small white sage
Went pouring honey cups in vassalage
To ancient springs forever. She was dressed
In wilding ferns, pinks, lilies . . . on her breast
Lay poppy gold, a sun-wrought heritage.

A murmuring of bees perhaps; perhaps the whirr
And rise of tufted quail. I know the tide
Beneath ten million moons ran here, ran there,
While Loma waited like a waiting bride
As lonely and as lost, as if she were
A lovely thought that Time had put aside.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

IX

O L D T R A I L S

Up from the lonely days that dawned remote—
That dawned and beat on Loma but to sink
And die, forgotten little paths that link
Old beaches with old hills were slowly wrought.
Perhaps a native willow-woven boat
Ventured at times along the island's brink;

But these thin trails quick Indian feet, I think,
Had stamped before canoes were made to float.
Out of a trackless dream, through age-held nights,
Through slow returns of darkness to long sleep,
Where antelope and rabbit shared old rights
To secret runways, banked and sunken deep
In grass and fern—arose these streets whose lights
Across to mountain, sea, sky, city . . . leap.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

X

CABRILLO

Unbroken stillness where our canyons wind—
Before vast Spanish herds came here to browse;
Before these hills made wander-ways for cows—
A breathlessness; while putting Time behind.

Throughout that long old waiting and a kind
Of awful spell among the rigid boughs
Where ancient oaks from dreams could not arouse,
Our Loma lay unnamed. Years, years declined.

Who heard the ringing of Cabrillo's bells
Where naught but lonely breezes breathed before?
Who saw the magic lifting, quickened swells?
Three frightened wild men leaped along this shore—
The first to greet those stately caravels,
Victoria and high San Salvador.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

XI

VIZCAINO

Cabrillo's visit to our Loma hill
Became a legend passed along from sires

To sons and daughters; told around old fires
Built on these beaches when the wind was still
At evening and the folk had had their fill
Of fish and roasted seeds; and the loud choirs
Of larks and mockingbirds were hushed. Desires
For old tales woke again . . . tales told until

From Acapulco Vizcaino brought
His soldiers, sailors, priests—four hundred men
Seeking as in the *Golden Hind* bold Drake had sought
The straits of fabled Anian. And then
There was a stir of wonder with wild terror fraught:
The feet of lordly white men here again!

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

XII

S U N R I S E

There where you lie now, are you quite content
When dawn is trembling like a scattered rose
On Loma's hills, while life still brims and blows
Southing for me; mystic—magnificent
For me? And when white East is spent
With seeking you, at last the last shade goes
Past San Clement's rim? Lost heart, who knows
What were your word—you voiceless, impotent?

Dream you of Loma in oblivion?
Of Loma's lark songs curved about the blue
Beyond these little streets where we have gone
Whispering of homes and lovers? Peaceful, you?
While streets of summering Loma burgeon
With orange poppies, callas, wormwood, rue?

The Los Angeles Saturday Night

Winifred Davidson

TO MY LITTLE SON

In your face I sometimes see
Shadowings of the man to be,
And eager, dream of what my son
Will be in twenty years and one.

But when you are to manhood grown,
And all your manhood ways are known,
Then shall I, wistful, try to trace
The child you once were in your face?

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

DANTE

Always apart, while other children played,
Wandering alone in meadow or in wood,
(His comrade only some dim earth drawn shade),
Troubled at night by dreams half understood.

And as he grew he missed all simple joy,
Laughter he knew not, though the hot tears ran;
A shadow world his life as when a boy—
Strange, lonely child, and vision-haunted man.

The Personalist

Julia Johnson Davis

FORGOTTEN

I have forgotten Pharoah and the Caesars
And the black battles that they blundered through,
Where men gasped out their lives, with stiffened eyelids,
As men died three years ago, forgotten too.

I have forgotten ancient martial musics
That summoned youth to blunted faceless years:

Galloping drums, proud horns and sounding bugles
Drowning the guns, trench-smells, before-dawn fears.

I have forgotten in this tree-filled valley,
Loud with the rush of wind like surf on shore,
How it grows now, rooted in our oblivion,
Cruel, condign, the cancer men call war.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Babette Deutsch

POET

Do not take me to your breast,
I shall plant there only thorn;
Let the day rise in the west
That you will not rise to mourn.

Ask no truth from this my tongue
That was framed to utter lies.
For compassion look among
Jaguars, never in my eyes.

Wild honey and locust meat
In the desert feed to me;
Thinner fare I'll have you eat:
Blossoms from the Judas tree.

Though you bind me with the thongs
Of love or hatred, you must find
One enchantment still belongs
To my unregenerate mind.

I shall labor to environ
Creatures never hunted yet;
Bodiless and strong as iron
Is the snare that I shall set.

While you think you hold me fast
I shall chase the unicorn.

Do not reap of seed I cast:
You shall harvest thorn.

The Bookman

Babette Deutsch

THE PLEDGE OF BENJAMIN

Israel spoke, in his voice a burr:
"Why should Pharaoh's steward prefer
My little last lamb, my bundle of myrrh?"

The sons of Israel stood around him,
They were nine strong fighters to confound him,
And the hunger of Benjamin smote him and bound him.

"If I bring him not back," so Reuben spoke,
"You shall put my two sons under the yoke."
Israel covered his eyes with his cloak.

"If I bring him not back," said Judah, "never
May the strength of my enemies fail or sever;
Let the blame be on my head forever."

Remembering Joseph, whom Rachel bore,
Israel heard what the brothers swore;
On a child of Rachel's he looked once more.

"My lamb, my foal, my bundle of spices!
The steward of Pharaoh knows many devices.—
Lord, bless thou my sacrifices."

Jacob was shaken, Jacob was old;
He filled their sacks with presents and gold
That Pharaoh's steward might smile to behold.

He weighted their asses down with treasure,
With myrrh and spice for the steward's pleasure.
His cup of grief was a running measure.

Judah was calm with a lion's calm;
He took the gifts of honey and balm,
And Benjamin's hand was in Judah's palm.

He was the last born of his mother,
He went with the nine, even as that other;
Would he return—the little brother?

Th last store of the corn was spent.
Israel watched them from his tent,
The heart out of his breast he had sent.

Down to Egypt he watched them going,
The swaying asses, the white robes flowing;
His eyes stung with the hot wind blowing.

Why should Pharaoh's steward prefer
His foal, his lamb, his bundle of myrrh?
He heard Leah's voice, he went in to her.

The Yale Review

Babette Deutsch

CLASS SONG

(A. H. S.)

Now on this day of days,
To start on untried ways
We have no fear.
We have been gathering force
From vast and varied source
Throughout our high school course,
From year to year.

We have two lives to live:
Did not our soldiers give
Us their bright light?
Our heroes lost their hour;

For with them new-found power
We'll lift our life bought dower
Toward greater height.

We go to build again
A world long stressed with pain—
To banish war;
We go to uphold right;
Strife has not dimmed our sight;
The world looks to us for light;
Class of twenty-four!

A. H. S. Class Book

Marjorie H. Dick

VACUUM

That evening—wow! That evening! For three days
We had been storm-bound in Selina's camp—
Selina Frew, of course, the radical,
Wife of G. Manville Frew, the millionaire.
Selina had asked our gang up for the week-end,
Promising "winter sports"; but we all went
Hoping to dodge the skating and skeeing
And all the primitive boredom of out-o'-doors,
And—well, we dodged it. Hardly had we reached
Frew's rustic mountain-palace when the snow
Came sifting like dry mica from the North,
And with it came a wind out of the North
To drive and pile a dry white dust of death
In ten-foot drifts. . . . I've never seen a blizzard
That equalled this one for malignency:
But then, I'm not a traveller in wild paths;
I'm city-broken, therefore, nature-shy;
My natural habitat is called Times Square,
With certain runways down adjacent street
And burrows into theatres and hotels.
In short, I do the "first nights" and a column
Of smartish chit-chat for *The Planet*. . . .

Well;

There we were, all of us, safe, sound and snug
In all the luxury Selina loves,
And loves above all things to satirize,
And likes to dream she's fighting to abolish.
So we weren't worrying—not much! Our crowd,
If we knew one thing better than another,
Knows how to take whatever gifts the gods
Offer, and loaf at ease in Zion. Frew's whiskey
Was far beyond suspicion; Frew's cigarettes
Were such as no Young Turk could criticize;

And as for Frew's cigars—! Shade of Lucullus!—
Did we not dine and dance and dine again,
And play seven sorts of poker, from Red Dog
To Deuces Wild, and laugh ourselves to death,
And flirt in shifting couples, and play tag
From cellarge to garret; or else we'd gossip
Witty hours long of Grub Street and Broadway!
We did. I'll say we did. . . . Meanwhile the wind,
A maniac killer from far wastes of death,
Screamed at us, clawed for us—vainly, and heaped up
His dry white dust swept from the corridors
Of desolation, making blank the world.

We mocked at him, our impotent enemy!
Thus for two days we mocked at him . . . and then,
His fury not abating, and that smother
Of streaming measureless mica never ceasing,
We mocked no more. Something had changed us,
But imperceptibly: we did not know
When, or how or why we had changed.

On Monday morning,
The storm unstilled, we had no golden cream
To enrich our pungent coffee—just powdered milk
From tins, mixed up with water; and the *chef*
Was in despair. Selina too looked troubled.

She hadn't stocked her larder for a siege.
No one could pass the roads, though; it might be
A week before such drifts were channeled through.
We weren't in the least danger—save of one thing,
A vague and brief discomfort; but we hadn't
Bargained for that. It irked us. We grew bored:
First with the storm, then with our precious selves.
No dancing now. I found a last year's novel,
Hugged a withdrawing corner and feigned to read:
But the storm was on my nerves. No longer day

Ever, I'll swear, dragged out of its infinite hours!
Maisie and Jane quarreled that afternoon,
And sulked through dinner—and I saw Salina
Biting her lips to check a snarl, or tears.
So the evening threatened inner storm to match
The outer wearying tumult; and if a joke
So much as showed its head we wrung its neck.
You know the mood, perhaps.

Well, finally

We huddled in a dour group about the fire
And grouched, and gibed at life, and soon forgot
Our misery in the fun of cursing God.
You couldn't beat our gang for cynicism
That night; we rang all changes on the Doom
Of Man—we revelled in the Doom of Man!
Poor creatures of a day, ape-generated,
Whose flesh was burning grass on a slight planet—
A slight and transient atom of no account
In Fate's fortuitous Yawn, the Universe.
Thus, having cheered and fortified our souls,
We fell to lengthy and ironic *contes*,
All pessimistic, all illustrative
Of this dull swindle—Life. And, last of all,
Old Jemmy Colton, being sombre-drunk,
Brain-seared with a black fire of prophecy,
Began a mad tale of the End of Things:—

"Look forward, say, two hundred years—what then?
Supposing the world lasts two hundred years;
Though, in some wrecked and arid form, it may
Last billions. Never mind. Two hundred years
From now will find us, I predict, no wiser,
No better—far more happy. . . . I predict
A swift change in the social state of man.
No, no, Selina; not your Revolution—
That's a child's toy to what I see before us!
Well; I see *this*:

Man has outrun his strength—

The accumulated knowledge of mankind
Already crushes him. Science has forged
A vast, accelerating mechanism
That, lacking brains to rule it, thrashes on
Toward unimagined chaos. If you have read
Old Henry Adams, and could stumble after
The forked and subtle lightnings of his mind,
You seize my thought, for it derives from him.
Yet I see further, being inspired tonight,
Or being drunk—or bored—or . . . well, no matter.
Nevertheless the Veil parts to my glance
And I stare forward, shuddering. And I see
A dull and coddled race of slaves, ruled over
By a small group of Super-scientists:
Earth's last, unbreakable Monopoly,
The Monopoly of Mind, being theirs—theirs only!
These demi-gods—a handful—rule the world.
As for the populace, it lives as silk-worms
Live on their leaves, for Science has set free
The Energy of the Atom and harnessed it;
And—paid by some two hours of daily routine—
Doles out the luxuries men struggle for
No longer, since all men at last possess them.
A Golden Age of Bland Stupidity:
A billion clouds ruled over, cared for, despised
By fifty Minds—the Masters! . . . "

But, just then,
As Jemmy Colton paused and sought his glass,
Jane, once his wife, now Billy Miner's wife,

Said: "Oh, for hell's sake, Jemmy, cut it out!
You'll give us all the horrors. As for me,
I love this rotten, meaningless old world!"
And someone else said, "Sure, of course you do!
We all do!" Whereupon, pat to the words,
Baptiste, the head guide of Selina's camp,
Came in and told us that the snow had ceased,
The wind was failing—and the moon was out.

Lord, how we chattered and laughed and danced that
night!

And when we carried Jemmy up to bed
We made it a mock funeral, all forming
A long procession up the stairs, with candles;
All croaking the hymn we all remembered—
"*Nearer my God to Thee—*"

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Lee Wilson Dodd

TWO WOMEN

Mother

Mother, my Mother, if I break the law
And custom of my kind,
That so decrees I speak of you with awe?
You would not own me if more mute than blind.

To help the world grow truthful, I rehearse,
As brief as brief can be,
The gifts that made, no better and no worse,
The life that you bequeathed, as thus I see.

Yours was a ready heart, a readier hand
To help, chastise, or fend,
By ordered right I did not understand;
Nor do I, though my days grow nigh the end.

When cleft apart, as generations know,
You could not, though you died,
Make first approach, nor let the quick hurt show.
Matching it now, I thank you for that pride.

All women feared and hated you, pronounced
Good fellow by all men,
Even three husbands, whom you lewdly trounced
And left in turn, to wish you back again.

A horse's heart, a scorpion's tail for tongue,
An eye that could not flinch,
Scorning a lie, yet ready with a lie
To save yourself—or others—at a pinch;

Finding, by instant magic, all things clear,
Considerations rot,
Hating religion, with no tempering fear,
Yet superstitious as a Hottentot;

Two hundred pounds in weight and six feet tall,
With hair that reached the knee,
With wrestler's might that never knew a fall,
How could you breed a fatted runt like me?

You taught me not to pray (in dreams I run
Your trumpet-baritone!);
And yet I pray that when my time is done,
I shall expire like you, without a groan.

At Betrothal

We had found ease for all our souls' alarms,
And bade our hope combine;

And as I stood there, still as at some shrine,
She softly came into my waiting arms
In token she was mine.

I kissed, in silence, lip and cheek, closed eyes,
The fragrant forehead rare;
Then, softlier still, she drooped the young head there
And drew my face, ere I could find surprise,
Against her coiled-up hair.

I long had worshipped this, how unconfessed,
Thinking in each day-dream,
How its dark waves might, sometime loosened, stream
Beneath my soothing stroke, once full-possessed;
And passing what could seem,

For one mazed moment I had well forgot,
As into my close fold
She had surrendered; then I felt the cold
And silken helix of its towering knot,
Brushed bright and firmly rolled;

A giant cable, thicker than the wrist
That bade it not to fall,
Wound round and round until it covered all
The sweet head's crown with each bewildering twist
That made delight its thrall.

Through it I breathed, all seasoned scents and clear,
Long drafts of blent perfume
That I had sensed but vaguely in the room
When first I entered there and I drew near
Within the late day's gloom:

The cool northeastern mist, the August shower,
The smell of wheat when forth the clean scythe goes,
The fallen leaves in the wood, the summer's rose,
The delicate and pale arbutus-flower
Within the springtime snows.

Being by nature more than taciturn,
I did not speak of it,
Thrilled by the sense of strange and exquisite
Meanings I might not yet in full discern;
But she articulate,

Her own shy silence broken, told me how
Her mother, dead, through long yet prideful fears,
Had kept it well; it had not known the shears,
Coming untouched, unsullied with her now
For all her twenty years.

The Century Magazine

E. Dorset

JOHN OF BELGRADE

*Out of the rout of the gay bon-ton
With my taste macaber I choose John.*

John of Belgrade died last night,
They found him dead by candle light.

It was little John got of this world's good;
Squalid lodging and bitter food:

All men's scorn, and women's hate,
And jeering of children that passed his gate.

He crept to his kennel last night to die,
And lit the candle they found him by.

Limp in his rags with the death-froth smeared
Over the yellow mat of his beard.

The rigour had not yet struck him stark
When they huddled him into the shallow dark

Of a little grave digged into the bones
Of an elder generation of Johns.

They shut the hut on his loathèd name,
And went their ways, and all was the same.

Only I know they found a book
Hid in a little vermined nook

Dug in the foul hut's crazy blocks;
'Twas the *Hürnen Seyfried* of old Hans Sachs.

Spotted and sprouted with fungi-tints,
And the print was bleared with his finger-prints,

And other blotches, dabbled and dim,
That were not fungi, but tears of him.

And I halfway heard or seemed to hear
A laughter that chuckled between each tear.

That night at the palace the Emperor's rout
Was gay as day, till the stars went out.

And then it was day and John was dead,
And the Emperor alive with his crown on his head.

Much had died at the rout that night,
As far as such things die outright.

A woman died that I know was there,
Though she walked next day with a rose in her hair.

And the king's best friend who was next to the throne,
Died the very same hour as John.
(Though it was not known until the war came on!)

What died that night 'mid the palace-host
Were the things that John had never lost.

And what lived on, John never found,
Unless he got them underground.

So on his brow in lieu of this
I lean and lay a poet-kiss.

('Tis my love of John and my hate of the labour,
And not the theme makes my verse macaber.)

I think there are many shall love me yet
In the years when I too shall forget.—

As these forget! 'tis a bitter bond
That binds me still to the demi-monde.

But though love's a mood that's off and on,
Be at rest: I shall always love you, John.

The Dial

Leonard Doughty

TRISTESSE

Bacca, thy beauty all was vain,
vain as the lyre that Timon drew,
vain as the azure's changing blue,
vain to this drought of last year's rain:
because the grass of the mountain glade
so soon forgot the imprint made
by that young fawn whose form it knew.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

William A. Drake

ARMENIAN LOVE SONG

And if the petals of the evening rose
stole not for loveliness the hue that glows
upon your cheek,
who should the roses seek?

And if the blue of happy evening skies
were not the impenetrable fastness of your eyes,
who would delight
to linger till the night?

And were you, dear, less innocent and pure,
how should I my vast weariness endure,

or find you fair,
or kneel to God in prayer?

Contemporary Verse

William A. Drake

THE BETTER SHIP—PANAMA

Juan has a new ship
With sails like the wings
Of a swan spread at dawn
When the jungle sings
A sleepy wild song.
And the sails are strong
And the prow is high
To go out on voyages
That end in the sky.

Juan had an old ship
That was not as good
As he'd wish for the sea.
There were worms in the wood,
And holes in the sail,
And he went where he could
In slimy lagoons
Set back from the gales,
And in the yellow-fanged rivers
Where crocodiles' tails
Flapped down as he came.
And he longed for blue trails
Of the sun-crested sea,
Bound out for the islands
Where no one could blame
The trade there would be.

Juan has a new ship
And men of the town
Have wondered he built it
And women put down

Their washing awhile
By the slow-talking stream
And look with wide eyes

As if at a dream.
Juan's wife is with them
And she looks, and is sad.
She sighs to herself,
She said, "I'll stay.
Only—Juan will be away,
Much of the time."
And tears in her eyes
Made her look away
Against the skies
Where the little bay
Swept to the sea.
"Only—Juan will be away!
The ship that he had
Was better for me! . . . "

Glenn Ward Dresbach

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse

UNQUIET EARTH

When they call earth quiet
I think they do not know
How life surges
In wave on wave of power.
The old earth shakes with
Things that grow
And laughter of dead women
Caught in a scarlet flower.

When they call earth quiet
I think they have not seen
Old roads covered and
Old paths lost.

There is nothing more restless
Than small, fine green
That stirs in the seed that
The wind has tossed.

*

The old earth mother
In every field and thicket
Uncovers and recovers,
Bearing without rest.
Eggs and sprouts and lichens,
Mouse and worm and cricket,
And wild red honey at
Her warm brown breast!

Seed that dies to live again
And no man understanding,
Sour green fruit that loves the sun
But waits till frost for sweet;
And that old word of dust to dust,
Destiny commanding,
Flower and fruit and seed to make
The year complete!

The earth is never beaten;
She has harvests in wild places.
The bear knows the berry,
The fox knows the grape,
And all the old dead in her
Come out with flower faces;
She trembles with the forces
That quiver and escape.

When men call earth quiet
I think they do not know
How root calls to root
And breaks the brown clod,
They've never watched the woods come
Where men no longer go

*

And eat the long road where
Our feet once trod.

New York Times

Louise Driscoll

MOUNTAIN STREAM

The stream that wore this little valley down
Had patience of the unintelligent.
It had no care of time. The living things
That came on cautious feet, thirst-driven, intent
On water and a waiting enemy,
Blurred foot-prints of wild things that came before,
And still the water ate into the shore.

Death and decay and little running feet,
And gray flat-headed snakes, swift, slippery, still
In the cool water-cress, and iris sweet
Shining through water like a drowned girl's eyes;
And water, water, wearing down the hill.

It's men who count, saying *one, two, three, four*;
It's beasts that fear, looking from left to right.
Iris and cardinal-flower are now no more,
Frost withered the wild rice, and wild ducks take their
flight.

The water-rat is dead with his teeth showing,
Set like a vice—but the stream doesn't care.
The stream has centuries beyond our knowing
To wear and wear.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Louise Driscoll

SPRING MARKET

It's foolish to bring money
To any spring wood,

Jewels won't help you,
Gold's no good.

Silver won't buy you,
One small leaf.
You may bring joy here,
You may bring grief.

You should look for
Tufted moss,
Marked where a light foot
Ran across.

Where the old rose hips
Shrivel brown
And dried clematis
Bloom hangs down.

There you'll find what
Everyman needs,
Wild religion
Without any creeds,

Green that lifts its
Blossoming head,
New life springing
Among the dead.

You needn't bring money
To this market place,
Or think you can bargain for
Wild flower grace.

Contemporary Verse

Louise Driscoll

CODICIL

And when I die call in, too, if you will,
The priest. And, if he will, let him say o'er

The brave old words that I could not believe.
So many have believed them—and who knows?
And if you must, why, dig for me a grave—
Near open water, or on some high place
From which there is a vision of the world.
Is not the cold seed, buried in the dark,
Thrilled back into the miracle of life?
Yet let me go more quickly, if you may.
Give me to pass by fire into the light
That I have always loved, and let me be
At once a part of God's clean wind. But oh,
Grant me one little mercy, gentle friends.
I let you call the priest. I let you say
The "dust to dust" of those immortal words.
I shrink not from the darkness of a grave.
But if you bear this heart that beats no more
Unto the pyre, wait not to gather there
My ashes into any foolish urn,
As something sacreder than the good brown mould.
Or if you leave the speechless part of me
In the unanswering earth, oh, on my grave
Spare me the humiliation of a stone!
I could sleep softly in the marble bed
Where Alexander lay, watched round about
By proud young men and stallions and wild beasts,
In the pale beauty of his vanished world.
I could find truce of dreams in that white room
In Florence where the mighty statues muse,
Stilling all chatter in their air of stars—
Or in another chamber that I know,
Tile-tapestried and flickering with a fire.
Of jewel panes, where a dead Caliph lies.
But oh, it would be ill for me 'neath a weight
Of stupid stone, carved with well-meaning words!
Why stammer to the world a few vain years
Of one whom it had never known? Why mock
Your friend with dear but ill-considered praise—
To make another generation smile,

To topple slowly into invading weeds
And keep so much of nature from the sun?
Carve me no monument. But on my grave
Plant me a young tree—chestnut, oak, or pine.
Or if shine on me last a southern sun,
A plane-tree, born to prop the sky—or best
A cirque of cypresses, that, feeling down,
May gather me into their green and leap
The higher into spires of emerald flame.
So when the air flows through their woven boughs
The voice you hear will be a little mine.
So in the later years, when you are gone
And no one knows why cypresses are there,
My fluent leaves, inspired by the stars,
Shall utter things this tongue could never say—
Hap to some bitter heart that will not rest
Until it give them immortality.
So, when young lovers seek the fairy ring
Where my slim shadows bar the moonlit grass,
I shall still have a part in this sweet world.
And so the Sculptor of the Woods shall make
Even for me a worthy sepulchre
Of laurelled bards and conquerors and kings;
The Poet of the Sky shall stoop to chant
An epitaph of wonder for my grave.

Scribner's Magazine

H. G. Dwight

IDEAL

I saw three women. One was white and tall,
Shaped for child-bearing, calm and mother-eyed,
With slow, rich limbs and bosom like the fall
Of clouds upon a winter mountain-side.
And one was golden, with such childlike breast
As young Spring turns from hilltops to the sea,
With tremulous flanks, and feet that could not rest,
Unused to flesh and struggling to be free.

While of the third the only certain form
Was one like mist, reshaped to each embrace
Of memory that found her body warm
With hints of earlier trysts and ancient grace.
This third I sought, and found a voice that wept
In darkness where the others smiled and slept.

The Freeman

William Foster Elliot

VAGRANT

My heart is anywhere
That beauty lingers long—
Upon a mountain peak,
Within a new-made song.

It is a vagrant thing,
It shines in garish glee,
Now laughing from a cloud
Then quiet in a tree.

Light love is not my fancy,
And roving's not my will;
But I can look on beauty
And never get my fill.

So, if it bring me that
Which is beyond compare,
My heart may linger lightly
Or laggard anywhere.

The Club Woman's Magazine

George Elliston

APRIL MORNING

I would spend a morning
With an April apple tree,

Speaking to it softly
And laughing out in glee.

All the summer sunshine
And all the winter moon
Are shining in the blossoms
That will be gone so soon.

I will spend a morning
With a friendly apple tree,
Hearing many secrets
That it will tell to me.

I will take a morning
To drink the beauty in;
I will take a morning—
But how shall I begin?

Cincinnati Times Star

George Elliston

SONATA

I—ALLEGRO

You've seen her things? I saw them yesterday.
My model's landscapes. That's the way to climb!
There on that box she stood, a year ago,
With no more skill than clothes—to pass the time,
Asking me just what art was, anyway.
So from the hour I hired her she began;
I told her what the pose meant—in a word,
Leda's first dim suspicion of the swan.
"Leda who?" she asked, mounting the box;
"Suspicious, was she? What did Leda fear?"
Well, I was turning over in my mind
Phrases discreet to make the legend clear,
When my white swan, her partner, caught her eye,
Droopy a bit for a god so passionate-hearted;

"And who's the taxidermic bird?"—Said I,
"We'll begin work!" And that's the way we started.

But then, you know, that puzzling face of hers
Somehow forbade the picture to unfold;
Always her face—her whiteness, line and tint
Were nothing to the thoughts that face half told.
Should I give up, and send the girl away,
Or drop the swan and just paint Leda's head?
Then, without breaking from the pose, she laughed,
And, "Why do artists use a model?" she said.
Forward, no doubt, and ignorant, to be sure,
Yet if she ever was to understand,
Some one must tell her; so, while painting on,
I put together simple truths offhand—
That all we artists aim at, is no more
Than to distinguish body from its dress,
That fashion covers life, but underneath,
Indifferent to time, is loveliness.
Statesmen we carved in togas once, because
No one would make eternal a tail coat,
And yet, better the unwrapped man, if men
Stripped to themselves were beautiful. That note
I struck for humor, but she frowned a little,
Puzzled; so I began at her once more,
Told her what Carlyle said about the world's
Devoutly worshipping the old clothes it wore,
And afterwards by luck how Whistler painting
The rough dyspeptic's portrait made him wroth
By bringing out his coat, a handsome blue,
So that the picture centers in the cloth.
"You mean, Whistler made a mistake?" "Why, no,
Yet Carlyle wanted, why should one refuse?
Just Carlyle painted, not his nakedness,
Of course—the naked Carlyle, if you choose.
Now when we paint the nude—" "The nude!" she cried,
"I meant, why any model?" "Oh!—You see,
We start from something when the mind creates;
Nothing from nothing, nature and art agree.

Starting from beauty so, the painter's eye
Finds something better than it gazes on,
As when I look at you, for Leda there—"

She murmured, "I was thinking of this stuffed swan."

Without a word, almost, she came next time,
Ready at once. "Some work to-day, thank God!
Beauty for painting is not the kind that talks!"
But on her way to pose she turned and stood
Before the easel, studied it up and down,
Cool as a critic you've invited in.
At last she took her place, still meditating,
And I seized brush and palette to begin,
A bit put out.—"Why, here, you've changed the pose,
That's not the one I gave you!" "No, it's not.
You like the first one better?" "If you please!
Get it again and keep it to the dot!"
Two seconds, and she had it. But that morning
I wasn't in the vein. I'll frankly say
I rather liked that graceful pose of hers,
But couldn't have it smuggled in that way.

Well, why be proud? Next time I'd ask her for it.
But next time she got up there, cool and bold,
And with a wicked smile, "Which pose to-day,
The old or new?" Said I, "Of course, the old!"

She came again more docile. For a while
I painted, better humored by the minute,
Then, since she'd learned her place, why not unbend,
If that new pose had really something in it?
"I've an idea—that other pose you thought of
Won't do for Leda, but before it quite
Slips from your mind, a subject comes to me
It might be useful for—I think it might."

That spoiled her. Only once she came again,
Took the new pose as though that point were settled,
Then in a helpful voice, "I'd paint the light
More from the center." Well that had me nettled!
What did she know of lighting?—for that matter,
Of posing either? I knew she was hopeless then;

She knew it too, I guess—I had a brief
Note the next day, she could not pose again.

Some months at least, and then the rumor spread
My model was turned painter—line and tone
Flowed from her brush clear genius, her friends said;
Then the great news, her pictures would be shown.
It seemed an outrage that a girl whose skill
Was merely to be looked at, should arrive
By some vagary of her idle will
Where artists trained and ripe, for all they strive
Too often, wrecked and baffled, fail to come.
Yet she had wit, and—well, why not?—from me
She may have caught some training; else from whom?
Genius, no doubt, learns that way, casually.
Well, I would go and see how genius works
That picks success up with such small ado,
What simple paths she hit on, saving steps,
And how transmuted my own ways came through.
So yesterday I went, and in the hall
Met her, as self-contained—you'd hardly know
Our story, just to see us there;
We were two masters, old hands at a show.
She led me to the pictures? Not at all!
No mention of them. I found my way alone,
Following the crowd. And there they were, the six,
All on the line—and landscapes, every one!

II—SCHERZO

Oh, there the pictures are, the ones the model painted—
You remember, Alice, the story in the paper?
Just a common model, and she took to painting,
And here's what she did, with the paint hardly dried.
Tame pictures, aren't they, after the life she led—
Yes they do, all of them, you can't tell *me*!
I'd know it just to see the way she met that artist,
The young figure-painter in the hall outside.

Yes, she's the one—I told you as we passed them—
Exquisite and poised and serene, did you see?
And dressed so severely, but that's a pose, perhaps;
You can't be certain with a gift for posing so!
Surely you noticed, when she greeted the painter,
How curtly he was, almost a little cold?
Prudence, I wonder, or good taste in public?
Underneath their manners who knows what they know!

That severe gown she wore, for her to wear it
Was either too modest or a bit overbold,
With her lovely figure, and knowing she's a model;
Better just what she is than a false restraint.
What a haunting face she has—calmness and keenness
And underneath, passion, if I can read faces;
Passion—and these tame pictures! Would you think
She'd have chose landscapes, the first thing to paint?

Landscape, for me, is background for living;
Stirring things happen, if you like, in handsome places,
But happen to the actors—flesh and blood's the play,
Just how the stage is set isn't much to me.
This woman now, with her spirit for succeeding,
Reaching for life, I think, and taking when it comes,
These tame landscapes of hers are only background,
She's left out of the picture, the part I came to see.

Mary my sister, you know her modern notions,
Mary says a proper life stifles and benumbs;
The kind of a life I spoke of she says, isn't scandal
It's only what we'd all do, if the way were clear.
Talking just this morning, reading in the paper,
We envy the model, she said, and so we ought;
Or why this crowd that presses toward her pictures?
Don't suppose it's landscape that brings them all here!

Mary says, most of us think just by turning
Round and round we'll come at last on a living thrill,

Though we'd be too dizzy, she says, when we found it,
Worn to a dullness too dense to feel it then.
Only the brave ones who seek life early,
Every nerve quivering and the heart alert,
Not wait, but look for it, she says, rather headlong,
Only they have lived at all, or can live again.

Artists are the folk she means, the kind that fling them
Boldly on life, the pleasure and the hurt;
Every day's a canvas—if the work's a failure,
Scrape the hardening colors off, paint the dream afresh.
If you never paint it, she says, if the dream falls
Wrecked all your days, and the shining fades at last,
Mary says it's something to know you've tried and missed
it—

She'd rather be a thwarted soul than just tidy flesh.
That's the reason, Mary thinks, one yields her loveliness
To the painter's vision, unveils her utmost grace,
Marries her beauty to his soul, not his body,
So completes the beauty that she almost is.
There she stands lifted immortal above herself,
Proper things fall away, this cannot go;
Here once she lived—could the painter live more?
Here her dream stays—is it less than his?

Mary can talk so. But if that's living,
What's landscape after that, I'd like to know?
Did she live deeply, and taste the thrill we miss,
Rise from the rut the daily habit wore,
And are these the picture, then, of herself immortal?
Immortal—and these the best she could do!
Why landscapes, I say; who wants the wall-paper
On Hero's room, with Leander at the door?

And, I said to Mary, that's a wise notion
Of loveliness to kindle at, and visions coming true;
I'm no model, but I know human nature,
And they can't be a vision every time they pose;

They must be immodest when the dream fails them,
Artist and model can't be much to sing of then—
He's just a painter drawing heads and bodies,
She's just a woman standing without her clothes.

III—ANDANTE SERIOSO

Women and men, dumb before my pictures,
Baffled, or whispering hand to mouth their crude
Indecent wonder at such things from me—
Are these the eyes we paint for, these the hearts?
It is my life, I know now, they would choose
To look at, not—even if they could—my soul.
My painter too; I watched him gazing, gazing,
Like the sun rays that drink the water up,
Looking for something as he used to stare
Out of his empty, silent head at me
Poor little man, to look for. Well, perhaps
Poor little man, to look for. Well, perhaps
Here's the exhibit when we show our things,
Not the thing painted nor the way we paint,
Rather who comes to look, what states of mind
Unveil themselves and publicly confess.
That's the hard thing in posing too, to watch
The painter's soul disrobe, ill-nourished souls,
All bones, just covered with a wish to paint.
My painter with his swan! Too like the way
Those creatures in the zoo cling to their cage,
And look with sad and all but human eyes
Out of their fatal prison, out of themselves.
He had the look—the gaze he turned on me,
Blind to my body, wistfully betrayed
That slow, dumb panic. "Pose no more," said I,
"For pity, see this nakedness no more."

They whisper sly amazement how at all
Beauty for any eyes could stand revealed;
The question gives their furtive heart away.
"Landscapes!" said one, "Why landscapes?" Why, indeed!

Leda would please ner more—not the divine
Wonder I could have uttered in the myth,
To see love heaven-descended in disguise,
White and with wings, soft, smooth, and terrible,
Beyond resistance and beyond belief—
Not this; but could she look with the swan's eyes
On that clear loveliness, and then on me,
And think, "She was a model, not divine
But just as frank, and beauty now to her
Is what she paints, fit for a god!"—Dear soul,
What eyebrows would she raise, and yet be pleased.

How I could paint the glory that we wear,
That never in the roadside passes by
But stirs us to the rhythm of a step,
But starts the image of a golden world!
I could; yet what we love to the extreme
We find a word for, not the thing itself.
Language surrounds our loves; the passing form
That stirred the heart-beat with a joyous step
And called the dignity of whiteness up,
Oh, paint the form and see the golden world!
But if the body haunts me, and no more,
Something which means the body let me paint,
Something wherein it dwells. We know not why,
But by itself life is unutterable,
Yet will be teasing, as a beauty seeks
Her portrait in the passion she inspires—
" 'Tis but this pretty gown you like me for!"
"Can I forget the beauty it conceals?"
"Ah, me, loved for my body only?"—"Love,
More for the flame within that makes you fair!"
"Mystical lover, would you take my soul?"
"Oh, I would take it always as it is,
In that soft loveliness my love can touch!"
"Ah, my poor body, praised at last!"—"Love, praised
Far, far too little, had I Indian pearls
To praise with, and the purple robes of queens!"
Oh, I would live superbly and delight

In every garment that the soul puts on,
The sound of voices, and the touch of hands,
Lips absolute for passion or caress,
And body exquisite to awe-struck eyes;
Yet for the larger garment, O my heart!
That here we wear—this earth and sky and sea,
Waiting upon us with their gift of tongues—
How could our grandeur speak without these hills?
Without these meadows and midsummer trees
What drowsy peace would die in us untold!
Never without the ocean could we say
What harbor, what far land, what **gallant ship**
We know of, and our heart set to go—
And who could utter beauty without stars?
Speak in this language—ah, and who will hear?
So few, so few! I see the curious eyes
Studying as though the pictures were a scroll
Marked with lost symbols or designs insane.
Yet there the path is written, and the end;
From silence first, through silence into speech,
And afterward through speech to loneliness—
Something this world we love so cannot say,
Earth cannot, nor the ocean, nor the sky.

The Outlook

John Erskine

THE MAN OF ONE POEM

(Sir Edward Dyer, Author of *My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.*) (1550-1607)

I like it well to turn aside
From names that time can never blot
To those the world hear, dignified
With word of praise, and then forgot.

One poem, forty lines or ten,
Should rank the singer as a sage.

Why smile? Slow-moving though the pen
He lived a life and left a page.

Ask but his name and date; the rest
Irradiant through his poem shines—
His life, or long or short, compressed
Within a half a hundred lines.

The Lyric West: A Magazine of Verse Laura Bell Everett

S Q U A W

Who am I? A hated thing, a Squaw,
Patterned and pressed into a man-made mold,
Only to grind the corn, only to sow,
Only to watch, to wait, to wonder here.
When the great camp-fires touch the drooping stars,
And the wild night things cry across the moon—
I to the watch, I to the mourners, go.
Heavy in heart, weary in foot and womb,
Bearer of burdens,
Bearer of children. So
Must I go toward the rainbow, laden low.
Who am I? A hated thing, a Squaw.

Why must I press my hand across my mouth
To keep the cry of hate back in my soul
Why must I lie awake and long to strike
The quiet face of him who lies beside?

Mountains and hills, you, too, lie passive here;
And valleys there below, you wonder, too.
Do you not long to turn your hearts to god,
To dance at noon-tide, and to love at night?

And when the hunt gods rustling through the marsh
When the quick deer's brown eyes peer through the fern,
I would go softly, I would go swiftly, too,

Soft on the moss, swift and soft on the hills,
Long stride, swift stride, strong stride, true stride,
I the proud hunter,
I the proud marksman, I,
Bearer of bows and arrows,
Braver than all,
I to bring home the dappled doe to roast.
But who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

When I have watched the red limbs gleam and pass,
When the bright arrows quiver in the flame,
Tom-tom and war-cry beat against my heart,
Devils of hate tear down my weaknesses.
Bring the red paint! Oh, bring the weapons here!
I would smear boldly on my naked limbs
Signals of blood, signals of hate, of war,
Dancing to madness in the open fire.
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums!
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums!
Hate to hate, arrow to arrow, beat,
Beat your drums, O war chiefs! beat your drums,
O war chiefs! beat your drums, O war chief! beat your
drums!

Drums, drums, flames, flames, I,
Foot to foot and naked breast to breast,
Beating, struggling, fighting, dying, I,
Braver than braves whose great hands dare the sun;
I, the warrior, I the savior of tribes,
I the hero of battles, equal of gods!
But who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

So the sun sinks,
And so must I return.
Sink into stillness by the wigwam door.
Why should I stay quiet through the years,
Under his hand, under his feet?
O soul,
O woman's soul, why must you dream and wait?

Break from his hand!

Break from his hand!

Go free!

Go cast yourself before the ready wind!

Let your loose soul blow out on open ways!

Down and down below the great rocks lie.

I shall flee from him, cast myself below.

If I should step, a step so tiny here,

I would go freely, freely to the winds,

My old soul lying on new wings of god.

Down, down—one step—

Why should I wait and dream

Down, down—one step—

Why should I wonder here?

Down, down—one step—

Down, down!

Down—now, oh, hear!

Hear on the path,

Strongly and strongly there,

Pound of great strides.

How strong, how strong and brave!

Back from the hunt he comes,

O strong, O brave!

Shall I turn humbly now to meet his arms

Down, down—one step—

No! no!

There is no question, there is no waiting now;

Only I know I need his great arms here,

Only I know I need his hot lips here,

Only I know he is the life of me.

Wars, hunts, souls, bodies, hearts, and gods

Are mingled in the burning of his eyes.
Take me, beat me, crush me,
Love me—so!
Break me beneath the stone that grinds the corn!
I am your field, I am your broken field.
Take, then, the harvest;
Take—while I forget.
For who am I? A hated thing, a squaw.

The Century Magazine.

John Farrar.

ASTRONOMERS

I've heard all astronomers are queer,
And that there burns a madness in their eyes,
Half yearning, half a strange and dreadful fear,
As they lean to see the spectral planets rise.

For all they've measured distances and know
That the moon's no houri, pale and witching fair,
I'm told they sweep the star-fields, row on row,
As if to find a mystery loitering there.

Some star that gleams from heaven's balcony
Tonight, luminous and festive as in prime,
Is mortal cold, they'll say, though you still see
The amber record of its tilt with time,

And swift a shadow falls across their faces,
They shudder . . . and you know some **flagrant doubt**,
Unvanquished by the logic of the races,
Haunts them still, with many a pagan flout.

The Wanderer

Henri Faust

FRENCH CLOCK

Time is a heavy legend to be told
By this slight clock, shapely and full of guile,

With brilliants at its throat, the sun in gold,
Louis' own seal, above its painted smile.
Some clocks have souls; they grow into a wall,
Become a part of lives they tick away;
This is a toy, perfect, sufficient all
Unto itself— a butterfly at bay.

Hours and years? They change but do not pass!
In this light world of gold and ormolu
Time is one splendid moment under glass!
Mad little clock, so gay it never knew
Blood on the hours, a lifted pike—a head—
And hot throats roaring that the King is dead!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Hortense Flexner

PHILIPPIAN

"*Whatsoever things are lovely*"—ah, Saint Paul
I dare not think on loveliness at all,
For fear I see a face I must not see,
And long for hands that are not stretched to me;
For fear I break a flower and wish a thing
That is not mine for garnering.

"*Whatsoever things are lovely...think on these.*"
Oh, bring the eyes to beauty, bend the knees!
Was it a silent or a singing way
That Paul or Ephesus knelt down to pray?
No matter, for all lively things are pain
To me become Philippian in vain.
Ah, Paul, I practice in perverted guise
The word you sent from Rome to make men wise.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Hildegarde Flanner

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.

Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

The Yale Review

Robert Frost

TO EARTHWARD

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of—was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark
Of almost too much love,

The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred,
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

The Yale Review

Robert Frost

THE STAR SPLITTER

"You know Orion always comes up sideways.
Throwing a log up over our fence of mountains,
And rising on his hands, he looks in on me
Busy outdoors by lantern-light with something
I should have done by daylight, and, indeed,
After the ground is hard, I should have done
Before it froze, and a gust flings a handful
Of waste leaves at my smoky lantern chimney
To make fun of my way of doing things,
Or else fun of Orion's having caught me.
Has a man, I should like to ask, no rights
These forces are obliged to pay respect to?"
So Brad McLaughlin mingled reckless talk
Of heavenly stars with hugger-mugger farming,
Till having failed at hugger-mugger farming,
He burned his house down for the fire insurance
And spent the proceeds on a telescope
To satisfy a lifelong curiosity
About our place among the infinities.

"What do you want with one of those blame' things?"
I asked him well beforehand. "Don't you get one!"

"Don't call it blamed: there isn't anything
More blameless in the sense of being less
A weapon in our human fight," he said.
"I'll have one if I sell my farm to buy it."
There where he moved the rocks to plow the ground
And plowed between the rocks he couldn't move
Few farms changed hands; so rather than spend years
Trying to sell his farm and then not selling,
He burned his house down for the fire insurance
And bought the telescope with what it came to.

He had been heard to say by several:
"The best thing that we're put here for's to see;
The strongest thing that's giving us to see with's
A telescope. Some one in every town
Seems to me owes it to the town to keep one.
In Littleton it may as well be me."
After such loose talk it was no surprise
When he did what he did and burned his house down.

Mean laughter went about the town that day
To let him know we weren't the least imposed on,
And he could wait, we'd see to him to-morrow.
But the first thing next morning we reflected,
If one by one we counted people out
For the least sin, it would n't take us long
To get so we had no one left to live with.
For to be social is to be forgiving.
Our thief, the one who does our stealing from us,
We don't cut off from coming to church suppers,
But what we miss we go to him and ask for.
He promptly gives it back; that is, if still
Uneaten, unworn out, or undisposed of.
It would n't do to be too hard on Brad
About his telescope. Beyond the age
Of being given one's gift for Christmas,
He had to take the best way he knew how

Te find himself in one. Well, all we said was
He took a strange thing to be roguish over.

Some sympathy was wasted on the house,
A good old-timer dating back along;
But a house isn't sentient; the house
Did n't feel anything. And if it did,
Why not regard it as a sacrifice,
And an old-fashioned sacrifice by fire,
Instead of a new-fashioned one at auction?

Out of a house and so out of a farm
At one stroke (of a match), Brad had to turn
To earn a living on the Concord railroad
As under-ticket-agent at a station

Where his job, when he wasn't selling tickets,
Was setting out up track and down not plants,
As on a farm, but planets, evening stars,
That varied in their hue from red to green.

He got a good glass for six hundred dollars.
His new job gave him leisure for star gazing.
Often he bid me come and have a look
Up the brass barrel, velvet black inside,
At a star quaking in the other end.
I recollect a night of broken clouds,
And underfoot snow melted down to ice,
And melting further in the wind to mud.
Bradford and I had out the telescope.
We spread our two legs as we spread its three,
Pointed our thoughts the way we pointed it,
And standing at our leisure till the day broke,
Said some of the best things we ever said.
That telescope was christened the Star-splitter,
Because it didn't do a thing but split
A star in two or three the way you split
A globule of quicksilver in your hand

With one stroke of your finger in the middle.
It's a Star-splitter if there ever was one,
And ought to do some good if splitting stars
'S a thing to be compared with splitting wood.

We've looked and looked, but after all where are we?
Do we know any better where we are,
And how it stands between the night to-night
And a man with a smoky lantern chimney?
How different from the way it ever stood?

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Louise Ayers Garnett

THE ROVER

The day is full of busy-ness—
A running to and fro,
Helping Lord God to wag the world
The way the world should go.
But when the day has shut up shop
And I must off to bed,
Oh then it is and when it is
That I would rove instead!
I would lest Arabia
Should feel herself neglected;
And what of Greece, I wonder,
Where so long I've been expected?
And Zanzibar, and Salvador,
What must they think of me
Who've been so slow responding
To their hospitality?
What if the Trees of Lebanon
All change to mast and keel
Before I loiter in their shade
And tell them what I feel?
I know my duties through the day—
I help Lord God along.
Oiling this and lifting that

And pushing straight and strong;
But why, when night swashbuckles in
And beckons me away,
Does Lord God steer me into bed
And make me sleep till day?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Louise Ayres Garnett

STAR-DANCERS

Rongo told me how, when a boy, he lay
In a pandanus thicket on the Night of the Stars, and saw
The maidens of his tribe, with eloquent arms tossing,
Dancing nude in the starlight the ancient rite of the stars;
Heard, over the obligate of the tropic night,
Old women chanting the ancient prayer to the stars . . .
And how the spear of a sudden terror pierced him,
So that he shrieked and fled, and came no more
To the sacred hollow between mountain and sea.

And I thought, in the Night of Stars if I could be
A girl, brown and straight-limbed, flower-garlanded,
Dancing in holy nakedness under the sky
The ancient undecipherable rune of the stars;
Or at the last an old woman, weary with wisdom,
Chanting with hollow notes of gourd drums
The old, obscure litany of the sky,
I might be comforted, and dream no more of gardens
Impossible and afar, or the cool silence
Of moon-pools of forgetfulness, and the dim
Intolerable vision of forbidden peace.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Clifford Franklin Gessler

THE MAGICIAN

(To my Daughter, Faith Harlow)

No longer have I fear of falling leaves
Nor pity for a shivering leaf alone;

I can rejoice as if the seed new-sown
Were pushing through.
And yet, the whole world grieves.

No heartbreak now to watch the sodden sheaves
And no regret that summer birds have flown,
For in this nest one little bird, my own,
Has banished dread of slowly dripping eaves.

Autumn but a season
As lovely as the rest!
Miracles grow commonplace
Since you found my breast.

The Catholic World

Caroline Giltinan

RESPITE

By cowardice and terror
A little soul lay torn
Believing this her Calvary:
The pressure of one thorn.

God watched with patient pity
While she grew weak and pale
And deeper, deeper pressed the thorn—
Withholding still the nail.

The Lyric

Caroline Giltinan

A PAIR

Those two had sewed themselves a dignity
From all the patches of failure they had cut
From the success of others. And their heads
Were high in an austerity of grief
For what they had not been. I cannot say
They loved, for they only lived

In profile to each other,
Looking on life as it were a relief
Against eternity. And when they spoke
Their voices left no echo for they pricked
The surface of silence lightly as a thought.
And oh! how cruelly neat their house! There were
No kindly folds in curtains, no idle chair
Pulled carelessly askew for gossiping,
But everything was crucified on walls.
Even the sun was a severity.
They never had a child, for it would be
A sign of some prosperity.
And had they yet, I'm sure it would have been
A shadow, for these two were
Ephemeral as two may be and live.
And I have come to know that all they have
Was all they could ever come upon
Even had they encompassed a success.

The Nomad

Laura Riding Gottschalk

SVEN

I tell you, Sven, she will not heed you,
I warn you that hers are
Strange lips, with not a word to bleed you—
She is singular.

Though clean and clear as water cresses,
Ripple-ringed and deep,
There are pockets in her dresses
Where the lizards creep

Strong of limb but all aquiver,
With a body hale as malt,
Like the deer beside the river
When they come to lick the salt.

She'll outrun you, going faster
Than your savings or your life,
Cut the blue-joint or the aster
Like a sickle or a knife!

She's no man's. I say, "Be sober!"
Grind your wit to sharper steel.
Though she's golden as October
With a little rounded heel.

Pinkly flushed, yet she is colder
Than the sparrow in the snows;
She will lean against the shoulder
Of the bleakest wind that blows.

Born so wild, she'd not be noting
Though you coined her 'kisses rare,
And like bubbles left them floating,
Ghost-fruit on the air. . . .

Sven, no good can come of mating
With the weed, the outlaw leaf;
See, the willing grain is waiting—
Come and bind me in a sheaf.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *Amanda Benjamin Hall*

SUBMERGENCE

The only loneliness is the wind's,
The only sorrow is the sea's.
Why must a heart ache all life long
To learn such simple truths as these?

Lonely hours burn out like candles,
And sorrow is a leaf swept by;
But the wind is lonely forever and forever,
And the sea must hush an eternal cry.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Hazel Hall

AUDIENCE TO POET

Poet with the pointed breath,
Who matches darkness of the mind
With syllables so taut they wind
Their meaning is a lively death.

Spare us no twinge nor brilliance stirred
With rapiers of speech that move
To break the dark from cool new love
Encompassed in the burning word.

That we may live enough to feel
Living, with something more than heart,
Lay on our eye your tonic smart,
Clang in our ear your uttered steel.

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

Hazel Hall

SLOW DEATH

You need no other death than this
Slow death that wears your heart away;
It is enough, the death that is
Your every night, your every day.

It is enough, the sun that slants
Across your breast, heavy as steel,
Leaving the rust of radiance
To shape a wound that will not heal.

Enough, the crystal at your lips,
Wasting you even as it lies—
Vibrant there before it slips
Away, torn from your mouth like cries.

There will be now, as fumes from wood,
A passing, yet no new death's care.

You will know only the frustrate mood
Of breath tarnished to color of air.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

CROSSED HEART

For sake of wind out of the south,
For sake of all the lean birds lost
In rhythm of their own long flying,
And for the sake of your hurt mouth
Closed forever on its crying,
Let your heart be crossed.

If you will lift a hand to make
A double motion, quick like breath,
Over your heart's uneven throbbing,
You will have done a thing for sake
Of that for which there is no sobbing,
Nor any hush of death.

Fearing the dazzle in your eyes,
Moments that wear you thin as moon
And make you exquisite with sighing,
Lay on your heart this light device
Lest for that which knows no dying
You be dead too soon.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

SEA NURTURED

Watchers beside sea water wear a calm.
In every port such tragedies are born
Through unrelenting nights, such hands forlorn
Beat the brass heavens for a healing balm!

Lonely in city streets as a stripped palm
In redwood forests, these still watchers pass;
Alien as pansies in the meadow grass,
The sea born bear the movement of a psalm.

I would not dare to speak a wanton word
To these still faces, for I know the roar
Of wind-stung water on a sharpened shore;
The deadly undertow that drags unheard.
Speak softly the pale watchers of the sea,—
They hold strange concourse with immensity!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Lena Hall

THE WAY OF WATER

Is there a way of water unextolled?
I have trailed burdened rivers from their birth
In a dark pool, and I have felt the worth
Of quick oases, by red stars patrolled.
The freshening way of slow rain has been told
Since the first twisted fruit tree hurt the earth;
And torrid oceans, infinite of girth,
Forever strive with interstellar cold.

He who would tell a new tale in his days,
Must set his compass arrogant of ships;
He must go down by unfrequented ways—
By sunken roads, where sunlight never slips.
Songs he must know a very god might raise.
Of a cool cup lifted to self-damned lips!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Lena Hall

A BOY'S TENT

Slowly and steadily, yellow, red, brown,
In the clear autumn sunlight, the leaves clicked down,

Circled and drifted, yellow, brown, red,
And clicked against the canvas that had sheltered his bed.

Day followed day and autumn drifted past.
In the early winter storms the tent held fast.
Snow swirled over and snow silted in
Across the board floor where his bare feet had been.

Bleached by the sun and rotted by the rain,
Fifty times frozen and thawed again,
Taut in the rain and slackened in the sun,
The guy ropes parted, one after one.

One wild winter night, with a great roaring rent,
The wind burst the roof. The whole thing went
Over in the snow. Would you know it for a tent,
This wreck of rope and canvas that the spring sun lifts
From the soiled shrinking snow of rotten March drifts?

Could you believe that this gray heap had
Given safe summer shelter to a little bronzed lad?

The Nation

Malleville Haller

SONG OVERHEARD ON THE HIGHWAY

If I had only a hod
To carry up the road
I would be praising God
For such a light load;

Or if I had to lift
Only a pack of stone
I would welcome the gift
Of work to be done.

Oh there's no lusty lad
But can bear stone's weight,

And every man be glad
If a hod be his fate;

So wonder at my breaking—
For how are you to see
There is no leave-taking
Of the heart in me?

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

THE OLYMPIANS

They said, "It's bitter cold today.
December's like an old man, bleak with Time.
I hate the sodden fields, the tearful grey
Petulent skies, the grit and grime.
The sound of cold slow bleeding in the trees."
I looked at these.

The Beeches, Lovely Ladies, were asway,
Their intricate soft scarfs of thin spun lace
Caught round them as mantillas hide a face
Which smiles with mirth, born of a thought within.
The Poplars, towering proudly, seemed to grin
Through lifted visors, peering at the cold
As sentries watch for danger; and the old,
Implacable, grim oaks growled deep and low,
Mumbling a tale about the fall of snow.

I could not think them weary unto death,
Betrayed by Time; to me they were alive,
Stripped as a mighty wrestler guards his breath
And sheds his raiment that he best may strive
In games of fortitude and manliness.
"Come on, ye spears of Frost! These Ladies wait
To hear our laughter goading ye to kill!"
I thought a young Ash shouted this, and tossed
A shower of leaves, as gamblers toss a bait
Of golden coins to cheat the taker's guess!

"Ho! Parry and riposte!" a Linden laughed,
Lunging with slim green rapier at the Wind
Who'd given him a merry thrust and chaffed
Him smartly for a sluggard; Linden grinned
And balanced and was wary for the next
Move from his jovial foe, An old Pine, vexed
With weight of years, gave forth a sudden swift
Imperious "Hush! You've waked me from my sleep!"
A tall Beech Lady blew him down the gift
Of one light leaf, and made him ever keep
His old head covered lest this be his last
Great tournament of Games; and then there passed
Through all the ranks of stalwart swordsmen there
Challenge on challenge winnowing the air!
Mighty with jovial darings, what a cry
Went up from all those throats, what mirthful jests,
What mailed fists were shaken at the sky.
What courtly bowing to unbidden guests!
Guests did I say? Of three who homeward went
But one had watched the Olympian Tournament!

Contemporary Verse

Amory Hare

NOSTALGIA

He brought the record home with sheepish pride
And wound the old machine. The crystal notes
Swirled through the little room like gleaming motes
In jeweled light. He listened open-eyed;
But when she wept he tiptoed from her side,
His own eyes dim for cherry blooms and tears,
The crimson rapture, the unspoken fears,
The lyric sorrow of the wistful bride.

He could not know her grief was not for pain
Of love forsaken, but that far away
Were scented beauty piled in galleries,
Wealth, color, silver voices, proud display—

While here stretched out the long dusty plain
With great buttes shouldering the windy skies.

Scribner's Magazine

Gwendolen Hast

A STREET CAR SYMPHONY

*Rumble along, over the water
Smooth as glass where the oil spots are;
There by that tug's nose, wide meadows of wonder
Gold like the blood of a splintered star!*

Here inside where the straps are swinging
Huddles the freight of a Spruce Street car.

Poke necked spinster, with fumbling eyes,
Flat as a psalm book and ugly and queer;
Blonde in bright taffeta, merry as spring,
With a pearl in each ear;
Young mulatto girl, clean and comely,
All ablaze with a new pink gown,—
White folk's fashions, Gold Coast colors;

Dim red aisles of the broad red town.

Stout bald artist with sandy hair,
Grease marked coat and egg on his mouth;

*Oh what a madness of youth in the air
When the wind blows south!*

"What are you doing back home, old Kate?
Pretty lonely, I guess, and grey;
Nobody now to meet at the gate
At the end of the day;
You who mothered and smoothed me down,
Buttoned my collars and messed at my tie,—

While the moon rode white on the brow of the wind
And the stars ran high."

*Scurry along here! The great folk are frowning.
Frowning? Not they. They are off out of town,
And their solemn old homes, in the broad cloth of twilight,
Like old empty mothers, look hungrily down.*

Spoonful of yellow hair
Caught up in a wide red bow,
And the ruddy face of a child
At her noon day glow:
"When father and mother died
I wasn't so pleased at first,
Though I don't know which of the two of them
Was really the worst;
Ma with her weepy smile
Bothering me in my bed,
Or Pa with his drunken snort
And his aching head.
It's good to be all on your own,
Though the lady that works me is slow;
There always are fellows to kid, when a girl
Has a shape and a go;
And Johnnie'll be waiting, I'll bet
On the corner of Seventh and Race,
With a pink in his coat and a shine on his shoes,
And a grin on his face.
He's a looker, and on to the town;
And he knows how I love him all right:
Oh what a strange noise the blood makes in my heart
When I think of tonight."

Young girl student with calm grave eyes:

Life's aflame on the lamp lit street.

"What will the Lord God make of me

When the true man's eyes and my own eyes meet?
Amo, amas,—now the wind comes warm;
Over the hills now the daisies roam;
Launcelot! Launcelot! When are you coming
To carry me home?"

*Gay girls in messalines flitting the pavements;
Loom of tall towers that rise through the dusk;
Faint scent of spring where the trees are budding,
Then garlic and gas and musk.*

Drooping pale widow in from the graveyard,
Planning to sell the new tenant their coal;
Figuring how much she'll get for the ice box,
And why God has taken the light from her soul.

*Clutter of faded old tenement houses
Warm with the folk of the Ghetto and Rome,
Banked, with sprawled legs, on colonial doorways,
Common and dirty, but making it home.
Women in wigs with the grey hair beneath them,
Wrinkled old grandmas, all shrouded in white,
And a million brown children that dance on the pavements
And stay up all night.*

Pious old man in a choker collar
Conning a speech for the Ladies' Aid
On the dangers of dance, and the open Sabbath,
And of calling a spade a spade.

*Drag along solemnly! Through these dark byways
Washington strolled for a breath of the south,
And Darthea Penniston ventured, or pretty
Peg Shippen with roses of youth on her mouth.*

*Chicken coops, Swiss chard, sparrow grass, spinach;
Moon over head and a smoke tossed star;*

"End of the line! All out, sir, at Dock Street!"

Back into town on the Spruce Street car.

Contemporary Verse

Roy Helton

SEA MIST

The sea assumes her most mysterious dress,
And vainly homing ships her films explore
For castled ports upon familiar shore.
Lost now, Atlantis-like, beyond all guess.
Hearken the eerie bugles of distress
That wail across a wilderness of hoar
Where mighty squadrons have become no more
Than phantoms on a tide of nothingness.

It is as if the unconquerable sea,
Weary of ships, and weary of man's boast
That he had tamed her tide and chained her
coast
And bound her tempests to his sovereignty,
Bade Mist, her frailest servitor, efface
The ramparts and armadas of his race.

Harper's Magazine

Daniel Henderson

LESSON IN POETRY

Coaxed by the waiting light in Gracie's eyes
And Curtis' half-belief, they came that day,
Wee elves, but found the eighth grade otherwise;
For Richard knew that faery folk were lies,
And Jacob with his stubby hair,
His bristling questions, and his skeptic air,
Would fright the boldest elfmen far away.

The sun had drooped outside our vale, its pale glow crept
Higher on cradling mountain sides; the river slept

In early shadows, and the eighth grade drowsed
Through the last period. My voice aroused
Tired senses: "We've read our poem through
Silently. Now won't you
Tell what the pictures mean?
What do they make you think of that you've seen?
Yes, Dorothy?"

Contemporary Verse

Ruth Evelyn Henderson

BLACK CHRISTMAS

*"It is cruel for a woman with her man gone,
An' the younguns allas hungry, an' winter comin' on.*

I thought the feud was ended last Christmas day,
When Darrell sent the preacher to the Galloways to say
Tha he could come and get him, if they had a mind.
He was done with rifle-totin' for his fellow-kind.
An' a year gone by, with everything *that* still;
An' never once a Galloway on our side the hill.

Oh, I was glad this mornin' when Dal hollered up to me
To send the younguns runnin' to help him fetch a tree.
'There's a fine young balsam by the wood-house shed,
An' we'll have it in for Christmas, like we used to do,'
he said.

I watched him drop the salpin' with a single stroke;
An' the snow all whirlin' round him like a shinin' smoke,
While the younguns tumbled, and laughed, and sang:
Then someone shouted sudden—an' a rifle rang.

Now the folks are gatherin' to bring him from the shed;
An' I got to stop denyin' that my man is dead.
*Oh it's cruel for a woman with her man gone,
An' the younguns allas hungry, an' winter comin' on."*

Contemporary Verse

DuBose Heyward

PIRATE LEGEND

I

Under the feet of a tall machine,
In the false and tricky dark
That grew where the sky-flung derricks lean
Over the littered park,

A gang of negroes, burrowing
With bar and pick and spade,
Tugged and bent to an iron ring
In a hole their tools had made.

A sudden give, and the earth fell clear;
A gasp, and seven blacks
Bunched and cringed, and muttered a prayer
To the thing behind their backs.

For a moon grown suddenly old and blue
Laid withered hands upon
A mouldy chest, and a bone or two
From a rotting skeleton.

A shooting star whined overhead,
The arc-lights winced and failed,
And a lonely wind from the long-time-dead
Crept to their ears and wailed.

Then terror loosed them and let them go
In a storm of flailing feet,
To tell their tale by the lantern glow
Of the shops in Sailor Street.

But when the engines summoned day
Up from oblivion,
And the gang crept back to loot the clay,
The chest and bones were gone.

II

Simon the drunkard swears he saw them going
In a shaking world of neither here nor there,
Tottering out of the shades, and slowly blowing
Across the park, lighter than harbor air,
With a wedge of the Milky Way serenely showing
Through cloven skulls under the matted hair.

Yes, he will tell you that he watched them travel
Out to the city's edge with a mouldy chest:
How they would bulk in the dark, and then unravel
Under the lights; and, when they paused to rest,
Dusted their burden free of city gravel,
And waited tense lest any should molest.

Heaving their treasure to their backs, they waded
The last salt stream; and where the forests keep
The old lost darks and silences, they faded.
Back in the early gray, steel-throated, deep,
The engines ripped the silence, and the jaded,
Driven city stumbled from its sleep.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *DuBose Heyward*

NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE

On a sepia ground
Shot with orange light,
The pines
In blue-black lines;
And birches, slender,
Diagonal, and white,
Stencil compact designs.
The inevitable wall,
As it leaves the woods,
Breaks to a sprawl

Of separate stones,
Echoing the tones
Of sepia and orange
With high-lights
Of chrome and red,
Until they find a bed
In the splotched lilac
Of the meadow,
Or chill to blue in shadow.
In the valley's cupped palm
Lies a handful of ripening grain.
And, riding the high blue calm
Over Monadnock,
A decorous cloud
Is slowly unwinding its skein.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *DuBose Heyward*

ALTERNATIVES

Oh, time will break us as it has the others.
The beautiful and strong, the gay, the proud
Between the cradling breasts of their two mothers,
Have sung their weary hearts out to the crowd.
Rich in metal that no mint may utter,
They struck hot molten youth into a song,
And with it won the solace of the gutter—
Villon, and Poe, and all the lonely throng.

And here today, while our own songs unsung
Still hum pent fire in our quick arteries;
While the sweet agony of being young
Is ours; and this pollen-heavy breeze
Has loosed your hair, and fanned a sudden flame,
I wonder so—I falter on your name.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *DuBose Heyward*

EARTH AND AIR

I

Earth is the tower of granite, the floor of loam,
The grass that seeds, the sheep that fatten for men,
The shapes that are beaten in fire or built in wall,
The plow preparing the soil to be born again,
The crystal well, the gold of the honey comb,
And hands that pattern with wool or hide or clay;
Earth is the wain, the sickle, the sledge, the stall—
Earth is our yesterday.

II

Air is the thrust of steam and of burning gas,
The spark men take from the foam of a falling stream,
The word of the first sea caught on the last of the seven,
Ships with the speed of a dream made more than dream;
The throb of steel in a cage of steel and glass,
Iron fingers at smooth and gleaming play,
Air is the wings of men on the sea of heaven—
Air is to-day.

III

Earth is the suck of men, their loaf and their healing;
With earth they are poor but sapful, driven but strong;
Air is a high, thin world where their eyes grow weaker,
Their round breasts flatten, their cheeks fall white and
long.
Air is a shifting floor and a viewless ceiling,
Genii building and wrecking and building again,
It is half-heard magic speech from a hidden speaker
Sounding through light and rain.

IV

Men with the vision of air went planning and building;
They dreamed of slaves of iron and wrought their
slaves;

They envied the wind and the eagle and spread their
wings

Above the shadow of sinking woods and waves.
Men made little suns for the midnight's gilding,
Bridged with their wires the bridgeless gap of seas;
They dulled the teeth of winter, they turned the stings
And withering of disease.

V

Men with the dream of air have climbed to their vision,
But now they are faint for the meat of a day gone by;
The steeds of the sun race on in a golden madness,
The hurtling drivers are pale in the height of the sky.
Some say: "Hard fate in a wrath and a great derision
Has laid the tools of gods in the hands of men;
Can dust breed stars? Can tears be distilled to glad-
ness!

Let us go to earth again!"

VI

But the many hear not, the millions follow their dream-
ing,
Driving their iron cattle on stone or steel,
Flying their iron hawks on an airy ocean,
Bearing children that play with the spark and the wheel.
They will never turn from swiftness and silver gleam-
ing,
Or the sense that he who has taken in wheel or rod
The staff of gods and the magic of god-like motion
Himself shall become a god.

VII

Perhaps they will come again to the sun and the bough,
The wind and the clod that once were their strife and
their fare;

They will take not of olden beauty or olden toil;
They will only come back to earth when earth is air—
When they girdle the peaks with pavement and send
 their plow
Like a whirl of wind, and store their snow and their
 sun,
And sow where the strength they have sifted into the
 soil
 Yields five instead of one.

VIII

Look back, then, you who had love for earth, and regret
 her
And mourn a change that harries your hill and sky;
For men are turned from the peace of the scythe and
 candle;
Their eyes are fierce for the bright and the swift and
 the high.
They have wrecked a world for the leaping dream of
 a better,
And gone from peace toward a peace beyond a war,
They have mounted untrodden stairs to a key and a
 handle
 That open a door.

Frank Ernest Hill

The Measure: A Magazine of Poetry

FARM-CIRCLE

Peter Jersey walked this hill a hundred and hundred
 years ago,
Tumbled its roof of pillared trees, turned the rubble and
 bade it grow
Oat and apple, and dug to life jeweled water in rock
 below.

Peter Jersey tamed this hill,—wove its oaks into room
and stall,
Cleaned the soil of its warm red stone, heaped in the
mould of a winding wall;
There are the bones of the mill he raised, mossed by the
spray of the waterfall.

Peter Jersey was rich with work, shaping daily by dream
and hand—
Girth of beam in a brown-peaked loft, curl of hinge or of
barrel band,
Golden fruit that was born and filled by the magic
marriage of men and land.

Maker of barn and house and mill, maker of clover and
apple trees,
Watching his sons in the wake of plows, his daughters
minding their hens and bees,
Spreading his ninety years in the sun to thaw the age
in his hands and knees,

Peter Jersey could still exult, stubbornly victor above his
pains,
Conscious of life abundant, lasting . . . Only the husk
of it now remains,
And I have taken the earth he conquered,—I with my
hurry of desks and trains.

Something crumbled within that kingdom, built to grow
like a timeless tree;
Eyes went hunting in pale horizons worlds half builded
and half to be,
Webs spun skyward from steam and fire—earth in
harness and men set free.

Children of Peter Jersey's children sent their boys to the
steel and steam;
Hands went slack on the rein and scythe; minds went
slack where the charging stream

Smote the wheel in the ageing mill. There was dying of
deed and dream.

Peter Jersey's dream burned low and died like a lamp
at an end of oil;

Men go on by the dreams they know, and the dream had
gone from the stubborn soil.

Plows grew rusty. The wildness crept, taking the land
from the years of toil.

Peter Jersey's dream is gone, and I have taken his ruined
hill,

Young with birches beside its walls, and sumach mask-
ing its gutted mill,—

I that am hurry of desks and trains, and steam and iron
that wrought him ill.

Ghosts, they say, can be proud and angry. Ghosts are
here where a gray roof drops,

Where peach trees bloom in the brush with dogwood,
rods beyond where the orchard stops—

Ghosts with hate for the purr of engines, surge of
sidewalks, and rush of shops.

Still for me they are kind. A peace is here on the house
and the ruined hill;

Dawns make rainbows across the dew; noons on the
meadow are droning still;

Stars dance deep in the stream. The night ripples afar
with the whip-poor-will.

Life makes circles with men, I think. Wise ghosts watch
how the years re-mould,

See men breaking the gods they carved, see men scatter
their gathered gold.

Laughter flutters the hillside trees. . . . Ghosts,—and
the secret they think they hold.

Laugh, old phantoms, whisper and laugh. Can you guess,
I wonder, farther than I?

Standing on Peter Jersey's hill, under the fire and the
blue of his sky,
Slowly brooding on why I came from a world that was
sudden and swift and high,—

I am more, I know, than the iron town that snared his
sons from the dreams he knew.
I am love for the freedom and urge of his soil, its rough
green flooring, its roof of blue.
Maybe I'm love of his work as well—maybe I'm Peter
Jersey, too.

The New Republic

Frank Ernest Hill

OLD "PROF" DICKSON DIES

Old "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Taught the "boys" their classic lore,
Taught their sons—and even more—
Taught their grandsons. Strange indeed
How they came and went! What speed
They made to hear the world's shrill call!

Old "Prof" Dickson explained great books,
All the time with keen, shrewd looks—
Up there in rickety North Hall—
Sizing up each soul's estate,
Teaching each to do, not prate;
Saw some rise, saw many die;
Death called him too—by and by.
Possessions? Books and books—that's all.

.
Lo, at the gates of Heaven a multitude standing and
waiting,
Expectant, peering through cloud-land, excited and
smiling like people

Who waited at an earthly station the train that bears
them their loved ones!

Waiting they gaze down the mystical valley of cloud-
land. Impatient

They seem for the guest whose coming had long been
delayed and whose absence

Had caused in their hearts a sense of some vague in-
completeness of living.

Then a shout from a glorified youngster: "He comes!
There he is! He is coming!"

A buzz of excitement and giggling, sly poking of ribs;
and swiftly

The soul of the boy unrolls the gossamer folds of a
banner,

A banner like air, but distinct with the colors that loftily
over

The towers of gray North Hall had flown when in
triumph of battle

The stalwart squad of the College had carried the ball
past the goal-line.

And now o'er the ramparts of Heaven an eager boy-soul
waves it madly!

And behold! up the road that winds billowing softly
to Heaven's high portals

Comes old "Prof" Dickson, walking sedately, as ever,
and bearing

In one lean hand the ghost of his old and familiar green
note-bag;

Reading with studious calmness a manuscript tattered
and yellow—

The notes of his lecture on Milton's *Paradise Lost*!
Oh, then

What a bedlam bursts forth at the gates of high Hea-
ven! What rhythmical roaring

Of the wild college-yell that for sixty long years had
re-echoed and bellowed

Through the halls where so calmly "Prof" Dickson had
taught callow youth the beauty
Of letters and living! What cheering! What raising
of ghost-filmy banners!
And singing of *Old Alma Mater*! Gray chaps who in
days long since vanished
Had heard in North Hall this identical lecture on Mil-
ton's grim epic,
Now waving their diadems, shouting a welcome! And
whooping and swinging
His gossamer college banner, that boy-soul redoubles
the turmoil!

Calmly came old "Prof" Dickson, lifting his eyes from
his papers,
And smiling to hear what so oft on the wide college
campus had roused him
From study and meditation of those who had written
the record
Of the sorrows and joys of the earth-life. And thus
into Heaven's dominion
Midst thundering cheers of his "boys" walked quaintly
their old "Prof" Dickson,
Unaware that the roar and the tumult of welcome
were all in his honor!
Proudly he looked upon them: "I take it you won in
your battle."
And up through the streets of Heaven "Prof" Dickson
led the procession
Of boys who had sat in North Hall and learned from
his lectures their "classics."

.

Old "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Left no money; books—his hoard;

"Resolutions by the Board."

But my! what cheers rocked Heaven's wall!

Scribner's Magazine

Carl Holliday

CHIMES

It was a silly night—

The night that you were born.

And what you are or may be

Is not for you to mourn.

I never told your mother

What fiends had walked the earth

The hour she gathered strength enough

To give you birth.

'Twas all she had and over.

Next day she went to death,

Contented with her labor

And thanks upon her breath.

And you—had ills so many

'Twas little need for more.

I thought to perish with

My secret long before.

But now that death has chosen

That I should toll your peals,

You shall not go still asking

What laid you by the heels.

So strength, my son, and hear me

Before the bells may cease,

And then forget your curses

And go in peace.

Through all that day I waited

From dawn to eventide,

And watched, and prayed, and tended
At her bedside.

But when the dusk had fallen
Close and tight about,
With throbbing head and pulse
I stumbled out.

The day had been so silent,
'Twas odd the night should fall
And bring the north wind howling
His wildest call.

So fierce the storm had risen
I could not see what lay
Two steps beyond the terrace,
Nor further beat my way.

So there I stood and welcomed
The biting sting of snow,
And heard above the tempest
The island foghorn blow.

And then (stay, lad, a little;
It will be spoken soon),
And then, above the storm
I saw—the crescent moon!

O God, I clenched my eye-lids
Like one struck quickly blind.
I prayed 'twas only a fancy
Culled from a raving mind.

Yet I had not the courage
To bare my eyes again.
I still might live to whisper
What tricks they play on men.

But hardly had I turned
To grope my way along,

When from the nearby hedge—
A thrush burst into song!

Now let the chimes be ended;
So, too, my tale is done.
For when I ran in madly
I found I had a son.

*Yes, 'twas a silly night—
The night that you were born.
And what you were or may be
Let other people scorn,
But I still live to mourn.*

The Literary Magazine *Walter Edwards Houghton, Jr.*

TO AN AMIABLE LITTLE BOY

I may forget the dates of wars,
Whole dynasties of kings,
The Seven Wonders of the World,
And many other things.

But while I live—and it may be
Long after I am dead—
Your fingers clinging close in mine,
Your scrubby little head,

Full of such friendly, merry thoughts,
Your eyes, with great tears wet
Held bravely back—these are the things
That I shall not forget.

Scribner's Magazine

Mildred Howells

THE BRIDE AND THE MATRON

O love, my love, O my love and my love,
I love you with all my heart!

*You think you are well on your journey
Before you start.*

My love, and my love, O love, O my love,
I love you with all my soul!

*Wait till the bride-months go by
And the years roll. . . .*

And my love, O love, O my love, my love,
I am ever and utterly yours!

*You must find out what passes in love
To find out what endures.*

O my love, my love, O love and my love,
I shall never love any but you!

*Ah! to tell you my wisdom!
But what good would it do?*

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Helen Hoyt

GRAVID

You go slender and light as before
With your straight stride;
But the weight that weighs down in me
You also bear in your side.

The slackening of my step,
The slowing of my life's beat,
Makes your life also slacken,
To keep your feet slow with my feet.

The child turns in my flesh,
The dream of him turns in your heart:

Of our patience and all our waiting,
Your part is an equal part.

In the last pang, in the last persistence,
It is my strength must endure;
But ah, your will in my will
Is what shall make me sure!

Together we are bearing, beloved;
Not I, the woman, of myself alone:
The flower is formed out of the earth,
But out of the air too is the flower grown.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Helen Hoyt

CALIFORNIA

Spirits, for all they think they can
Survive alone, aloof from man,
Need flesh and blood about their roots.
This land where giant colored fruits
And gorgeous fragrant blooms comprise
A vegetable paradise,
Apparently does not contain
One rich essential nitrogen:
The men who dig this golden loam
Never turn up the smell of home;
Uneasily they sense a dearth
Of dead men, fertile in the earth,
And while their bodies prosper well
Upon such rank material,
Their thin unhappy souls are whirled
Over this blue alarming world;
Unanchored to the ground, they grow
A little frightened, justly so,
And far too social far too soon;
Like men transplanted to the moon
Who skip across the lunar crust

Making friends swiftly, as they must
Who have no relatives at hand
In a bewildering foreign land.

The New Republic

Rolfe Humphries

TO THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD

No permanent possession of the sky
Nor everlasting lease upon the air
Is given any town. *Prepare, prepare*
To see your towers falling! By and by
Vertical city, delicate and high,
Even your cliffs must crack, topple, and share
The common doom that blunter buildings bear—
Tumble and crumble, disappear and die.
And some day solemn folk, who never knew,
Except from ancient hearsay, all your wonder
Of splendid elevating steel and stones,
Will come with shovels rummaging for you,
With dredges pull the river mud from under
Your rusting, huddled, fragmentary bones.

The Century Magazine

Rolfe Humphries

PORPHYROGENE

The moon tonight is like a tarnished crown
On the dark brow of some old king whose throne
Is fallen and whose banners are struck down.
Yet none so poor among us but may own
An empire and go purple-clad with all
The lords of evening! In a dream we take
Once more immortal cities, gate and wall,
Before the stars give quarter or day break!

These rags drop from us, now the dusk is here;
Splendor precedes us and the world is ours—

Its armies and its architects and towers—
Even to the last impregnable frontier! . . .
What though the golden house of Nero fell:
We can remember, *we* can build as well!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Judith James

EARTH-BREATHS

I can forget the night
And the day,—
And daises that grew
By the Appian Way.

But, no, not this . . . *not this* . . .
One clear note
That the white cat killed
In the yellowbird's throat!

Boston Transcript

Winifred Virginia Jackson

SHE TOLD MARY

"I said to Whittlesey, I said,
He's not been gone a year;
And I have grieved and I have grieved
And dropped me many a tear!

"I said to Whittlesey, I said,
I'll wait till he comes back:
And I'll not hear and I'll not hear
The daft old women's clack!

"I said to Whittlesey, I said,
You've eyes for all who pass!
And I'll not look and I'll not look—
But look I did, alas!

"I said to Whittlesey, I said,—
But he was on my mouth,
And parched I grew and parched I grew
As a belly-slave in drouth!

"I said to Whittlesey, I said,
He'll make me pay for this . . .
But Don he laughed and Don he laughed
And shunt me with a kiss!"

The Book Chat

Winifred Virginia Jackson

IN MOREH'S WOOD

"*An axe,*" quoth he, "*is a sharp, sharp thing*
When hung with a handle of oak!"
And I thought with a sting o' my ha'penny ring
And I thought o' my humble folk.

And I thought o' the day when I vowed I'd be
A maid till he made me his own;
And I thought o' that tree and o' Don Whittlesey—
And o' such as I oughtn't have known.

And I thought, he is crazed and they'll be amazed
When the news to them sudden is broke. . . .
"*An axe,*" quoth he, "*is a sharp, sharp thing*
When hung with a handle of oak!"

The Broom

Winifred Virginia Jackson

BLACK AIKEN'S LOT

I took a walk one gloomy night
Across Black Aiken's Lot:
And lost I was and cold I was
When, lo, I spied a cot!

A candle lit was goodly sight
As I drew nigh the door,
Where such a welcome as I reeved
I ne'er had reeved before.

A Dame was there in swaiping gown,
With twenty padded curs
That edged a curious row around
And growled when she said, "*Hers!*"

"Sit down, Good Sir," the Beldam cried,
"Come, sit thee down, I pray!"
"*A willow was I and fell my leaf!*"
A voice warned, thin and gray.

"Then broth, Good Sir!" but a wooden spoon
Shrilled high within the pot,
"*He cut off the head of the golden hen
Beside his father's cot!*"

The Beldam turned to a peeled stick
That in a corner stood:
She lashed the curs as it loudly spoke,
"*His navel blessed my wood!*"

Then flung she trimmings of aged nails,
And a hundred whited teeth,
But open swung the heavy door
And I sped across the heath!

And when I'd found my way to town,
And told my story fair,
Old Luke spat East, North, West and South,—
"*Black Aiken's Lot is bare.*"

The Broom

Winifred Virginia Jackson

HANDS

"It wuz 'er hands! I warned 'er, tew!
I says, 'They're white,

Milk-white, but they turns red an' shine
Like eyes at night!

"I says, 'I sees 'em at your side
As nothin' you
Would like to have 'em look like if
You only knew.'

"I says, 'You're nails hain't dirty as
They ought'r be,
A-doin' o' the chores you do
Along o' me!'

"I says, 'If you'd jest let me feel
Your hands, perhaps
They'd seem more human-like an' not
Like tophet traps!'

"I says, 'They're ha'nts, I tell you, *ha'nts!*
Why, strings o' dough,
When you be kneadin' it for bread,
The fust I know,

'Turns jest like blood, an' slews an' drops
From off'n 'em
An' sets my innerds quiv'rin' like
A worm-et stem!'

"But she . . . she laughs an' laughs . . . an' raised
'Em up an' worked
'Em like a spider's legs at me . . .
She knowed it irked . . .

"An' *they turns red.* . . . I warned 'er, tew!
Jed understands
The reason o' my chokin' 'er—
It wuz 'er hands!

ON THE LINE

Nobody knows, now, when he first began
To pass from life to legend, how he turned
Into this "Portrait of a Gentleman,"
Impeccable, aloof and unconcerned.

Romney or Reynolds would have painted him
In wig and ermine: as a landed squire,
Conscious of his aristocratic limb,
Fastidious in each trifle of attire.

But we are come upon an age too crass
For flowered waistcoats. If he lives at all
It will not be in any looking-glass
Held up to *our* vainglory! To forestall
Huckster historians, call him one of those
Who could keep silent counsel when he chose.

The New Republic

Leslie Nelson Jennings

BEYOND RHODOPE, ONCE

Beyond Rhodope, once, there was a sound
Of mighty building; and a city rose
Upon the desert proudly to confound
The silence and the solitude. None knows
What name it bore, if still rememberable;
Nor who, high-throned above the tumult, gazed
Toward Asia, recollecting what befell
A thousand sun-bright cities reared and razed.

And as he brooded, lo! upon his hand
Settled a yellow dust, compassionless.
Winds out of Eld left auspices of sand
To whisper on white thresholds and caress
Stone like a lover, till no wall might stand
Between Rhodope and the wilderness.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Leslie Nelson Jennings

ARMOR

You cannot hurt me any more
For I am armored now,
And I can look into your face
With cool, unfevered brow.

The tranquil river meets the sea,
And my life flows as peacefully,
Unurged, untorn and undistrest—
Oh, God, I love the old way best!

The Minaret

Georgia Douglas Johnson

MY CITY

When I come down to sleep death's endless night,
The threshold of the unknown dark to cross,
What to me then will be the keenest loss,
When this bright world blurs on my fading sight?
Will it be that no more I shall see the trees
Or smell the flowers or hear the singing birds
Or watch the flashing streams or patient herds?
No, I am sure it will be none of these.
But, ah! Manhattan's sights and sounds, her smells,
Her crowds, her throbbing force, the thrill that comes
From being of her a part, her subtle spells,
Her shining towers, her avenues, her slums—
O God! the stark, unutterable pity,
To be dead, and never again behold my city!

The Century Magazine

James Weldon Johnson

FOOL'S PARADISE

"Fool's Paradise", I hear the wise ones say.
Ah, but we do not put it that way—

We fools, who, sometimes wiser than the wise,
With clearer vision read, "Fool's *Paradise*"!

You say we lose them? So was Eden lost!
Who walks therein must ever pay the cost.
Yet how shall wisdom better this, O wise?
I, though a fool, have dwelt in Paradise!

The Lyric

Josephine Johnson

SCENTS

Sweet white clover
Brings to me
Care-free days
Of infancy.

Roses still
Renew the hour
When my spirit
Tasted power.

Nothing can
Assuage the pain
Of pennyroyal
Bowed by rain.

The Normad

Josephine Johnson

ONE WOMAN

She never bent
Her knee in prayer,
That I know.
Or ever raised her eyes to heaven
To bespeak her discontent—
Or voice her woe.
Some called her "Sinner,"

Because she never uttered—"God,"
Nor was she, to any stated creed
Confessed.

* * * And yet
When a sudden turn of road
Revealed a star,
Or creviced rock—a bloom,
I have felt her pulses quicken
To a throb—in reverent wonder
Unexpressed.

I have seen blue cords thicken
In her strained, white throat
Because a robin's wing
Lay broken, bleeding
In her hands;
Her sweet voice inarticulate
Before the poignant cry
Of the bruised bird's mate.

* * * And this is why
I know that somehow—somewhere
In her love for Beauty
And great pitying Heart
God lives—and understands!

Contemporary Verse

Elizabeth Warren Jones

SHADOWS

Shadows walk the world and leave a stain
that eats away the colors of the sun
and darkens the hours that pass beneath it. Run
though life may on swift time, it cannot gain
bright sunlight anywhere—shadows remain
immanent, folded into living hearts—begun
before first breath—expanding with hard-won
sight and ever rise higher to constrain
all into shadow that was before God cleft the night
and set the world to spinning down the sky,

then drew apart to let the sun be bright
a while, and living hearts be lifted high
in little passing moments of delight
till darkness drops upon them and they die.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Arthur F. Kramer

THE DUNES

Upon the sand the slant rain falls in vain,
The multitudes of the arrows of the rain;
The long, gray slopes sprout cruelty, and the sand
Creeps on, forever marching against the land
That would be fertile and fat with ordered peace
If these invasions from the sea would cease
Upon the sand the slant rain falls in vain;
Futile are the invasions of the rain
There lies no bound nor terminus to the sand
Sloping its million spears against the land
Or innumeraably streaming in charges blind
And terrible on the little horses of the wind
And, though each bent blade seems to thwart their course,
It only shifts the pattern of their force;
Innumeraably they begin again,
Grain on enlisted, diamond-helmeted grain,
Overwhelming the armies of the rain
Only a bitter, black marsh here and there,
With a snake-mottled flower savage-fair,
Or speargrass naked in the sky's caress,
Pricks space in universal emptiness.

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

Harry Kemp

I'VE WORKED FOR A SILVER SHILLING

I've worked for a silver shilling!
I've slaved for a friend;

And ever the work was willing,
Though much to mend.

Yet of the years' achieving
Little I find
Worth pride, or hope, or grieving,
Or calling to mind.

But love and laughing youth
And a rain-washed spring:
These were truth,
And a memorable thing.

Scribner's Magazine

Charles W. Kennedy

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

I

One thing I know all men would buy,
And some there be who do;
But I like those who turn and sigh
For better ones and new;

Their ways are never soon forgot
Out of my shallow mind,
And I like best what I have not,
As must all womankind.

II

Upon this night and every other
There will recur against my will
The theme of death that seeks to smother
Immanent strife, and hold me still

Under its nothingness, and under
Peace that was long ago resigned. . . .

(It is the lips that you may plunder;
Never invade the guarded mind.)

III

Here I lie hurt, who sought no pain,
But wanted still your gentleness
That was more lovely and more vain
Than this impulsive harsh caress.

Now nightly I shall break your sleep
With words and motions anger-ridden,
Calling aloud how you must reap
The harvest that you sowed unbidden.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

The Measure, A Magazine of Poetry

TO A VIOLINIST

This woman who is gentle to the last,
Whose keen and tempered passions are a web
Of finest wisdom, knew in times long past
Some tide of rapture that has had no ebb.

Some part of her waits still to be revealed
In music darkly subtle and intense,
Restrained by thought so marvelously steeled
One might not guess its desperate immanence.

This hidden thing enriches her delight,
Colours her laughter, broods in her repose,
Burns like a sorrow in her secret night,
And of its warmth and wonder, deeply glows;
But like a glorious and splendid sin
Cries and defies her in her violin.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *Bernice Lesbia Kenyon*

SIX MOVEMENTS

For Mrs. Edward MacDowell,

NEIGHBORS

Birds aren't people one has to walk to:
Stay where you are, they'll come to you, talk too.

What's in gadding in search of a neighbour?
Far too much distance, much too much labour.

Chat about trifles, argue a season:
Surely you'll find no roots to grow trees on?

The dark, steep, long way back—is it longer?
Wits any wiser, legs any stronger?

Sit them right here in this very place, swayed
By idleness eyeing a fiery parade

Of robins, swallows, thrushes, sparrows,
Coming like lightning, going like arrows.

HERMIT THRUSH

It's hard to count what an air can do:
It cannot buy one a shirt or shoe:

It cannot bind a neat nest; find things
For leaving the earth on floating wings:

Nothing of twigs in it, nothing of roots;
But something of rivers, a little of flutes

That I've heard rippling a bodiless tune
That caught me up in a small balloon,

And took me high without writing a check;
And let me down without breaking my neck:

No effort at all: I was absent-minded:
Don't even know now what the air or the wind did.

ROBIN

He takes a lot of staccato steps, stops—
Like a busy toe-dancer with dizzy tops

That never cease spinning, twinkling a minute
Until they come to the end of what's in it.

He runs on a line like a tight-rope walker—
Tries not to look scared—nor to answer a talker.

He might be as deaf as a man who surveys
Two spots with a string for the high wire ways.

No matter how fast he may go or stop dead—
He holds his head still—an oblivious head;

But just down below, they twist and they squirm—
Like a terrified crowd or an angle worm.

CITY CHAP

Who's that dusty stranger?—What's he doing here?—
That city-bred bird with the ill-bred leer?—

Perching on branches like telegraph wires?—
Chirping his slang above passionate fires?—

Poking his head about, twitching his tail?—
Getting drunk in our pools as though they were ale?—

Never accepting, but stealing our rations?—
Acting toward us as he would to relations?—

Who asked him hither, what led him this way?—
With his critical carping, his mockery, eh?—

And worse than all these, he's a jerky reminder
Of winters, towns, and people no kinder.

SWALLOWS

They're not going travelling for many a day:
They don't attempt branches, they seek it in clay:

First they start holes, and then dig in hollows:
Excavate caverns to lay future swallows:

A gray, crumbling chapel, best for the landing:
Too old for man—not too old to be standing:

A home no one visits, come west or come east,
Unless he be harmless, some hermit or priest,

Who walks in a plot shaded green, an arena
Between pater noster and ave maria.

If he should lift eyes and see birds, the chance is:
He'll be but a lover: another St Francis.

SONG SPARROW

He stutters and stammers—a catch in his throat—
Chromatics falter—too many notes float—

Beginnings too eager—scales all uncertain—
Come to a cadence, too careful the curtain.

The thing that he studies—flattering, fluttering—
Might be called song could the fellow but sing

From the start of a phrase to end of a sentence,
And not be pursued and be caught by repentance.

Who would consider such doings professional?—
The little he does, does it sound processional?—

And still, he persists and resists till he find
A channel for opening the way to his mind.

The Dial

Alfred Kreymborg

CAPTURED

Under an elm tree where the river reaches
They watched the evening deepen in the sky,
They watched the westward clouds go towering by
Through lakes of blue toward those shining beaches,
Those far enchanted strands where blowing tides
Break into light along the shallow air:
They watched how like a tall ship's lantern there
Over that stormy surf the faint star rides.

Ship of a dream, he thought—O dreamed-of shore
Beyond all oceans and all earthly seas!
Now would they never call him any more;
Now would they never hurt him with unease.
She was that ship, that sea, that siren land,
And she was here, her hand shut in his hand.

The Yale Review

Archibald MacLeish

CORPORATE ENTITY

The Oklahoma Ligno and Lithograph Co.
Of Maine doing business in Delaware, Tennessee,
Missouri, Montana, Ohio and Idaho,
With a corporate existance distinct from that of the
Secretary, Treasurer, President, Directors or
Majority stockholders, being empowered to acquire

As principal, agent, trustee, licensee, licensor,
Any or all, in part or in parts or entire—

Etchings, impressions, engravings, engravures, prints,
Paintings, oil-paintings, canvases, portraits, vignettes,
Tableaux, ceramics, relievos, insculptures, tints,
Art-treasures or master-pieces, complete or in sets—
The Oklahoma Ligno and Lithograph Co.
Weeps at a nude by Michelangelo.

The New Republic

Archibald MacLeish

HUNGER

I have known hunger,
But not for bread;
And He knew hunger too,
But He is dead.

Hunger for beauty,
Love . . . O Lonely One,
For your heart-breaking hunger—
Stone!

Thirsty, I drank
Tears from a broken jar:
He, on the bloody cross,
Gall and vinegar.

Hunger and thirst,
Impassioned pride,
He understood—
But He is crucified.

The Minaret

Herman Ford Martin

FLAME

It was April. In the orchard,
A gay, wine-tinted brake,

Burned an ancient magic
To make a lad's heart ache.

There I found him sleeping
On a bed of gold.
A thousand perfumes drenched him
From wind and brimming mould.

His face was brown from sun and sea,
And seamed with sin and pleasure;
And he was as old as the gnarled hills
To my young measure.

Bravely I shook his shoulder
Till he looked up at me.
His eyes were like charred faggots
Smouldering internally.

I said: "My father's anger
Is a blighting thing to know.
He always sets the dogs on tramps,
I think you'd better go.

"Three years ago a stranger
To our village came.
His voice was like the singing sea,
And in his eyes a flame.

"My mother went away with him
Without a word or a kiss.
My father never spoke her name
From that day to this."

Strangely he stared up at me
With his eyes like smothered fires,
And here was question and answer
To all a lad's desire.

"You say," he mused, "he had a flame
Within his eyes?
God pity then your mother, lad,
Who fed his hungry lies.

"We, whom the flame illumines,
Are marked for sacrament.
No woman's arm can cage us,
Nay, nor a continent.

"Our sires were roving minstrels
In olden times,
Sprinkling court and countryside
With their tinkling rhymes.

"And for some penance, we must go
Winning only loss;
But from our ranks—a Dante,
A Christ upon a cross.

"Always beyond each border
A hidden wonder waits.
We are the spenders of beauty,
Immortal profligates.

"Women are but taverns
To quench a moment's thirst,
Then drunk again with stars and tunes
We go our way accurst.

"Ah, lad, you say he had a flame,
And a singing voice?
God pity then your mother
For her enravished choice."

Then I saw my father
Listening stiffly there;

And his face was frozen
With a stark despair.

"Come, my son," he said to me;
And: "Vagabond, there's still
Something left from breakfast
Your magic mouth to fill."

That night he called her name again,
Terrible with pity;
And: "Son, my son, to-morrow we
Go to search the city."

Contemporary Verse

Herman Ford Martin

THE SWING

Jared ran under me,
Jared is tall,
I sped like an arrow that never can fall
Straight out into the light.

Peter ran under me shouting with glee,
I was a child on a frolicsome spree.
Backward I leaned, stretching, toe-tips to crown,
Till hairpins were scattered and locks tangled down,

Philip ran under,
Swift honey-sweet bees,
Dreams drifted far on the fragrant breeze,
Over the pasture brook,
Over the bars,
Over the daises that twinkled like stars,
Over white thorn-apple trees.

Johnny ran under me, hair like a flame,
Orange and purple and red he came,
Purple and orange and red,

And I—

I was a cloud on a wind-wild sky.

Over,

And under,

And low,

Then high—

High as his long strong arms could fling,

High, high, and higher,

Until the great swing

Seemed tempest, tornado, enveloping might

That whirled cloud and sun into dizzying flight.

Days flared to sunsets,

Sunsets hurled dawns.

Earth was a riot of tree-tops and lawns,

A riot of birdsong and freedom and fun

With Johnny's hair purple and red in the sun.

The Lyric West

Portia Martin

MAGISTER LINGUISTICUS

His feet became too feeble for the stair

And so they found him out a lower room

Where sophomoric clatter never came

Along the musty academic hall

And set up there his tall, discolored desk

Beside the blackboard. There he sat and taught

His group of meek, stoop-shouldered graduates,

Mouthing the accents of a dozen tongues

And writing out their symbols on the board:

"The Indo-European root stands *thus* . . .

Whence came the Sanskrit . . . *so*, the Latin . . . *so*;

And next by consonantal change we have

It thus . . . the Old High German and the Norse;

Today a word or two sums up the tale

In common talk . . ." Slowly his palsied hands,

Like twisted roots of dwarfed, storm-riven trees

That clutched the blackened, prehistoric soil

Where once the Gothic hunter shook his spear
And Attila lashed forth his Huns to war,
Traced characters uncouth, dark roots of words,
And from the fragments of forgotten speech
Drew mystic laws of language, setting up
His letters, like tin soldiers in a row
Invincible to ordinary minds.

The continent had left its double mark
Upon him, in the heavy knotted scarf
And high, stiff collar, with the wings turned up,
(Style of old Leipzig and of Heidelberg)
And in the faded wrinkle of a scar
Along his chin, from student-duel days
Before the classroom corner was his throne.

He faced the sunset through his latter years
As rugged as a cloistered Gothic tower
Above some weather-grey monastic shrine
That sepulchered old books of learned lore,
Long treasured, till the archway crumbled in
Where time crept under, gnawing at the stone.

Strangers who pass the cemetery wall
See only that the barren earth gleams bare
And ashy where the flowers have slipped away
To dust, and there is none to read aright
Within the bookish college fireside gleam
Unwritten epitaphs: "He held the chair
Of German for a score of placid years
And taught and labored at Philology,
Sucking emotions from the parts of speech;
He told romantic tales of errant nouns
And found adventure in the alphabet
Where others saw it not, and mightily
He strove with bits of words until he died."

The Lyric

Francis Mason

(Winner of the Genre prize offered through the prize bureau of the Irene Leache Memorial Association).

SPARK OUT OF HEAVEN

Dull with toil
When the dawn is red,
A market-load
Upon her head,—
The long trail echoes
A woman's tread.

Weary with dreams
That lone men know,
Across the desert
Slow and slow,
With caravans
The merchants go.

Urging on
With eager hands,
The pioneer
Across the sands
Drives his oxen
To promised lands.

(Build us a world,
O Pioneer,
With toil and glory
And bitter tear,
That we may follow
Toil and tear!)

Steam! And the throttle
Across the plain
Makes neighbors of cities
And fields of grain—
An iron god
By a dreaming brain.

Spark out of heaven
Streaking down,

And night is day
In the laboring town.

Spark out of heaven
Hot and fast,
And men have wings
Of birds at last.

(Build your dreams
O Pioneer,
That we may follow
Toil and tear!)

Spark out of heaven
Guided and bound,
And truth goes flashing
The wide world round.

Spark and rubber
And tempered steel,
Five-ton magic
On massive wheel,—
Suddenly
The giants reel.

Out of the dust
Where dream-things are,
Out of the sky
Between star and star,
Was wrought at last
The magic car.

A woman's head
Goes laughing free,
Lone old merchants
Bend the knee,
While one man sings
At the work of three.

Long lonely hills
Shall know the tread
Of men who gather
Grain for bread—
By man-made wonders
Men are fed.

Not long shall poor
In cities dread
The ghost of famine
Overhead.
By spark and steel
The ghost is dead!

(Build on, brave dreamers!
Far and wide
The millions gather
To your side—
Upon your dreams
A world shall ride.)

Song of the Earth
On viewless wing
Shall pierce the void
Where planets swing—
On Venus' hills
Man's voice shall sing.

Spark from heaven
And brain of man,
These two met
And dreams began,—
Who shall bound
The wonder-plan?

For one shall build
A wonder-car
And ride the blue

Where planets are—
Invading heaven
For a star.

John Russell McCarthy.

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse

LA PETITE FIANCÉE

She is washing her linen, her bridal lingerie;
The wind blows the whiteness about; I can hear her sing
Her lover peeps through the hedge,—ah, Rose-Lili,
He will think, this bold Francois, he has captured Spring.

And Easter day when you stand all white by his side,
With a snowy Normandy cap on your sleek, pale hair,
He will look from his great bronzed height on his flower-
White bride

And think he has married a blossom of the pear.

Virginia Taylor McCormick

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse

FLOWER OF QUINCE

Three quince trees dance, a windy row,
Pierrot, Pierrette and Harlequin,—
But under the viels of scented snow
I see Puck's jagged grin.

Three quince trees,—pollened and honey-sweet,—
But under the bloom and leaves
I see nailed hands and bleeding feet,—
Jesus and two thieves.

Parnassus

Virginia Taylor McCormick

REMEMBERING

Rosana was our Mammy's niece
Who used to come and stay
Whenever a new baby came
And Mammy went away
To that dark room where Mother looked
So beautiful in bed,
And lying by her, snug and warm,
A round pink, wrinkly head.
And Mammy at the nursery door
Would say, "Don't tell dem chillen
Dose tales o' blood an' burnin',
An' godless men a-killin'."
So we would sit as still as mice,
Rosanna's smile would spread,
When the floor of Mother's room above
Creaked under Mammy's tread.

Then the story of John Brown would come,
In a chanting kind of song,
Till the big hall clock struck eight sharp chimes
And Father came along
To tell us Mother sent her love,
And baby brother's too,
And will we say our prayers and go
To bed just like we do
When she is here to see us bathed,
And tucked in warm and tight,
And will we sleep, while she's upstairs,
Without the nursery light?

And Father's voice was trembly as
He helped us say our prayers,
And kissed us, then he went away
To the blue room upstairs,
Where Mammy rocked the baby

And Mother lay alone
I often used to wonder what they said
When we were gone.

Contemporary Verse

Virginia Taylor McCormick

BUTTONS

Hold fast, golden buttons—
You dandelions,
Hold fast!
For the lawns are mad with May-morning
And would soar with the high clouds

Hold fast, golden dollars,
Hold fast my thoughts!
Or one more bird song,
One more white petal,
And I'll lose myself
In a lunatic path of laughter and singing.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Frederick R. McCreary

BEFORE WINTER

Long ago
The thunder went talking itself to the dark hills,
Long ago
The green rows of peas went marching to a tiger lily sunset
While the crickets were sharpening their sickles
For the last of the late August moon.
Now hydrangea breasts hang full and low
To nourish more tenderly
Whatever of sunshine,
And the smell of bruised apples rises from the long rotted grass.

Those who come from the fields
Come with their arms overflowing,
And there sounds from the ripe barns
The restless paw of heavy hoofs,
As the smoky wind and the dusk
Go stabling the horses of summer.

Did autumn come with white lips
Sucking at a black beach where no one could listen?
Did she come in a moment neither night time nor day
Whirling red laughter about her,
Long ribbons of ivy leaves, crimson?
Did you see her a gray-shawled woman of the twilight
Seated in a crotch of the hills,
Supping from a half-empty cup?
Or was she a mother, goldenrod tucked in her hair,
Singing to a sunflower poking his head through the corn?
O whoever she is
And however she came
I love her.

I looked hours and hours
Into long golden wells of Indian summer.
I saw my face at the bottom
And staring, remembering,
I suddenly left them
To look at the moon.

For autumn is the sound of a door softly closing at dusk,
Of an old man's voice
Counting over and over again
The bushels he stores in the cellar,
The hush of a mother telling herself and her fire,
"Sarah, Thomas and Kate,
These are my children."

Then the curves of a scythe handle tempted my hands,
I grasped them.

And eargerly,
I reaped for the last time.
April, June and August,
I took what was left
And tied it in bundles for the winter.

The dark mistress of fall
Stands in her bare feet by the barn door
Holding a sickle in her hands.
I have helped her gather red apples,
Filling her apron,
And to slit the throats of fat swine;
I have helped her find the hoes and the rakes
And stacked them in a corner with the plow.
So she stands smiling,
Watching the swirl of the smoke mist,
The slow fall of leaves and the night.

I have helped her, but now I must turn from her,
whispering,
"Mothers, knit and knit,
As you watch from your windows
The way of your children, their arms full of leaves,
Swaddling the rose bushes.
Barns, hunch your back to the north,
For your lady is going with her sickle
To beat on the cool door of the snow wind.
Pools, swallow all th stars that you can,
For the ice will come
And cover you over."

September, October, and November,
They are fearless,
So now while the smoulder of leaves in the ditches
With tongues of flame and fire
Utters words of autumn prayer,
Let you, my neighbor, and I,
Go through the silence of the tented evening corn.

Let us light a fire at the edge of the fields and the wood-
side,
And let us stand round it watching the leap of the
shadows,
Saying over and over to ourselves,
"This is our mother, our sky mother autumn,
Who brings shadows and eath all about us,
Who fills our hearts with the glory of dying
And soothes us with the promise of snow."
We thrust our hands into the memory of the night
And grasping the hands of our earth fathers, earth
mothers,
They who were loyal,
We stand till the last flare and flicker yields to the
darkness,
And darkness is peace.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Frederick R. McCreary

SNOW WALK

I shall leave the road,
And without looking back,
I shall plunge from the security of a stone fence
Into the white uncertainty of a forest hushed by snow.
I shall go slowly,
Tasting deliberately,
The awe and the wonder
That my feet are the first feet
To leave their tale on the snow smoothness.
Even, I shall turn now and then, gloating,
To see the way I have come,
The tentative fumbling of my lonely footprints
Through short arcs and long arcs.
But always I shall go in deeper
Saying over and over,
"I am alone and the first—the first."
While the smooth fingers of the silence will mend in me

The broken temple of my own importance.
Then though I come to the aggressive stumbling of some
 loud brook
I shall be certain of myself;
I shall even go back through the silence that healed me
Shutting the syllables of my own name.

Voices, A Journal of Verse *Fredereck R. McCreary*

FIELDS OF THOUGHT

For him the walls are not finality
But bounds to show what is not yet his own;
Or termini set up in briefest stone
To mark his outer growth in just degree;
Not by their height is any noon less free
To make its shadow short or draw the sown
Seeds to their flower in the distant zone
Where kinship may exist with what men see.
Yet not by swiftness of his mind's desire
Will he give over love of lowly plants
That outtop not the wall, or call it treason
That he should rest a while when the sun slants,
Forgetting momentarily his high empire
To be with sleepy grass a shady season.
Even the simple things his hands can make
Beautiful in their simplicity;
So that their rhythm of being seems to be
Law to his fingers; but when thoughts awake
To thrust him for afield, the firm sods break
To the gray water of the eastward sea
Where the low lying islands give no lee
To any boat his mind dares not forsake.
Thus does the tragedy of human thought
Cry out of ugliness its wild demand—
Not for a place near beauty on the shelf,
But for the touch of a diviner hand
To mould it firmly and return it, wrought

Sanctified, to very beauty's self.

For forty years he played the fool, they said,
Giving his life to thoughts of a dead man,
Then woke to terror at the wasted span
Of living life he thus had forfeited;
But while they talked, his very silence spread
Roots in the desert that their fears foreran,
Clasped the foundations where their doubts began,
And from deep stones drew forth the living bread.
So that for some the outlawed desert seemed
Part of the field whereon their fresh life grew,
Green with its rising toward the day-to-be
Of harvest; so that they, and men that dreamed,
And death, and life, beneath the self-same dew
Need be but what they are, necessity.
There came a day when fields at last were shorn
And barns were crammed, but spirits empty still
As the gray fields of stubble that the chill
Night of the longer shadow made forlorn;
And flesh was full, but in men's minds was born
Desire that, like the fences, ran until
The forest loomed, to seek beyond the hill
A harvest never reaped from fields of corn.
Out of the houses came they one by one,
Using the fields as cattle tread a lane,
Spread fan-like, hurrying with breath that panted
Till lost in the mist of hope upon the plain,
Some sought for prey with sudden eye and gun,
Others to reap from fields they had not planted.

"We shall find tracks," they said, "in the vague night
Of the deeper forest westward where the snows
Are clean; perhaps we shall find one who knows
How from the dark to lead us to the light,
From hunger to our food; we shall have sight
Of how the wielder of the seasons goes
Through endless thickets to a Spring that blows

June to our hearts forever without blight,"
But when they came back no man dared pretend
That they had broken bread of winter's baking;
Their famished hunt had brought them now, footworn
Like panting dogs to where the ploughed fields end,
And they stood trembling, with their breath retaking
Hope of the planted, inevitable corn.

He was thought-centred in the leafless wood
With eyes half shut, as though the break of spring
Might rise to song before the fluttering
Of any hoped-for bird was seen; he could
Stand beyond the grief of earthlihood,
Beneath the shadow of the wild hawk's wing
Suffer he peace that he alone could bring
When peace became the thing it understood.
He stood within the thing his thought had found,
While others, gazing, said: "The spring has mended
The breakage that the winter had begun;
How sure the sun when seeds are underground;
Something has found its own but is not ended;
How small a seed may yet decree a sun."

Perhaps of those that they had left behind
They thought most of a woman whose eyes were dark,
Saying: "This blindness thickens like the bark
On living oak and in the end will bind
Her being to the measure of a mind
Shut in forever to the narrow arc
That sightless years must circle with their mark
Till dust at heart be all that light may find."
Yet when they came to her with less than truth,
They seemed themselves to be but wind that shook
Her tree-like living with uncertain might;
So that her senses, like quick leaves that move,
Shed falsehood, and of the remainder took
Food for her dark fidelity to light.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Charles R. Murphy

ALL THINGS FLOW

"Hestia alone remains in the house of the gods."—Plato.

In the month of the great moon,
Through the dust whereon beauty rides,
Through the wine of the afternoon
Golden,
Hear you what slides
With the loosened leaf; what hides,
To the spirit alone beholden,
In the fruit that gives over strife
Falling,
Calling: "If death is the having lived, what then is life?"

Slowly, through the land, in desert places,
In sandy yards, in useless orchard corners,
In stony fields where man shall reap no harvest,
Turned to a heaven of their own like sleepers dreaming,
Old wagons stand apart fading to chaos;
Holding the fallen fruit, holding the sunlight,
Feeding the earth and sky, burnt with the fever
Of rust and the dry relaxing of fibres,
Slowly through the land under the autumn weather
Old wagons stand apart, rotting together.

Riders of the roads,
Shall be as old wagons
Marking the useless earth;
Riders of roads,
Passing the barns,
Passing the cornfields,
Passing the stubble,
Passing the fences
Dark with the vine,
Rider of roads
Remember the summer!
From pause to pause, and in between the laboured

Ceaseless growth until the corn is strong
To bear the deep-sea blue of captured sky;
Multitudes of summer, multitudes of high
Mast-heads of beauty, brief infinity
Shored by the waiting months, and neighboured
Far off spring and song.

Homeward from home man gazes, and the embers
Guards of his hearth for hearths yet far away
Where eyes may look on wonder and not fear
Beauty perfect, beauty the dying of the dear
Moments that have beatitude so near
No man may doubt the end remembers
Only the perfect way.

Shapes of men passing; oh! dark fire of flesh,
Shape of the leaves of oak at western sky,
Shape of a boulder—but when the rock has crumbled,
Why is there victory for any one of these?
Snow was once itself wind-swept to beauty
Moulded and firm as any one of these.

Shapes of men passing; oh dark fire of flesh,
Your crown the instant of the circling birds,
Your goal a pause where spirit says: "Here drink,"

When will you be the thing you are becoming,
Burning, like leaf of maple, light in light?
When will your hope of truth, yearning, not always
Over the southern tree-tops take its flight?
In the month of the great moon,
Through the dust whereon beauty rides,
Through the wine of the afternoon
Golden,
Hear you what slides
With the loosened leaf; what hides,
To the spirit alone beholden,
In the flesh that gives over breath

Dying,

Crying: "If life is the having died, what then is death?"

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Charles R. Murphy

UPPER CHAMBERS

I have heard my mother, as long as I remember,
Tell of upper chambers, where beauty never dies;
Chambers lying starward; and from there returning,
Visions of dim terraces lingered in her eyes.

"Whatever you may need is in the upper chambers;
You will find your way there," she used to repeat.
I could never see them, the steps by which she mounted,
But I knew the stairway was near my mother's feet.

Once we were hungry and we had nothing:
"Only be patient; keep heart," she said.
To some high altar she climbed, and after,
She broke for us white wheat bread.

Once in a fever I felt my mother lift me
Up, up, and up; the way seemed long and steep.
Slowly, steadily, she bore me without resting
Into a shadowy place of cool, healing sleep.

Once, all alone, I felt the fever burning;
Trustfully adventuring, I reached the stairway; then—
Oh, the friendly darkness!—my hand out before me
Found a cup of water that made me cool again.

Afterward, older, I climbed to magic chambers;
Moved about them wondering, touching things unseen.
Once my curious fingers found a jar of alabaster,—
Treasure broken long ago,—whole as it had been.

I could look downward and see the world below me,
But as in a mirror with its shallow deeps;

Men and women threatening—as marble figures threaten;
Men and women weeping—as a painted figure weeps.

It was so still there. My mother had taught me,
“Only in silence can thought be heard.
Silence listens . . . and silence answers.”
(Down through that silence she has sent me word.)

Shadows hung over all; but she had told me,
“Light grows slowly, as we know the place,
Softer, brighter, than light though rose leaves.”
(I have seen it since—far off—that light upon her face.)

Death did not startle her; she went so quietly
Up past his following. Still she is there,
Housed with vanished beauty, and beauty yet in star-dust,
In the upper chambers. I grope on the stair.

The Outlook

Clara Platt Meadowcroft

WHERE MY STEP FALTERS

Where my step falters,
 My fathers trod;
But I raze their altars,
 For my God,

At whose cruel
 Thrust I am learning—
I am fuel
 For his burning.

My brain is humming,
 My heart is dusk
With awe at his coming,
 I am the husk

Cast away
 For his leaping higher;

I am the gray
Ash of his fire.

No one knows,
And little it matters
Where the husk blows
Or the ash scatters.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Marjorie Meeker

I

AIRS FOR A FLUTE

I said, "It is your voice I hear,"
But it was the clear
Curving of bells at twilight.
I said, "It is you who breathe, who stir,"
But it was the whir
Of beating wings,
It was the stir
Of dazzled shadowy things
That come before night.

II

Sweet as the thinned
Light silver of flutes,
Swift as the edge of wind,
You come who sheathe
Yourself in brightness,
Who wreath
Your sharp whiteness
In curving lines of gold.
The stunned light
Recedes to let you pass:
The hard

Clear day is marred,
Like a cracked glass.

III

Let it be you
After the gold ebbing of hours
And the hot noon sweetness;
After the languor
And the bright drooped flowers.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Marjorie Meeker

WALLS

Ask me why I peer
Through such a narrow cranny—
I say that sky from here
Is better than not any.

The walls that shut me in
No mind can make immortal;
My harder will shall win
The yet unthought-of portal.

Ask why I take root
Where nothing green is growing—
I say that seed and shoot
Follow the mad wind's sowing;

But where these live roots turn
And thrust, no wall shall block:
Tendril of frailest fern
Can split a rock.

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry

Marjorie Meeker

SENTIMENTAL HISTORY

Resistless time, they said, would break
And temper the aloof and frigid

Stillness she said; and time would take
The pride too sure, the will too rigid.

The hard gray grinding of each day,
The fine attrition of each second,
Cut and carved and smoothed away
More than they had wished or reckoned,

Leaving the unsuspected bright
Core of her, gay with mocking pledges,
This quick and dazzling lance of light,
This burning blade with perilous edges.

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry *Marjorie Meeker*

TO W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

The race that wheedles mercies from its God
Shall be the beggar always at His door;
It shall debase itself before the rod,
And live among the shadows ever more.
But when, with growing pride in self, it stands,
Asking no favors of the clouds or men,
To it God reaches down His mighty hands,
To it are all tomorrows given then.

You know those hands! Beyond the cottonfields,
Beyond the creaking tree, the faggot's flame,
Your eyes have caught the vision of a race
Rising by greater truths than pity yields.
And you have made it dream, speak out its name—
Proud of that ancient ebon of its face!

The Nation

Scudder Middleton

MOUNTAINS

The mountain seems to guard
The land that lies behind,

But I've been on the other side
And know what one can find.

The houses, roads and streets,
The menfolk and the ladies,
Are pretty much the same one meets
In Buffalo or Cadiz.

A mountain can be stern
To human hand and toe—
And on the other side we learn
What we already know.

No mountain have I found
That guards a single thing.
Instead of up, I go around
And take what highways bring.

The Bookman

Scudder Middleton

CONFLICT

I

How many fires have I started in my blood
With scraps of pride and independence of the day,
That have burned out and left me cold.
And left your face upon the ash!

I can not go by water or through wood,
In peopled towns or any place at all,
But that my insufficient self is lost,
And I turn back defeated to your arms.

II

Though all my veins with yours should mingle,
(This is my desire, secret and denied!)

And those red rivers through you flow,
You would become like one of Eva's children,
I would be nothing then, I know!

III

I am afraid of you:
You are the flesh that has no strength, yet wins
Its way against the heavy-muscled wise,
When the guards sink down beside their spears,
Drunk with magnanimous wines.

IV

You, inscrutable and alien,
Are like a phantom girl within a dream
Where earth and stars are mixed with lips and
eyes,
To make an unfamiliar Paradise.

V

I must escape your tenderness and tears,
Or else my world of men becomes a smoky dust.
And all the efforts of this brain and hand
Drift like a haze above the ruined land,
Forever through the undistinguished years.

VI

I am afraid, yet in the end I see
There is the inevitable surrender.
If I would be wholly free .
You are remembering woman, with a purpose
Stronger than anything in me.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

Scudder Middleton

JEZEBEL

We know she lives upon that thorny hill,
We see her lights and watch her chimneys spark—

But her we have not seen. The old wives say,
Remembering when she came, her ways were dark,
And that her only name is Jezebel.
One gray idiot tells his tale of love,
Mixing her beauty with the stars of May.

Perhaps we idly wonder if she wore
A flower in her hair, or if the beat
Of her small heels upon the sidewalk stone
Was heard at midnight through our lamplit street;
Or why it was she went away to live,
With all her perfumed satin and her lace,
In that wind-beaten, far-off place, alone.

We never wonder more of Jezebel.
We have our work to do and God is hard.
Serving the wheels or guiding straight the plow
Leaves little thought of frankincense and nard.
Yet, she is like deep waters of the Spring
Running along our minds; down at the roots,
The miracle that makes the April bough.

No man goes near that house above the town.
No man has seen her shadow on the blind,
Though through the night, till dawn, the tallow drips.
But, sometimes, when the chains of duty bind,
Because we reach too eagerly for Heaven,
Sometimes, like little bells within our sleep,
It seems we hear the music of her lips.

Then we have left what we most dearly love,
And, momentary lords of Heaven and Hell,
We have gone up through briars and the night,
And seen the secret face of Jezebel.
There, in that still confessional where she waits,
We all have had the blessing of her breast,
As over us she leaned to blow the light.

Up in that room above our godly town,
We have denied the vows we bleed to keep,

We have torn off the lying masks we wear,
And sown without the fear that we must reap.
The young, the pious, and the old alike
Have been glad penitents upon her heart—
She has absolved us by her kisses, there.

She has forgiven us and let us go,
And we have wakened in our homes again,
To hear the breathing of an earthly bride,
To watch the real world blooming on the pane.
The field, the wheel, the desk have called once more,
And we have stooped to pick the slender threads
By which we weave the patterns of our pride.

That day, we do not bargain with the sun,
Or curb our pride because one angel fell—
We are the wilful brotherhood who sing!
We bend, without a thought of Jezebel,
Above our work, no longer do we drudge;
We are, awhile, like happy armored men
God's searching whip of anger cannot sting!

The Nation

Scudder Middleton

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1924

HANDS

*Hands are subtle things;
There's wonder in the least of them . . ."*
—Winifred M. Letts.

HANDS, hands, hands!
With fingers and thumbs and palms,
Joined in mystical union with bodies kindled by souls!

Baby hands awkwardly clutching at the crooning mother's
breast;
Children's chubby hands, and dirty, stuffed into tearful
eyes, crying at the unfriendly world robbing them

of their pleasures;
Hands of the washwoman, earning bread for her children
in the iridescent soap bubbles;
Hands of aged workmen, gnarled and twisted, veins and
sinews swelling out on them, hands cashed in on
honest toil;
Hands of the sacred slain reaching from nameless graves;
Hands scattered and shattered of the unknown dead in
battle;
Sundry hands strewn on battlefields like half-intelligible
question marks—horrific queries to God for the
gruesome Why of their tragedies;
Hands of the violinist with little calloused spots;
Hands of farmers, close-partners with Nature, caressed
by the sun and kissed by the soil;
Hands of telephone operators weaving the people's voices
into a mystical harmony, spiriting souls along
singing wires;
Hands of busy stenographers all day long tap-a-tap-
tapping, writing deceits which burn their souls;
Hands of conductors day and night punching tickets and
collecting fares (what fool questions they hear);
Hands of sweat-shop workers stitching and stitching and
stitching, getting a tenth of what you and I pay for
their bitter toil;
Delicate hands of artists religiously striving to limn the
soul of things in curve, perspective and color;
Repentant brave hands of the martyred Cranmer held
gladly in the faggot flames;
Farewell hands of our departing;
The beckoning hands of our dead;
The comforting hands of friends telegraphing their
souls to our own;
Handcuffed hands of caught criminals pressing the tell-
tale thumb print on paper;
The pierced hands of Jesus on the cross;
The palsied-repentant hands of Judas Iscariot hurling
the thirty peices of silver back at the real mur-

derers of Jesus;
The "black hand" of terror;
Hands of the miser fondling his vain gold;
Hands of the beggar held out for charity;
Avenging hands in the murderer's dreams;
Hands of policemen twirling "billies," directing traffic
or clinking bribe money;
Hands of engineers, blacksmiths, steel-workers, soiled
and hardened for our good;
The rooster-flapping hands of bellowing politicians, using
gymnastics for the force of truth;
Hands of lust convulsively clutching after white purity;
The strong hands of Samson slaying the Philistines with
the jawbone of an ass—the same hands held limp
in the power of the full-bosomed, black-haired, red-
lipped Delilah;
Hands carefully manicured and ready for inelegant and
undemocratic idleness;
Hands of steersmen holding great ships in their courses
or flying with the birds of the air;
Hands of seers lilting the melody of life in limp and
stumbling words;
The hands of starving thousands "overseas" asking us
for crumbs from our sumptuous tables;
The hand of Fate writing at the feast of "vested interest,"
—"weighed and found wanting"!

Hands! What a world of hands, and each reaching for
the Great Hand in Whose shadow we live.

The Christian Century

Cyprus R. Mitchell

RESURGAM

It happened on an April day,
Bounded by skies so blue and still,
And olive trees all hushed and gray,
They led One up a skull-shaped hill

Followed by a crowd whose piercing cry,
Was, "Crucify!"

It happened on an April morn,
They nailed a Man upon a tree
Whose head was circled with sharp thorn,
Lifted Him high that all might see
His agony, His heaving breath,
His awful death.

It happened on an April eve—
The air was cut by one sharp cry
That wine nor gall could not relieve:
"Eli . . . lama . . . Sabachthani" . . .
Then lightning, thunder crack on crack,
The sun was black.

It happened on an April day . . .
They tomb'd a Man (the crowd had fled)
Sealed it; and set a watch that way
To flout His words; to prove Him dead;
And show Himself He could not save
From the dark grave.

It happened on an April day . . .
A tremor shook the paling gloom,
A white flame tore the door away,
Life came victor from the tomb.
Love cannot die, nor truth betray . . .
Christ rose upon an April day!

The Personalist

John Richard Moreland

CHANGELESS

All years are coined from the same gold,
The metal seems more precious when it's turned
New from the die and sharp and bright
And Helens are the same as when Troy burned.

The minted *Now* but seems more fair
Than the old coinage with its well worn face . . .
And men are as they were the hour
They watched Susanna in her garden-space.

The Lyric

—*John Richard Moreland.*

THE SECRET

On that first day so singular
Under the ground,
It was too dark for crescent or for star,
Too deep for sound.

And lying there one thought alone
I could not still:
How soon would snow-white cherry buds be blown
Across the hill.

And then a voice within the tomb
Said very low:
“*When April lights her first sharp flame of bloom*
You’ll know!”

Contemporary Verse

John Richard Moreland

REVERIE

The dark road journeys to the darkening sky,
The twilight settles like a circling pool,
The railway bridge is lifted up on high,
And the unerring lines are beautiful.

A soldier and his girl in casual walk
Pass heavily, their garments creased with woe,
Like stiff slow-labouring statues; yet they talk
In peace and gather comfort as they go.

In the small cabin by the railway-side
A lonely concertina by some priest
Of guileless joy is played; its sound goes wide
Like the blunt brumming of a vauge-voice beast.

I stand, and thin-toned anguish frets my heart
Over the cabin-boy who all the night
Sits in his thoughtless paradise apart
And in his lonely monologue finds delight;

And over these two who, in half-dumb talk,
With broken gestures and half-shapen speech,
In unintelligible rapture walk,
Too far for vain and longing thought to reach.

Oh, why should fading form and falling sound
Such sculptured shapes of deep division take?
Why do we walk with muted footsteps round
In this strong trance called life from which none wake?

Whither do these blind-journeying lovers go?
What does he wait, the boy with idle hands?
And I who stand in idle questioning so?
We walk all four in strange and different lands.

These lovers never will return again,
That sound has died long since within the gloam.
Why do I wait still with my foolish pain?
All, all at last must take their sorrow home.

The Dial

Edwin Muir

CHILDHOOD

Long time he lay upon the sunny hill,
To his father's house below securely bound.

Far off the silent changing sound was still,
With the black islands lying thick around.

He knew each separate height, each vaguer nuc,
Where the massed isles more distant rolled away,
But though all ran together in his view,
He knew that unseen straits between them lay.

Sometimes he wondered what new shores were there.
In thought he saw the still light on the sand,
The shallow water clear in tranquil air,
And walked through it in joy from strand to strand.

Oft o'er the sound a ship so slow would pass
That in the black hills' gloom it seemed to lie.
The evening sound was smooth as sunken glass,
And Time seemed finished e'er the ship passed by.

Grey tiny rocks slept round him where he lay,
Moveless as they; more still as evening came.
The grasses threw straight shadows far away,
And from his house his mother called his name.

The Dial

Edwin Muir

MY MOTHER WAS A DANCER

My mother was a dancer
Her toes were straight and strong,
Her body was well balanced
And supple as a song.

My father was a scholar.
His hands were thin and white,
His eyes were bright with burning
As stars on some cold night.

I understood my mother.
My father frightened me.

I tried to be a dancer;
But I was scholarly.

He cursed me with his learning,
I found upon his shelf
Books that were the brothers
Of my unknown self.

My mother died still lovely.
Her earrings of pure jade
She left me with a longing
That naught can overshadow.

My father died by choice,
His body washed ashore
Told me that a scholar
Had probed another door.

And so I walked with wisdom
In a world that wise men made;
But always when it is April
I wear earrings of jade.

The Lyric

Vivian Yeiser Laramore

FOLLY

The moon has made me weary
With its silver and its song.
Such ardor in so old a thing
Is wrong, all wrong.

It should be limping silently
Across the leaden sky
Or grumbling at the cloud-hills
The wind pile high.

It should be teaching little moons
The proper way to shine,

Instead of singing sonnets
To each adoring pine.

Contemporary Verse

Vivian Yeiser Laramore

AN ARRANGEMENT FOR AN INQUIRING
OBOE OF PHILOSOPHIC BENT

"Sing
now
the facile song of death"

—Salome lies
remotely dead
under the weight
of livid-shadowed spears

—Salome lies
remotely dead
and the thin rind
of her smile
hallows nothing

innate
among the looming rocks
her smile belied
among the looming rocks
shadows among shadows
compose themselves
in staggering procession

—let the livid shadows
of spears moulder her smile
with suave denials

—let the shadow of spears
pin her body to earth

let the shadows of rocks
and of spears
crush her to earth

(a smile
cannot corrupt
the darkened rocks
nor soften the shapes of spears
nor the shade of bloody spears)

Thrust your hands
into the shadows of rocks
into the shadows of thin smiles
nor cringe at what you find. . . .

—let the shadows
cloud the depths of her eyes
strangle her
with omnipotent nays

Throw the body
to the dogs . . .
there are drums for dancers
and wine for those who would laugh

(Thrust your hands
into the shadows of rocks
into the shadows of thin smiles
nor cringe at what you find)

The Dial

R. Ellsworth Larsson

SNOWFALL IN THE WOOD

The snow is falling . . . falling . . . Now the red
Flames of the holly flicker . . . disappear. . . .
The woods are lost;—no earth, no heaven is here,
But only silence—and the snow. A tread,
As of some beast that prowls among the dead,
Sounds to my heart though soundless to my ear:
These are the stealthy footfalls of my fear
That make more still the stillness and more dread.
Stifling these curtains of the storm that, slow
And noiseless, close upon me fold by fold,

Shutting my spirit in to face the cold
Of utter loneliness. The soul can know
In all the world no deeper solitude
Than when the snow falls softly in a wood.

Parnassus

Mary Sinton Leitch

THE VOICE

In realms of death shall I be sentient still
Or feel—without these veins to hold the blood
That leaps when spring trips lightly down the lane
That floods my pulses at the call of love—
The wonder and the beauty of the world?
Shall I go drifting down the winds of time,
A voice, a cry, a whisper in the rain,
A breath among the withered autumn leaves,
Or . . . what? —I know not and I cannot know.
Why should I wish continuance? Is myself—
That something in me that I call myself—
Though banished from the warm, familiar flesh,
More dear to me than certainty of peace?
Safety would seem to lie in being flesh
And flesh alone. Since then these eyes that give
The lily and rose to me, the sunset sea,
These hands that—warmly held in other hands—
Yield me assurance in a world unsure,
Must be dissolved to stain the loosening leaf
For other eyes, to make for other hands
Harvest for labour, I will be content
Myself to pass and be secure of rest.

And even in rest is immortality.
I shall forever be who once have been:
For I by word, by casual gesture, change
The course of the world as all must change them
Who live. A leaf red-mouldering on the sod

May start a conflagration of desire
For beauty in the breast of a Rembrandt:
One virgin lily by a pool may shut
An Heloise behind cold convent walls.
Thus lily or leaf that crumbles into clay
Sets an effaceless imprint upon time.
What then must be the endurance of man's dust!
I will fling laughter in the face of death
Who silences the singer and the song
While down some endless pathway of the air
His music vibrates. I will be content
With this vicarious immortality.

Yet hark! Within the essence that is I—
That has so hoped, loved, striven—, there is a voice
Crying, "I am a stronger thing than death!
"I spurn your Pagan immortalities:
It is my will to live. I . . . I will live!
Not in the faint vibrations of lost music,
Not in the hollow echoes of a song,

In some elusive trick of hand or eye
Of those as yet un-born, but as my real,
As my essential self—eternally!"

What is this voice that cries within my breast?
I am weary;—it were well to be content
With rest—with peace—in death . . . and yet . . . and
yet

The Lyric

Mary Simton Leitch

(Awarded the Irene Leache Memorial Prize.)

TO THE YELLOW JESSAMINE

Lover of freedom, yours no prim retreat,
No garden hedged with box,

Whose paths are trim and neat,
Where proud, cold lilies and the formal phlox
Are welcome, and the stately hollyhocks,
While buttercups are banished from the close
Esteemed unfit companions for the rose;—
Ah, not for you those strait, confining walls
While in some tangle of a shadowy hollow
A vireo sings alluring madrigals;
Not while a yellow-throated warbler calls,
Bidding you—"Follow! Follow!"

All the wild woods are yours, unfettered sprite,
Most mischievous of flowers. On brier and weed,
On bush and tree your Midas touch is laid.
To trick dull mortal eyes is your delight,
And with the sorcery of an alchemist
You disconcert the learned botanist
Changing the pink of laurel into gold.
Your secrets are too gay and sweet for musty books to
hold.

When you mount nimbly out of cool lush shade
Of ivy, moss and fern
Up your invisible ladder to the light,
A sullen cedar or a lowering pine
Bursts into blossoms that confound our sight.
Or is it not through mischief but desire
Of heaven you rise to burn
Your incense to the God of oak and brier?
Is it in praise of Him your yellow candles shine?

When delicate-fingered breezes lightly shake
Your slender bells, what echoes they awake
Within my heart! Although I may not hear
Save with the spirit sense that spirit air,
Yet often when in search of solitude
I steal at night into the April wood,
Your chimes peal out more tender and more clear
Than mortal music upon mortal ear;—

A melody that, mystically golden,
Is like the sounding of some eerie, olden
Far elfin music from a land where dreaming
Alone is real, until this tragic seeming
That we call living fades and only spring
Remains for loving and for worshipping.
And spring suffices while those echoes ring
Out to the sea from dune to shining dune.

Contemporary Verse

Mary Sinton Leitch

IN A RAILWAY STATION

How strangely memory serves us! Here tonight
Before my hearth-fire, my own children's faces
Are seen as through the mists of vanished years,
While out of the dim past a face—a form—
I saw but once is risen to confront me
And is to me the one reality.

Beside me on a station bench one night
A woman sat of forty years—or less—
But pitifully-older in her dearth,
Aged by frustration. Life had passed her by
And, passing, breathed a blighting breath upon her,
So that a sere, dry leaf is more alive,
For that has felt the urgent sap of spring
Swift in its veins and has, in withering, burned
With bright and happy memories of fulfilment.

But she;—there was no part of that spare frame
That love could curve and hand to. Not a garden
Whose soil had been enriched by chastity
Her body was, where virgin lilies bloomed
(For love foregone may work its miracle
Of fruitfulness as well as love fulfilled);—
But no;—it was a place of barren dust

Where winter winds blew dreary, bleak and cold,
As on a house untenanted, unknown
To joy of laughter or to grief of tears.
A lonely thing is such virginity.

The train now drawing near us through the night
Would bring my lover to me, eager lips
Would soon be pressed upon my eager lips,
Strong arms would fold me close, beloved hands
Would set upon my brow love's sign and seal.

So, pitying her for very happiness,
I drew a little closer, yet—I thought—
Within that withered bosom tender longings
And dreams can never nest; she is content
With being hopeless who has never hoped,
With being loveless who could never love:—
Thus I sought comfort for my pity of her.

A book lay open on her lap and, reading.
She seemed unmindful of my presence near her,
Remote from all the noise of hurrying feet
Arriving and departing, the white faces
Of weary children and their fretful crying,
Of all the lives that touched a moment here
And passed.

She read Le Gallienne's "Paolo"!—
"Paolo and Francesca," those great lovers!

"So did he yield him to her eager breast
"And half forgot but could not quite forget;
"No sweetest kiss could put that fear to rest," . . .
She read her thin lips moving, and her eyes
That held no mysteries of their own, were wet.
I spoke—"You leave tonight?" She did not turn.

"He drew aside the arras where they clung
"In the dim light so lovely and so young" . . .

I touched her hand. She started and the glow
Died in her eyes, the wonder from her face.
"I have lost my train," she said;—"Our hired man—
Our Jo—and Sara Gamp, our old grey mare,
Will have gone twenty miles tonight for naught."

Mary Sinton Leitch.

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse

AUGUST

Day after day the treeless street was baked
By intolerable sun. The moulded wagon-tracks
Were rayed and rifted by the widening cracks.
Through wavering blurs of heat and red bricks ached.
Drouth made the plain stretch flatter and more wide.
There was no dew in August, there was no shade.
Upon the lake the Commercial Club had made
Hundreds of dead fish floated on their side.

Walking the sweltering street, "wet leaves," one said.
"Rainy leaves," "drenched leaves"—oh words like rillets
stealing
Amongst the tortured brain's heat-tangled mazes
"Drenched leaves," "wet leaves"—savoring the words of
healing
For crisp forgetful moments the spirit fed
Upon cool freshness of the cress-like phrases.

The American Mercury

Muna Lee

PRAIRIE SKY

Sometimes for days one can forget the sky
That God-like, indifferent, never fails to bless
With unflawed beauty our huddled littleness.
One can forget—the meddling breeze goes by

Piling vacant lots with waste to catch the eye;
Or mud, or dust, or merely the heat that shows
In quivering air, can make the senses close
To everything that is far or vast or high.

Then a scrap, a bird, the casual glance beguiles
Up, up, up!—till once more, swiftly, surely,
The clean, keen blade of ecstasy stabs purely:
Oh, glorious blue across which clouds are blowing,
Or lucent gray the far rain-tempests showing,
Or sunset blazing for ten thousand miles!

The American Mercury

Muna Lee

GIRL-ATHLETES

Around their legs girl-athletes twist
Their silver-chased puttees;
Or they wear half-boots, blue-embossed,
And bound with fleur-de-lys,
The sun has bronzed their knees
And bosoms, so that eagle-plumes
Are suited to their guise,
And agates from Ohio tombs,
And textures from Algonquin looms,
With borders of sunrise.

In waxy curls they lift their hair
When the night's trail has turned;
The everlasting leaves of hair
Lie close and forest-ferned
Above their brows sunburned.
The prairie-eyes, miraged and deep,
Are filled with flowers and corn,
With smoke-fires on the edge of sleep,
And secrets drifting blue-birds keep
About the day unborn.

Who trusts the hedge of flowering quince
To lead him far away,
The hawthorns and the hyacinths
To take them where they play,
Will come to them some day.
The roads are trampled by their hoofs
Spurring to misty hills;
The roads are trampled by their hoofs
Spurring away from city roofs
To a land adventure fills.

They are the daughters of the Sun
In polychrome and white;
And the Great Father gave each one
To add to the delight
Of her unswerving flight
A cinnamon or jet-black horse.
It is a dream to bless;
And each maid, mounted, to the source
Of the horizons on her course
Gallops, a centauress.

In mountain pastures they play games
Old as the first red spring;
And no one can recall the names
Of the long ropes they fling,
Or why they do this thing,
Or that, or the other. There they reach
Toward goals which no one knows,
Dancing, and crying each to each
Snatches of pre-historic speech,
While the long mid-day glows.

They meet their lovers when day cools
Under the upland trees,
Or by the river swimming-pools,
Inviting at their ease
The body-piercing breeze.

Then it is sweet as heaven to kiss,
 Enchanted and unseen;
But they think no more of love than this,
That it is something not amiss
 When leaves are long and green.

In winter, when the clouds above
 Have exiled leaf and heat,
They keep no memory of love;
 But strapping to their feet
 White sandals, gleaming, fleet,
They fly along the frozen streams
 Half-human and half-gull.
The groves once dim with summer dreams
They now flash through in steel sunbeams
 And tunics of rose wool.

Love bores them with their ankles fleet.
 But on Antarctic shores,
Gymnasia stand for their retreat
 From the rigor of outdoors.
 There on the ancient floors,
Along transparent walls, the dead
 Girl-athletes gleam in gold;
And tropic ferns are upwards led
To high glass arches overhead
 Which keep away the cold.

And dead girl-athletes gleam in flame
 Beyond the desert trails:
Mountains are sculptured with the name
 And the recorded tales
 Of each, when her day fails.
Under an arch opaque and high,
 Beside the barren verge,
With strength no centuries deny,
Rooted in rock beyond the eye,
 Their giant forms emerge.

THE KING'S HORSES

I have been thinking about the sensibilities of a word.
Of a word that has been chosen as a messenger between
friends

In an anticipated ministry of joy.
I have been thinking of it as a tiny, alert and eager word,
Dancing in expectancy,
Shining, gleeful and importunate.
I have imagined it upon its journey.
Its self-satisfactions, its images of conquest, its prides,
its haste.

Everything is auspicious.
The journey is brief.
A single instant suffices.
It is without danger.
The word and its sender are in wholesome accord;
The understanding between them cannot be bettered;
Each mirrors the perfection of the other.
I am rejoiced.

I have become anxious.
I have witnessed defeat.
I am nettled.
The word has beheld its importance.
It returns without brightness.
It has become dust.
It is tossed and bitten by the wind.
It is frayed; it has become sound.
Its ministry is forgotten.
It has become a jest.
Its lineage is disgraced.
It is humiliated.
I am amazed.

What can I do to restore or reassure even a little word?

I can do nothing.
I must wait.

Contemporary Verse

Herbert H. Longfellow

THE FISHERS

"We spread our nets to mend them.
We spread our nets to dry.
We set our nets and tend them—
God gave the reason why.

We fisher folks are simple,
We fisher folks are few,
Our lone boats dot and dimple
The grey sea and the blue.

The children watch with longing
Our morning boats put out,
Our women hide their warning
In eyes that fear to doubt.

The winds have tales to tell us—
The sea has alms to ask.
We give as they compel us—
We greet again our task.

Our homing boats still dimple
The grey sea and the blue.
God made us stern and simple.
God found and leaves us few."

Contemporary Verse

Herbert H. Longfellow

NEW YORK

New York is not so different from the ocean:
The horns at night, the flow of cars, the calls

Have never-ending tone and beat and motion,
Like water as it rises, as it falls.
New York throws up an edge of ragged spray;
New York has hollows that are dark and deep,
Blue light at dawn and yellow in the day,
An arch of storms and the slow wash of sleep.
Yet all this climbing splendour like the sea
Is not for beauty, nor for white desire;
These slabs and stones up-springing from the mire
Were dreamt by greed and carved by cruelty.
Thieves, brutes, and butchers spat upon this sod
A sea of granite worthy of a god.

Marie Luhrs

The Literary Review of the New York Evening Post

SAND

Kazar, the nomad,
Narrowed his eyes against the swimming heat
And with his net of fancy round him sought
After the slim, elusive fish of thought.

Beneath his feet,—
Between his dust-brown toes the desert stired,
Nomad after its kind.
Spherical, blind,
The hot grains quickened and rolled.
And if they spoke at all it is not told.
But Kazar, reaching forth his hand,
Unsealed his lips and spoke unto the sand.

"Sand, sand,
You who rest not
Are my brother.
Cloud and wind
Going before

Point our pathway.
The black rock
Has but one dwelling,
I have seen it, I who spoke with mountains.
It stands and stirs not
As a tree when no winds come.

I said to the mountain,
"Goats seek your pastures,
Olives ripen, rain lies in your valleys,
Yet must I leave you.
You look from Skyward
On many places,
But roots hold you."

I said to the mountain,
"That most distant kingdom
The blue country
Beyond your shadow
At the sun's setting
I go seeking."

The sand quickened under his dust-brown heels.
The grains rolled with the sound of soundless wheels.
After a stillness Kazar spoke again, his words
Hummed in the air like little drowsy birds,
Hung in the air like the voice of coming rain.

"The grass was deep in the year of fat cattle,
In the far land at the fork of two rivers.
In the footprints of sleek-skinned oxen
Lay cool water.
Wild horses came out of the mountains
Proud-stepping.

Who shall sing the praise of the wild stallion?
There is none like him.

Water that rushes quickly out of the hillside
Is less lovely.

Snared with the twisted hemp he leapt upright—
He of my choosing. With white eyeballs
He circled round me.

Terrible as the sun was the wild stallion
Lovely as moonlight.

I sat astride of his back,—I, Kazar,
Like a god I sat, and swifter than flame he bore me
Out of the land at the fork of two rivers
Through deep valleys.

Who shall sing the praise of the wild stallion?
There is none like him. Where again shall I find
him?"

Thus Kazar spoke, but the sand, too long abiding,
Leapt to the mane of the air and vanished
In a whirlwind riding.

Jessica Nelson North

The Lyric West, A Magazine of Verse

VOYAGER

He had returned from a far land; once more
He sat beside the hearth where long ago
He had broken bread and gulped red wine. The lore
Of travel he related, as a glow
Fell on two eager faces, each intent
Upon his tales—his stripling nephews they,
Young Tuscan shepherds, boys still innocent
Of all but youth's crude whisperings at play.

"Two gifts that land will give," the uncle said,
"Gold"—and he clinked his purse with braggart show,

"And fair-haired women"—here he cocked his head
With a sly wink—"women of fire and snow."
"Gold!" muttered one lad, and his narrowing eyes
Glittered. The other, dreaming, olive-pale,
Started; they saw his flaming blush arise—
"Of fire and snow" . . . The uncle told a tale.

The Wanderer

Frank O'Hara

TOURIST'S DAY

Elizabeth wore red to Kenilworth
And in gold slippers trod upon the lawn;
A peak of pearls upon the white proud earth
Above her eyes in summer sunlight shone.
She smiled, stepping along the graden path,
At the long peacocks and the unctious eyes
Of courtiers who came to gauge her wrath
And weigh their struggles in a brief surmise.

Elizabeth wore red and trailed her gown,
Twisted her rubied fingers in the train,
Frowning because it cooled her thought to frown
At some new girl whose beauty was her bane.
The fine clock in the turret caught the sun
And shook the brilliant hour out through its bell.
A Queen decides . . . and tapestries are spun . . .
A twinkle in the tower . . . Whose crownlet fell?

Elizabeth was splendidly severe:
Majesty was majesty. . . . Stone is stone.
There stretched the table of the feast, and near,
Close to that starling in the weeds, the throne.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

George O'Neil

THE WHITE ROOSTER

Ah, God! To have a breast like that
To throw at day,
Thrust for the hands of dawn
To quiver and flare upon.

And a hook of gold to end you
And a bloody flag sewn in your head,
And all yourself an arch
And your soul a white cascade.

With yellow spirals,
Step, step, stalk,
And clutch reluctant loam,
Hard kernels and brown hens
In the brazen blue of noon.

Ah, God! Stab upward with your noise,
Tear at the sky.
With the day gone molten down his throat
And his spine a tilted flame,
What singer could not make one song
As fine as fire?

George O'Neil

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

ON A STILE

I

With lavender sachet,
And ruffles of lace,
And a yellow poke bonnet
Cupping her face,
With pantalets peeping

Demurely below
A rustle of cretonne
Trim ankles to show;
With rosette of pansies
Upon her slim wrist,
And lips made of bud pinks
That ought to be kissed,
Cicily wandered
The asters among,
And pouted, "I'm tired
Of being so young!"
So she glanced cautiously
Round and about,
Lest Aunt Pricilla
Might be walking out.
Then she lifted her hoops
And she scampered a mile
'Til she came to the southerly
Side of a stile.

II

With coat-tails a-hanging
Sable and long,
With ivory hand leaning
On oaken cane strong,
And snug kerchief silkily
Muffling a cough,
And silver hair handsome
If most were not off;
With knee crook'd and foot slow
But eye bright on tree
Where high in the top the best
Nuts used to be,
Captain Q. down the lane
Ruefully strolled,
And muttered, "I'm tired
Of being so old!"

So, peering craftily
This way and that,
Lest Daughter was out
To see what he was at,
He flipped his stout cane
And he frisked him a mile,
'Til he came to the northerly
Side of a stile.

III

And Cicily climbed, and Captain Q. climbed,
And they sat side by side up on high!
The sun grew merry, the wind grew mild,
And a lark laughed out in the sky.

IV

Captain Q. sat him tight,
Captain Q. sat him bold,
And shouted, "I'm tired
Of being so old!"
"Tra la! I'm tired
Of being so young!"
Said C. And they swung
And they swung and they swung!

Contemporary Verse

Martha Osterso

A DREAM-POEM

Lost in a dream one night,
Verses I wrote,
Which on my sleeping ear
Pleasingly smote!

Like balls a juggler plays—
Shadow and gleam--

One by one shining words
Rose in my dream:

*Choc-o-pic, Columbine,
Harlequinade,
Caramel, Brandywine,
Silver brocade.*

*Cinnamon, cellar-door,
Marionette,
Nicotine, Kohinoor,
Opals, aigrette;*

*Eskimo, tambourine,
Sable and vair,
Archangel, tricotine,
Vega, Voltaire;*

Ending with this one, the
Sweetest yet heard,
Oleomargine—
Lyrical word!

Antoinette De Coursey Patterson
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

PRAYER BEFORE POEMS

Great Author of a world, of sky, of sea;
Whose lyrics are translated by the birds,
Come close and in the stillness I may learn
To worship Thee with words.

Thou, who doest guide all groping, gifted hands
'Till they can finger every helpless string
And find the souls of Violins and harps,
Aid me to sing.

Artist, who did the great originals,
And carved the tender features of a saint,
Who chose the colors for a universe,
Teach me to paint.

Boston Transcript

Anne Blackwell Payne

ANDREW—CARETAKER

Upon the scythe's worn edge he laid the stone—
A gaunt, bent figure in the graveyard old,
A shepherd watching o'er a silent fold
Where village fathers slept among their own.
For fifty years he mowed the weeds o'ergrown
And straightened frost-heaved headstones in their hold;
From early spring to time of autumn gold
He kept his watch, mute, patient, alone.

With years he saw the little graveyard creep
And widen on the hill, and side by side
With youth he laid his cronies' lessening band . . .
I hailed him as his scythe fell in its sweep
And asked him why his toiling. He replied:
"The trump has blown, and I'm the first on hand!"

New York World

Arthur Wallace Peach

SUSAN LOU

When the young twilight gently drew her scarf
Over the gray old village, and I strolled
Home down the twisting street beside the wharf,
I heard behind me in the dusk two old
Quavering voices:

They're all gone, I'm told."

"Yes, all daid now but Susan Lou."

"Let's see,

Sue Lucy must be nigh on eighty-three."

"Or more, I reckon."

"And she lives there still?"

"In the white pillar house up on the hill.

It's all shet up now, only for her room."

"I mind that room when we were girls—'twas square—"

"Sixty feet square—that's good work for a broom!"

"There was a four-post bed with curtains there,
Red tосseled curtains."

"Well, she sleeps there still.

Black George and Mary light the fires and do

What's to be done for only Susan Lou."

"So they're all gone—"

And then into the chill

Of dusk the voices vanished too—and left

All that once brightly patterned warp and weft,

That Time had woven and had worn, of days

Here in my hands, as thin as evening haze.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Louise Redfield Peattie*

CALYPSO TO ULYSSES

If there were any room within my heart
For godly pride to linger, I should not kneel
And clasp your feet. But there's no tenant here
Save love, who makes me your idolater.

I am alone, beloved, but for you.
Cast out the sea-look from your eyes and look
On me, my utter self — no luring left,
No unused wile to whet your appetite.

You know me all and all of me is yours.
I should have kept some harlot reticence.

To bait the surfeiting least in you. Alas!
Shrink not. Men's modesty is but in speech.

These are still gray eyes and pomegranate lips
As once you called them, whispering through my hair,
In the dawn-stillness when the dawn-bird sang
And blissfully your drowsy kisses clung.

What is the loss that loses me your favor,
Your misty voice, your eyes spilled full of color,
Your hands whose very stillness in a curve
Betrayed their greediness to reach for mine?

Ah, do you dream, lover no longer young,
That those frail ecstasies can be lived over
If only on some new young breast you slumber
And fresher lips yearn to you in the dark?

There is no second spring: your first is past
And it was passed with me and you are mine!
Or can a woman never claim as hers
The heart of any man before it breaks?

O, is the love of man a sunset waning,
A music slipping by, a one day's flower,
Its very fleetingness the magic flaw
That lures the fixed idolatrous love of woman?

Say not it is the sea that summons you
Or such affairs as chafing heroes plan:
Hearted as that fierce pleading wanderer
That once was you, nothing could draw you from me.

Belovéd, leave me not! There is such terror
In the loneliness of souls that once were large!
Though yours be never lonely, without you
Mine were a gray rock in a wintry sun.

No use, no use! The touch of you tells me that.
This body that I gave you when the gift
Was begged as sole alternative to death
Has served, and staled. . . The sea calls and you go.

Then go. . . No, I should hate a sea-cold kiss:
Remembered ones will do. . . And I'll endure
Loneliness with more profit and more pride
Than you an aging man's concupiscence.

The Wave

William Alexander Percy

DEAD POET

We thought of him as filling an armchair
Exclusively in the plane of commonplace;
We saw him as pale eyebrows, sandy hair,
And a rather eager, beaming type of face.

We never doubted that his spirit stayed
Comfortably at home in his brown suit,
Nor dreamed that it could stumblingly have strayed
Painfully seeking life's dark buried root.

He had too much good-nature for a poet,
Too much of easy means, to our thinking;
If he had suffered there was nothing to show it
In the shy eyes that our askance set blinking.

So when his metaphors began to climb
And dream on heights, we said it was pedantic
For him to utter cryptic things in rhyme,
And smiled at him grown suddenly romantic.

And when he said the gibbous moon's a dream
Worn in the sky of time, we mentioned that

He now took lemon at tea instead of cream
For the not unfounded fear of getting fat.

Till in the presence of his shielded eyes
Death's dignity had shamed our common sense,
And we confessed his right to being wise
Who now held knowledge of our going hence.

The Reviewer

Josephine Pinckney

OFF TO COLLEGE

She climbed into the wagon,
Bud roped the trunk on tight,
She rode beside her pappy
In the green twilight,

Down the mountain pathway;
Turning, she could see,
Single cabin chimney,
Puffing lonesomely.

Her eyes were on the stranger spires,
Far away and dense,
But all the while, her shadow ran
Clinging to the fence.

That miracle beyond the crest,
She was soon to know;
But when they jogged around the bend,
Her shadow would not go.

Josephine Pollitt

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

JENNIE

I

Pinch of thirsty garden,
Stile, an apple tree,
A twisty walk that burrowed
Into wild sweet-pea—

And her face drew from the sun
All that it could give,
As Jennie, laughing, said to me,
"This is where I live."

I saw a hump of old green house,
Straw-filled panes of glass.
She saw earthy violets
Deep in the wet grass.

Shyly her eyes lifted
To a road near-by,
That ran through a bean-patch up a hill,
And leapt to meet the sky.

II

At night,
While the rounded posts of her bed grinned fixedly
Like four little Chinese idols,
And the sodden face of a mirror
Bent in blear-eyed stare,
She knelt by the viny window
Where moonlight fell in a dark-green pool,
And said her prayer.

A million prayers went up to prick at heaven,
While God shuffled the winds
And flashed the northern lights;

And what if hers were tangled in the starry purple,
Or got no higher than the tulip-tree!
She lay in the moonlight
Straight and white,
At peace.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Josephine Pollitt

CYRIADIS

I

In the Shah's seraglio,
Where the fountain's waters flow
Through the courtyard placidly
Whispering of eternity,
Dwells Cyriadis, slim and fair,
Beautiful beyond compare.
At her hand lies every treasure
That the Shah's dominions measure;
Costly robes from every land,
Jewels brought from Samarkand,
Viands from the Cyclades,
And the distant Magic Seas.
But to-day she does not care
For the gorgeous things and rare,
And the smile of wonted grace
Yields to sorrow in her face.

II

Underneath her windows lie
Gardens soothing to the eye;
Wide pleasaunces, noble trees,
Fair as the Hesperides;
Where the ripe pomegranates fall
In the pathway by the wall,
And white roses in their bloom

Scent the bower of her room.
Arbours beautiful to see,
Vistas of felicity
All in order, sweetly laid
In the sunlight and the shade,
Save one scar upon a scene
That were otherwise serene,
And 'tis this before her eyes
Causes Cyriadis' sighs.

III

When the galleon moon rode high
Through the billows of the sky,
And the shadows of the trees
Wove the night's dim mysteries,
On a night her lover came,
Softly whispering her name
'Neath the casement up above
Where she waited for her love.
Often, while the Shah had slept,
Such a trysting had they kept,
For unfaithfulness to age
Is a lover's heritage.

IV

No the subtle Shah well knew
Of the lovers' rendezvous
From the stories of his spies,
And with cunning slow and wise
Planned he vengeance to be done.
As a lizard in the sun
Who, while feigning sleep all day,
Sees the antics of his prey
As he crouches deathly still
Waiting for the time to kill—

So the sapient Shah prepared
For his prey to be ensnared.
Very craftily he chose
From his swart Nubians those
Who in visage and in limb
Seemed the fiercest unto him.
These crouched waiting in the gloom
Near to Cyriadis' room.

V

Cyriadis heard their cry
As her lover went to die,
Then oppressive silence fell
Like a dark malignant spell;
Silence with foreboding fraught,
Deepened by the flaming thought
Of the unknown fate that he
Went to in his agony.

VI

When dawn's argent stream of light
Flowed across the plain of night,
Wakening, like a crumpled flower,
Cyriadis in her bower,
From her sorrowful repose
Wan as Vesta she arose,
Fearing the night's aftermath
And the Shah's avenging wrath.
But 'twas not in words that he
Chose to speak,—more terribly
Was his punishment to fall,
In a mute memorial.

VII

In the crystal light of day
Full revealed the garden lay,

All its beauty for her fled,
Horror reigning in its stead—
In the centre of the ground
Stood a new, sepulchral mound,
And across the fresh-turned earth,
—Symbol of sardonic mirth—
Coloured with a crimson dash,
Lay her lover's silken sash.

VIII

Years pass slowly, without trace
Of the ages on that place.
Still the placid garden lies
Calm as ever Paradise,
And a crumbling mound may be
Part of its serenity.
Still the Shah observes with pride
The fair beauty at his side;
Amiable and wise his smile,
Without malice, without guile.
Still the fountain softly plays
Through the infinitudes of days.

The Yale Literary Magazine C. G. Poore.

GHOSTS

You have familiar faces and warm hands,
You kindly women and you friendly men,
Who speak to me from long-remembered lands
That I have known and shall not know again.

You do not know that you are ghosts of dreams
Who once were flesh and blood,—you do not know
That you have no more being than bright gleams
Of winter sunlight on deep drifted snow.

You cannot see what valleys and what hills,
You cannot see what sounding oceans lie
Between us in this room that laughter fills,
The while we greet and talk and say good-bye

When you have buried what remains of me
In the brown earth below the wind-swept grass,
Cold carven marble will your witness be
That you were with me then, and saw me pass.

One year from now perhaps, or twenty more,
You will attend me on that last grey ride
And never know you did not close the door
And never know how long ago I died.

Scribner's Magazine

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

BIOGRAPHY

Gregory had a proud mother
Whose head, he often said, was in the stars.
She dreamed poetry all day long,
And sang when she washed the dishes.
Gregory came to Mexico,
And substituted tequila for his stars
An Indian girl followed,
And the last stars fled.
But some remembrance
Induced him, in occasional sober states,
To write proud letters to his mother.
One day I found him with a telegram,
Sitting beneath the banana-trees.
He cursed the pigs and the climate,
And said his mother was coming.
At sunset
The lake was pink in the black rushes.

That night Gregory drowned himself.
I think he was reaching for the stars in the lake.

Palms

Idella Purnell

TONALA BESIEGED

O my son, there is no water now at all,
And our gracious city is left without a light.
Go thou and buy a candle, a paraffin-white candle,
To keep against the coming of the night.

O my son, there is no water now at all.
The rebel storms outside the city gate.
Go thou and pluck the oranges, the honey-golden oranges,
That we may not be thirsty while we wait.

O my son, there is no water now at all.
Thy sister is too beautiful, my son.
Go thou and bring the scissors, the sharp-edge, blue-steel
scissors,
To cut her hair, of night and sorrow spun.

The bombing-planes are gone; the streets are clean.
Water we have, and light. The seige is done.
Go thou and make a coffin. Paint blue a cheap pine coffin.
Thy sister was too beautiful, my son.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Idelle Purnell

TWO MEN

One was a star; the other was the dark.
One was the earth; the other was a grave.
One was the last remaining spark;
The other was a somber quenching wave.

One rose like laughter from the other's mood;
One sprang, a rocket, from the other's hearse....
One sang, a bird, in an enchanted wood. . . .
The other was a ghoul, or maybe worse....

And when my heart went walking out one day
It met the two, and had to choose between. . . .
Since then I have not known a word to say....
Where is my love, has anybody seen?

Voices A Journal of Verse

Idelle Purnell

BELLS FOR JOHN WHITESIDES' DAUGHTER

There was such speed in her little body,
And such lightness in her footfall,
It is no wonder that her brown study
Astonishes us all.

Her wars were bruited in our high window,
We looked among orchard trees and beyond,
Where she took arms against her shadow,
Or harried unto the pond

The lazy geese, like a snow cloud
Dripping their snow on the green grass,
Tricking and stopping, sleepy and proud,
Who cried in goose, Alas

For the tireless heart within the little
Lady with rod that made them rise
From their noon apple-dreams, and scuttle
Goose-fashion under the skies,

But now go the bells, and we are ready;
In one house we are sternly stopped
To say we are vexed at her brown study,
Lying so primly propped.

The Fugitive

John Crow Ransom

CAPTAIN CARPENTER

Captain Carpenter rose up in his prime
Put on his pistols and went riding out
But had got well-nigh nowhere at that time
Till he fell in with ladies in a rout.

It was a pretty lady and all her train
That played with him so sweetly but before
An hour she'd taken a sword with all her main
And twined him of his nose forevermore.

Captain Carpenter mounted another day
And straightway rode into a surly rogue
That looked unchristian but be that as may
The captain did not wait upon prologue.

But drew him out of his great heart
The other swung against him with a club
And cracked his two legs at the shinny part
And let him roll and stick like any tub.

Captain Carpenter rode many a time
From male and female took he sundry harms
And met the wife of Satan crying "I'm
The she-wolf bids you shall bear no more arms."

Their strokes and counters whistled in the wind
I would he had delivered half his blows
But where she should have made off like a hind
The bitch bit off his arms at the elbows.

Captain Carpenter parted with his ears
To a surly rogue that used him in this wise
O Jesus ere his threescore and ten years
Another had pinched out his sweet blue eyes.

Captain Carpenter got up on his roan
And sallied from the gate for hells despite
I heard him asking in the grimmest tone
If any enemies yet there ware to fight?

"Is there an adversary drunk with fame
Who will risk to be wounded by my tongue
Or burnt in two beneath my red heart's flame
These are the perils he is cast among.

"But if he can he has a pretty choice
From an anatomy with little to lose
Whether he cut my tongue and take my voice
Or whether it be my round red heart he choose."

It was the neatest knave that ever was seen
Stepping in perfume from his lady's bower
Who on his word put in his merry mien
And fell on Captain Carpenter like a tower.

I would not knock old fellows in the dust
But there lay Captain Carpenter on his back
His weapons were the stout heart in his bust
And a blade shook between rotten teeth alack.

The rogue in scarlet and grey soon knew his mind
He wished to get his trophy and depart
With gentle apology and touch refined
He pierced him and produced the captain's heart.

God's mercy rest on Captain Carpenter now
I thought him sirs an honest gentleman
Citizen husband soldier and scholar enow
Let a jingling kites eat of him if they can.

But God's deep curses follow after those
That shore him of his goodly nose and ears
His legs and strong arms at the two elbows

And eyes that had not watered seventy years.

The curse of hell upon the sleek upstart
That got the captain finally on his back
And took the red red vitals of his heart
And made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

SOUTH-EAST WIND

There is remembered terror in your touch
Of spruce and palm and cedar—the wild trees
That strain against the dawns. Drained life of these
You carry . . . that have tamed a million such . . .
You that have out-lived ruth and known the wills
Of seas on islands. . . too alone with them . . .
And heard men cry out on their gods to stem
Earth, unanimous, rising from her hills.. . .

And clawed moon-harried tides throughout the wide
Low-swinging night . . . breaking the long stride
Of stars. You know of old harsh remedies,
Wind—cleansed of salt, with delicate cool tips
Light as a blind girl's fingers on my lips—
And bitter healing of the roots of seas.

The New Republic

Lola Ridge

SONATA TRAGICA

*There is one death, one only, one supreme.
To lie in stately quiet at the rail
Of some tall altar, ministered by pale,
Grey shadows, is not death. To dream
The Spring into the veins, to wear a light,
Immaculate shroud of frost: death is not these.
Those who have heard their own deep litanies*

*Sung forth, have nothing to regret. No bright,
Sharp pain can follow them, no hope unsaid
Can fill their eyes with fever; they have won
Past any need of stars and moon and sun.
These are not dead who know not they are dead
To cry for thee with every listening breath
And cry for thee in vain; this, this is death.*

The Forum

Margaret Tod Ritter

TWO SONNETS

I

KARMA

Christmas was in the air and all was well
With him, but for a few confusing flaws
In divers of God's images. Because
A friend of his would neither buy nor sell,
Was he to answer for the axe that fell?
He pondered; and the reason for it was,
Partly, a slowly freezing Santa Claus
Upon the corner, with his beard and bell.

Acknowledging an improvident surprise,
He magnified a fancy that he wished
The friend whom he had wrecked were here again.
Not sure of that, he found a compromise;
And from the fulness of his heart he fished
A dime for Jesus who had died for men.

II

MAYA

Through an ascending emptiness of night,
Leaving the flesh and the complacent mind
Together in their sufficiency behind,

The soul of man went up to a far height;
And where those others would have had no sight
Or sense of else than terror for the blind,
Soul met the Will, and was again consigned
To the supreme illusion which is right.

"And what goes on up there," the Mind inquired,
"That I know not already to be true?"—
"More than enough, but not enough for you,"
Said the descending Soul: "Here in the dark,
Where you are least revealed when most admired,
You may still be the bellows and the spark."

The New Republic

Edwin Arlington Robinson

THE LAGGARDS

Scorners of earth, you that have one foot shod
With skyward wings, but are not flying yet,
You that observe no goal or station set
Between your groping and the towers of God
For which you languish, may it not be odd
And avericious of you to forget
Your toll of an accumulating debt
For dusty leagues that you are still to plod?

But many have paid, you say, and paid again;
And having had worse than death are still alive,
Only to pay seven fold, and seven times seven.
They are many; and for cause not always plain,
They are the laggards among those who strive
On earth to raise the golden dust of heaven.

The Yale Review

Edwin Arlington Robinson

GLASS HOUSES

Learn if you must, but do not come to me
For truth of what your pleasant neighbor says

Behind you of your looks or of your ways,
Or of your worth and virtue generally;
If he's a pleasure to you, let him be—
Being the same to him; and let your days
Be tranquil, having each the other's praise,
And each his own opinion peaceably.

Two brothers once did love each other well,
Yet not so well but that a pungent word
From each came stinging home to the wrong ears.
The rest would be an overflow to tell,
Surely; and you may slowly have inferred
That we may not be here a thousand years.

The Yale Review

Edwin Arlington Robinson

AS IT LOOKED THEN

In a sick shade of spruce, moss-webbed, rock-fed,
Where, long unfollowed by sagacious man,
A scrub that once had been a pathway ran
Blindly from nowhere and to nowhere led,
One might as well have been among the dead
As half way there alive; so I began
Like a malingering pioneer to plan
A vain return—with one last look ahead.

And it was then that like a spoken word
Where there was none to speak, insensibly
A flash of blue that might have been a bird
Grew soon to the calm wonder of the sea—
Calm as a quiet sky that looked to be
Arching a world where nothing had occurred.

The Dial

Edwin Arlington Robinson

WHY HE WAS THERE

Much as he left it when he went from us,
Here was the room again where he had been

So long that something of him should be seen
Or felt—and so it was. Incredulous,
I turned about, loath to be greeted thus,
And there he was in his old chair, serene
As ever, and as laconic and as lean
As when he lived, and as cadaverous.

Calm as he was of old when we were young,
He sat there gazing at the pallid flame
Before him. "And how far will this go on?"
I thought. He felt the failure of my tongue,
And smiled: "I was not here until you came;
And I shall not be here when you are gone."

The New Republic

Edwin Arlington Robinson

ENVY

If Michaelangelo could touch my thought
And mold it, as cold stone, to living form!
I work in brittle words. He could have wrought
A quiet girl; a whirling God of Storm.
A piece of marble, white as flesh is white,
Might shape a noble forehead or a breast.
A softened surface placed in shade and light
Might take me from myself and give me rest.
If Michaelangelo could nervously
Work my mad thought, there would rise up a god
With stormy eyes, with whirling hair, and shod
In flame, reaching to give his potency
To frosty stars. I work in words but stone
Can leave me holy, passionate, alone!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

BROKEN LINES

Nature will not remain in rigid lines.
She has too much of beauty. She must send

Her active hands to bow the black, stern pines
 And brooding poplars, quiet sands must bend
 And fallen leaves must rise in circling wind.
 The hardness of a rocky water cliff,
 Defying hammers of the sea, proud, stiff,
 Will lose its bronze will and be shaped and thinned
 Until it is a lifted cup, a bowl.
 Nature is like a sculptor with strange stone,
 She likes the broken—draperies wind-blown,
 A torso with a breast. Her cosmic soul
 Hungers for curves—a rising, wavering place,
 A gothic arch of dawn, an oval face.

Voices: A Journal of Verse *Benjamin Rosenbaum*

CONVERSATION

Was there an Arthur who looking up saw a slender
 woman with a voice of music?

What a question! What a question! You are he.

Did he have a sword Excalibor as steel-blue flame and
 sharper than the edges of a gale?

Flame is thy blood, and keen thy mind.

It cannot be. Galahad was his knight who saw the grail.
Mercy to Patrick! So shall your soul when you die.

Contemporary Verse . *Benjamin Rosenbaum*

PSALM

Faces I have seen as numerous as raindrops and as clear
 But your face which I have never seen is always near me.

Hands I have broken bread with I have forgotten,
 But your hand is always in my hand.

Let me not see too clearly that I lose you.

Make me understand, as David made Saul understand,
with unseen beauty—with great, white music.

Let me not see too clearly that I lose you.

POINT OF VIEW

The long gray-green grasses make music of the wind.

Is it music of gladness, father?

The clouds are a bit ashen. We will have rain.

Rain is beautiful, isn't it, father?

The sun cannot remain as warm. An eagle flies toward it.

Will he reach the sun, father?

No, my child.

Look how he flies! Yes, he will, father!

Yes, he will!

Contemporary Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

"CO' BOSS"

"Co' Boss, Co' Boss!" he calls
Across the heaped stone-walls.
The brown, deliberate cows
Stare as he shouts, then browse
With placid deep-lunged "Whoofs!"
And calm, unhurrying hoofs.

"Co' Boss, Co' Boss!" he calls;
And now a birch bar falls—
He drops the long bars down
To let the browsing brown
Rich-uddered Jerseys thru:
But they stand still and chew.

"Co' Boss, Co' Boss!" And now
At last a single cow
Obeys his sultry shout

And ambles bawling out;
Then out (quite nonchalantly)
Sidle the other three.

Each night, since he was eight,
He's called cows thru this gate
And he is fifty now—
This servant of a cow.
He'll call "Co' Boss" until
Mould chokes his old mouth still:
Then other men will call
"Co' Boss" across the wall.

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry E. Merrill Root

PESSIMISTS

What if the oak should ask
The meaning of his task?
Why should he turn the dark
Earth into silver bark?
Why bear upon his twigs
Acorn, not plums and figs?
Why pour his life in boughs,
Not horn and eyes like cows?
Why should he gnarl his limbs
At the wind's crooked whims?

What if the rose should question
Tyrannous June's suggestion
Why drink cold rain, and eat
Mould through her buried feet?
Why fix her roots so firm
Down with the pallid worm?
Why bear her gorgeous bloom
To suffer vase-doom?
Why (slave to earthen laws)
Cherish her crimson haws

Just so a child to come
In the Millennium
May thrill his little nose
With a red, torn rose?

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry *E. Merrill Root*

TO THE EGYPTIAN LADY SENNUWY

With that same smile, scornful and sad and tender
You thought of love, one of those summer days
Gone in a night of many thousand years.
You sat in heavy-scented, golden splendor,
The courtly throng, the pomp and power and praise
Lost to unseeing eyes, unheeding ears.
 . . . Only the artist caught your wandering gaze.

He did not understand the score and sadness
But carved your smile in this enduring guise,
A dwelling for your spirit in the tomb.
You knew that love is but a fleeting madness,
That each man lives alone, and lonely dies. . . .
You scorned yourself for quailing from your doom,
 Yet thought of love, and met the sculptor's eyes.

And so you smiled, while dynasts came and went
And sand slipped through your crumbling broken wall,
While silence fell at last on echoing thunder
Of wars that power of ancient empires spent. . . .
Until at last, in this bright windy hall,
We pause, who know that love is brief, and wonder
 If Beauty always is Truth, after all.

Scribner's Magazine

Helen Santmyer

LOVE SONG

The delicate silver gates are closed, the road ahead is
paved with swords,

There's only the comfort of your breast, the arm's
strength, and gentle words
To meet the foam of the black stars a stinging wind flings
in our faces;
A bare room is the day's end, and a hard bed for our
bodies' places.

The tired limb, and the tight brow, and the strong clasp
of a hand hardened—
Only these, now the rose has gone, one with the years
that life pardoned
When your blue eyes that love deepened were more merry
and less brave,
Only these are ours, my dear, for what we give and what
we gave.

Yet only now that our eyes have seen there is no star on
the hills ahead
To guide through the ways that all have known, yet none
could mark, of men dead—
O only now, my dear, have we known the sole answer to
love's need:
The heart's dream, and the heart's strength, and the light
shed where the feet bleed.

The New Republic

George Brandon Saul

WORDS

Words are coverings. — Weddings
Are white. Black is for sorrow's tears,
While Magdalen wears a flaming red
Mantle to hide her spilling wares.

I have seen forensic palaces
Without a beam of truth, raised high,
While mummers called the passers by
With speech that lured like painted faces.

There was a time when words were things,
Coined from the mint of the first man's heart,
When need forced his savage lips apart
In a sound, with the shape of his sufferings.

He was the pain, that lay ice-curved
In primal silence—till the world
Released him—her unceasing cry
From her bleak caverns to the sky.

The Bookman

Katherine Sedgwick

THE HORSE-LEECH'S DAUGHTER

The veterinary surgeon had a daughter,
A woman wise and witty in her day,
I find her counsel when I go astray
In arid ethics, grateful as cold water.
Historians kept one word of hers, it brought her
Wide immortality. She cried, "Pay, pay!"
But what her name was, nobody can say
Or whether men, or books, or living taught her.

Whether she spoke of mercenary matters
Or love, her words bite cleanly to the core—
"Pay as you enter!" is written on heaven's door
The beggar may go in velvet or in tatters,
Hell's rubbish heap is the unpaid bills he scatters,
And love is worth what it cost you, nothing more.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

SHE ONCE THOUGHT LOVE

She once thought love
A golden crown.
Now she wears
Like a gown,

To comfort her body
And warm her blood
Till it run swift
As a woman's should;

To deck her body
And feed her pride
Till men are eager
To walk at her side.

She once thought love
A golden crown,
And let her robe
Of pride slip down,

Bared her heart
To the cold, and cried:
"I am done with shame,
I am done with pride!"

*Love is a crown
For a girl so bold
She will go naked
In bitter cold.*

*Love is a crown,
A golden frame
For the head of a girl
Who knows no shame.*

*Love is a crown
Heavy as stone
For the frightened girl
Who walks alone.*

She once thought love
A crown of gold,

And bared her heart
To the biting cold.

But young men whisper
And old men peer,
Good women murmur
And hussies jeer,

Maidens shiver
And children stare
To see a woman
Whose heart is bare!

*It's shame, it's wonder,
It's bitter distress,
When a woman walks
In nakedness.*

She once thought love
A golden crown,
Now she wears it
Like a gown.

She has made of her love
A cloak, a cover,
Against the world
Or a careless lover.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Marjorie Allen Seiffert

ADIRONDACK EVENING

Behind the olive hills, the day fires wane
To yellow. Darkness rises from the day;
The purple wavelets chase the light away;
And time returns to silent night again.
The listening shadows of the forest kneel
In dark arcades. Along the aisles a thrush,

The lonely acolyte of evening's hush,
Jingles his chimes upon a silver wheel.

In floods of silent incense, Beauty's breath,
Warm mist against the chill of evening flows,
While thought and passion smoulder to repose,
Quenched in the truth of love and life and death:
Mind finds the rest that homing spirits learn,
The peace we left, and whither we return.

Contemporary Verse

Chard Powers Smith

ADVICE TO A CLAM-DIGGER

An American Georgic

Go when the friendly moon permits the tides
To drop out at early morn or eve;
When eel-grass lies in windrows on the flats,
And rockweed lays its khaki counterpanes
Or empty conkles farther up the beach;
Seek out a place where mud-enameled sand
Looks like a colander whose holes emit
Little salt water geysers when you step;
Then, facing shoreward, dig till you become
A lame and muddy partner of the cove.

Marvels undreamed of suddenly unfold
The secrets they have kept concealed so long:
The rancid mud-clams whose white shells betray
A worthlessness within, like beggar's gold
Or empty conkles farther up the beach;
The iridescent clam-worms blue and green
With esculating red and yellow fringes,
Like Chinese dragons whose soft tentacles
Expand, contract, and writhe in oozy slime;
Long buried whore's-eggs; razor-fish with shells
Brown as old ivory and smooth as glass;

Or soggy timbers from a derelict
Who left her oaken bones upon a ledge
In some northeaster forty years ago.

You soon discover that the best returns
Lie nestled near the rocks that dot the cove:
Dig slowly there, lest you should break their shells,
For at a single forkful three or four
Will lay white buttocks bare before your eyes.
Protruding heads that keep a passage clear,
Aware of you, will scramble for their homes,
Spraying your eyes and face with stinging brine,
Engendering illusion that the shells
Are burrowing a fathom deep in mud.
Their flight is aided by the tousling in
Of saucy waters playing hide-and-seek
In every drain and crevice of the flats,
Laughing at your attempts to keep them out,
And salvaging rich treasure for the sea.

Your roller full, haul up your rubber boots
And wade into the green and golden cove
Where little flounders flit beneath your feet.
Pull bits of rockwood, Mother Ocean's facecloths,
And wash the thick-accumulated mud
From off your hoe handle; then souse your hod
And watch the white and blue intensify:
The sparkling freshness on the dripping shells
Which disappears as suddenly as dew
From violets or daisies in the sun,
Will teach you why the Indian long ago
Used these fair shells for ornaments and wampum,
And piled them in the self-same spot for years,
Until his heaped-up mounds were monuments
Where all spring wanderers might come and camp.

Fail not before you leave to glance around
And view the low-tide pageant of the shore:

The apprehensive manner of a gull
Who sits with white breast bulging to the breeze,
And flashes right and left his sulphur bill;
The slower movements of the pearl-gray crane
Who stands in eel-grass on a single leg,
Surveys the fishing prospect, then moves on,
To light again, survey, and move once more,
Till he has sounded out the channel's length;
The yellow bubbles on the flood tide making
A creamy dressing for the green sea-lettuce;
The dignity of rusty-iron rocks
Studded with bands of sharp white barnacles;
The breakers, if the wind blows hard off shore,
That chase each other on the sunken reefs,
And spout like white whales on an Arctic sea;
Or, if the earth be hushed to twilight calm,
The violet, lark-wine, and purple tints
That crown the flowing surface of the tide.

This poem received the only honorable mention in The Nation's Poetry contest for 1924. First and second prizes were awarded respectively to Scudder Middleton and Genevieve Taggard, whose poems appeared in the issues of February 20 and 27.

The Nation

Wilbert Snow

ZEB KINNEY ON PROFESSORS

I don't know why I asked him what he thought
Of that peculiar brand of summer folk
Who rusticate among us three full months
Of every year. Perhaps it was that all
The other topics had been grappled with,
Or, better, paddled with, for that was no
Fit morning to be grappling anything.
The northern sun lay lovingly along

The sloping ledges on the northern bank
Of that still cove where most of us had loafed
The finest mornings of our lives away,
Discussing, smoking, whittling in the sun—
Brown ledges whose soft shade reflected warmth,
And held our bodies anchored to the field,
Our legs extending downward to the shore,
A sort of no-man's-land for loafing in.
The grass around these ledges, beaten down,
Had turned from green to tawny and lay flat,
Enfolding that appeal one gets from paths
Leading from kitchen doors to pasture wells.
We sat and dozed together, rousing only
When little pollock flipped above the cove,
Or some bright burst of sunlight hit beneath
A sea-gull's wing directly overhead,
When Zeb, whose ruminations held him still
For nearly twenty minutes, straightened up
Above his favorite forty-five-degree.
Extent of relaxation on the ledge,
Jabbed for a broken lath to whittle on,
Cleared out his throat, and rid himself of this:

"Well, these professors that you ask about
Who come here every year are curious.
I s'pose it takes all kind to make a world,
And none of us should be too heavy on
A neighbor, even if he don't belong.
Of course they don't belong, that's sure enough:
The smell of herrin' bait in George's skiff
Would knock the stoutest of them galley west;
And none of them appears to be real rugged.
When they go out to hand-line cod with me
They keep a-looking' round at birds and boats
And colors on the channel,—scursely one
Can ketch his share of cod,—and never once
Has ary one of them hauled up his sleeves
And helped me gut a fish when we rowed in.

They read the books that other people don't,
And never talk about the books they read,
Leastwise to us; and some of them go in
And pound the type-writer three times a day,
Like I would go to meals; but what they write
Not one of us hears ary word about.
I figger out they write their heavy books
For one another, not for common duffers.
They play book-lairnin' games of hide-and-seek
As we play racin' with our motor-boats
On August mornin's when the shedderin'
And weather has us all a-feelin' good.
I peeked jest out o' curiosity
At some type-written papers once up-stairs,
And found it all about the big mistake
Professor Sombody in Germany
Had made in chapter four of his big book
On quails. I don't suspect that chap could tell
An early oldsquaw from a patchhead coot.
Next thing somebody else will write a book
In which this squid will have its gills hauled out
For some mistake he's made; it's all jest like
A batch of kittens playin' with their tails.
Leastwise, that's 'bout the way I figger it.

They don't go out enough and let the sun
Beat down and make them look like other folks;
They shrink before us lobster-ketchers do;
And hate to have their children roll around
In dirt and mud, like every youngster should.
Of course they would n't take advise from me:
But I can see them gather barnacles
Like my old sloop out there in Lobster Cove.
When barnacles and eel-grass slow her down,
I haul her up and take the scraper to her:
That's what professors need—a good sharp scraper
To clean the rubbish off their garboards, clean

The gubber from their engine-valves and pipes,
To perk them up so they'll get back their sprawl.

Here comes one now from Amariah's field
To see how we behave when we set here
And talk the mornin' out; he'll listen to us,
And then go back and tell how quaint we be.
It takes all kinds of folk to make a world."

The Century Magazine

Wilbert Snow

YOUTH

The old men talked of Barney's place
Two miles or so away,
Near a gray, half-tumbled wharf whose face
Abutted on the bay:
There Barney sold big jugs of rum
Before my dog was born,
And there gay sailors used to come
And dance and drink till morn.

They talked of Shepherd's Island four
Or five miles up the reach,
Where the squire shipped each May a score
Of lambs to roam the beach:
The older boys hauled up the sail
On a pinkey painted blue,
And left me standing sadly pale,
Too young to join the crew.

And since those yarns Bohemian ease,
With dancing, wit, and wine,
And voyages from Arctic seas
To Egypt have been mine:
But never has Parisian flair
Yet challenged Barney's style

Successfully, nor landscapes fair
Flash glints like Shepherd's Isle.

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry

Wilbert Snow

WILDCAT LEDGE

(*Colorado*)

The Platte, long wandering, but caught at last
In old Missouri's arms, told there a tale . . .
The prairies heard: like seekers of the grail
They hurried on a quest and cleaving fast,
Wide windy golden seas of harvest, passed,
Green sandalled through Nebraska on a trail
That Kansas follows, too. It leads where pale
Virginity gives birth to snow and blast. . .

They near and fling rich flowered robes away;
In scant grass vesture, pilgrim plains are torn
And bruised, yet stumble forward. Tiptoe, they;
Unheeding spite of stone and thrust of thorn;
Pause on a cliff and Colorado thrills
With their exultant cry: "The hills! The hills!"

Contemporary Verse
(Sonnet Prize 1923)

Lilian White Spencer

APACHE—WIFE—ARIZONA

In scarlet caps of sunset, swarthy hills
Survey the tortured valley as it lies
Naked and burning under the blue-flamed skies.
Across its sterile breast a dark stain spills
Of squalid wickiups, whose old chief wills
A third bride in his Eden. . . . Once, her eyes

Shone on the campus but their laughter dies
Where, coiled among greenswords, the rattle kills.

Fat, in a wrapper from the country store,
She squats to weave a tribal basket, while
Pent in his cave the wierd ambassador
Of ancient gods makes medicine. Her smile
Inscrutable as death, reveals no more.
Now . . . has she love or hatred for Carlisle?

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Lilian White Spencer

ITALIAN QATRAINS

Naples: Palazzo

Lordly amid the rotting houses of the street
It lifts a marble scorn; while at its carven feet
They crowd in ancient filth. It does not look at them,
These crumbling beggars catching at its dark and stony
hem.

Hairdressing

There on the littered streets she sits, and chats with
passing friends,
While a deft neighbour combs her hair, piles high the
sleek, black ends;
She holds her gushing nipple to the child upon her knee,
Plucks vermin from its curls; and sells her oranges to me.
me.

Lemon Trees

The trees are ripe with yellow birds, I vow,
Perched close and drowsy on their April bough;
Fat songsters, pour for me your sour-sweet notes,
Dripping and warm from out your golden throats!

Olive Tree

Moonlight is always on its leaves;
At noon there is a midnight air

About its branches, that deceives
Lovers who chance to wander there.

Sabbath Morning

Beyond my room's rose-covered convent wall
I hear the priests chanting; lusty pagans bawl
Their Latin words . . . *What stirred the ilex-tree?*
I'll swear that satyr's stone mouth grinned at me!

Rome: Under the Dome of St. Peter's

At last they builded wide enough, O Lord!
Here is no walled confinement of Thy Heart,
No ending to the echoes of Thy Word;
This lifting dome lifts on to where Thou art!

Statue of St. Peter

This shining bronze is Peter's living toe!
Kiss upon faithful kiss have made it so.
Prayer upon prayer hold safe the heavenly keys.
Thou who denied! Great Saint, deny not these!

The Freeman

Leonora Speyer

PAGANINI'S VIOLINS

All April's larks in her most lavish sky
Know less of song than these! O mournful two,
Birds of Cremona, what shall rouse in you
The keen, edged sound once scattered planet high?
Like carrier doves, dismissed, unwinged, you lie
In dusty fame, your loosened strings untrue
To any key, hang limp as grasses do
After the long, long drought when meadows die.

This is no mood for lordly violins!
These mellow masters in their disarray

Behind museum doors! These gipsy kings!
I'd set them singing, tucked beneath the chins
Of fiddler-folk whose fingers know the way:
Prancing like peacocks up the four gay strings!

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Leonora Speyer

THE STORY AS I UNDERSTAND IT

I think that Eve first told the callow tree of apples,
And taught the adolescent serpent how to hiss
Its first wise word;
I think the angel with the flaming sword
Followed her with hot, holy eyes,
Remembering the red curve of her farewell kiss
As she passed out of paradise.

See how the apple-boughs are twisted in their pain,
Weighed down with many a red-cheeked little Cain,
And how the serpent writhes away
From man to this far day.
An angel is a lovely, lonely thing
Of boundless wing;
They are the banished ones that grieve,
Not Eve!

Not Eve, her body quick with coming pride,
Nor Adam, walking there at her white side,
A little heavily, perhaps,
Because of things scarce known, as yet not named—
Man's first responsibility, man's primeval tenderness,
Man's unfamiliar fears;
And out beyond, the world untamed,
Of which to make
Their surer paradise of tears.

But in the garden is a hallowed emptiness
Of laws concerning fruits and flowers

That none shall ever bless
Or break;
And in the garden is the one plucked bough
That blossoms whimpering
Through a divine monotony of spring on spring.

The Century Magazine

Leonora Speyer

BROKEN

The sanctuary made for me
Is broken, wall and roof and stone;
And where we stood, with oath to oath,
I stand alone.

For now that love's dear things have ceased,—
The past outlived is more than dead,—
The stained glass splinters into points,
And pierces red.

It is like solemn candles—out,
A crucifix that is all cross;
A bell whose silence rings and rings
To just a loss.

The rosary of faith to faith
Has broken slowly all its beads;
It is as if the soul of me
Disowned its creeds.

And nave and transept, arch and aisle,
Are ruins; yet my feet must go:
But where stood corner-stone and spire
I do not know.

The prayers and altars answer not
No more my name, no more my things;
Instead of bread and wine, there are
Rememberings.

The Centry Magazine

Virginia Stait

SEA SURFACE FULL OF CLOUDS

I

In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And in the morning summer hued the deck

And made one think of rosy chocolate
And gilt umbrellas. Paradisal green
Gave suavity to the perplexed machine

Of ocean, which like limpid water lay.
Who, then, in that ambrosial latitude
Out of the light evolved the moving blooms,

Who, then, evolved the sea-blooms from the clouds
Diffusing balm in that Pacific calm?

C'était mon enfant, mon bijou, mon âme.

The sea-clouds whitened far below the calm
And moved, as blooms move, in the swimming green
And in its watery radiance, while the hue

Of heaven in an antique reflection rolled
Round those flotillas. And sometimes the sea
Poured brilliant iris on the glistening blue.

II

In that November off Tehuantepec
The slopping of the sea grew still one night.
At breakfast jelly yellow streaked the deck

And made one think of chop-house chocolate
And sham umbrellas. And a sham-like green
Capped summer-seeming on the tense machine

Of ocean, which in sinister flatness lay.
Who, then, beheld the rising of the clouds
That strode submerged in that malevolent sheen,

Who saw the mortal massives of the blooms
Of water moving on the water-floor?

C'était mon frère du ciel, ma vie mon or.

The gongs rang loudly as the windy booms
Hoo-hooed it in the darkened ocean-blooms.
The gongs grew still. And then blue heaven spread

Its crystalline pendentives on the sea
And the macabre of the water-glooms
In an enormous undulation fled.

III

In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And a pale silver patterned on the deck

And made one think of porcelain chocolate
And pied umbrellas. An uncertain green,
Piano-polished, held the tranced machine

Of ocean, as a prelude holds and holds.
Who, seeing silver petals of white blooms
Unfolding in the water, feeling sure

Of the milk within the saltiest spurge, heard, then,
The sea unfolding in the sunken clouds?
Oh! C'était mon extase et mon amour.

So deeply sunken were they that the shrouds,
The shrouding shadows, made the petals black
Until the rolling heaven made them blue,

A blue beyond the rainy hyacinth,
And smiting the crevasses of the leaves
Deluged the ocean with a sapphire blue.

IV

In that November off Tehuantepec
The night-long slopping of the sea grew still.
A mallow morning dozed upon the deck

And made one think of musky chocolate
And frail umbrellas. A too-fluent green
Suggested malice in the dry machine

Of ocean, pondering dank stratagem.
Who then beheld the figures of the clouds
Like blooms secluded in the thick marine?

Like blooms? Like damasks that were shaken off
From the loosed girdles in the spangling must.
C'était ma foi, la nonchalance divine.

The nakedness would rise and suddenly turn
Salts masks of beard and mouths of bellowing,
Would—But more suddenly the heaven rolled

Its bluest sea-clouds in the thinking green
And the nakedness became the broadest blooms,
Mile-mallows that a mallow sun cajoled.

V

In that November off Tehuantepec
Night stilled the slopping of the sea. The day
Came, bowing and voluble, upon the deck,

Good clown.... One thought of Chinese chocolate
And large umbrellas. And a motley green
Followed the drift of the obese machine

Of ocean, perfected in indolence.
What pistache one, ingenious and droll,
Beheld the sovereign clouds as jugglery

And the sea as turquoise-turbaned Sambo, neat
At tossing saucers—cloudy-conjuring sea?
C'était mon esprit bâtard, l'ignominie.

The sovereign clouds came clustering. The conch
Of loyal conjuration trumped. The wind
Of green blooms turning crisped the motley hue

To clearing opalescence. Then the sea
And heaven rolled as one and from two
Came fresh transfigurings of freshest blue.

The Dial

Wallace Stevens

URBAINE ON THE PLANETARIUM

Urbaine said that nothing would last,
There on an island, a desert island under the stars.
Rocks that he sat on proved they were fast;
Urbaine said that nothing would last,
Lone on an island, a sandy island, home from the wars.

Urbaine thought of the glittering kings,
Thundering emperors, delicate kings once warm on their
 thrones.

Brabants and Bourbons, Tudors and Mings,
Urbaine thought of the glittering kings:
Lorded their day and counted their bowman; now they are
 bones.

Sagittarius shone in the sky,
Burnished archer irradiate there, aiming his dart.
Urbaine sniffed and held his head high,
 (Sagittarius shone in the sky)
Finding the moons and the circling planets small as his
 heart.

Urbaine laughed at the permanent spheres
Densely aflame, ensnaring the sky in a bright golden mesh
Loudly, forgetting the heat of his years,
Urbaine laughed at the permanent spheres.
There were two answers—taste of old wine and touch of
young flesh.

The Fugitive

Alec Brock Stevenson

TO RODIN

(On seeing one of his statues in a group of Grecian masterpieces)

Smooth-browed they stand, these marble forms of old,
Olympianly serene, without a trace
Of all the throes that won their tranquil grace;
They view mankind with looks aloof and cold.
For though their glorious limbs retain the mould
Of mortal beauty, they admit no place
To struggling imperfection,—every face
A snow-pure height that cloudless beams enfold.

Not so, brave master, was your vision wrought.
That glance of blinded ecstasy has known
The spasms of despair; that breast, still caught
In swathes of rock, still breathes a mighty groan.
There throbs the beauty of a poet's thought
That strains toward God through clinging veils of stone.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Charles Wharton Stork

AUTUMNAL ECSTASY

If my soul were a flower
It would fade.

If my soul were a leaf
It would fall.

If my soul were a splendor of painted skies
It would melt into night.

But because it contains the flower, the leaf, the sky
My soul is greater than these,
And in it they abide,
Unfading, unfalling, unmelting.

And there is an ampler soul, to which mine
Is a flower that not only fades not
But grows eternally,
A leaf that not only falls not
But spreads to wider joy,
A sky that not only melts not
But flames to deeper glory.

The Forum

Charles Wharton Stork

FUNGI

What fascinates first a roving glance in the woods
Is fungi; they're so different, standing out
Like notes or colors in a higher key
Of values. Some are sconces fixed on trunks
Of withered trees, chalk-white against the black—
One wonders what strange candles may be set
By what strange hands to burn there after dark
With elfin phosphorescence. Then there are clumps
Of miniature green, yellow, purple, red,
Or brown pagodas clustered everywhere
About the mouldy roots, like pleasure parks
For Chinese fairies; and the waxen sheaves
Of Indian pipe, so delicately pale.

And yet they live on death. The whole wood lives
On death, but after death has been transformed
Through a wide gamut, has been purged with sun,
Cleansed with cool rain and purified with wind,
Then stored in earth to mellow for new life;

While the fungi—but let them have their due:
Their flaunting colors make the deep star-moss
Look tenderer still, and all the flowers more chaste.
What hints as well the wonder of the big
Essential things, the primal forest art,
Too quiet else to charm a careless eye?

The Yale Review

Charles Wharton Stork

SPRING IN ORIZABA

Those were afternoons!—with chipi-chipi falling,
A dusk of water on the jungle land,
Bringing out the orchids like butterflies in the treetops,
Cooling with lilies the winter-fevered sand.

Was there ever such an insolence of growing
As that green splendor from the canyons profound?—
Uprush of life and leap of white water
And yellow mangos lavished on the ground!

Those were mornings!—when the tuberoses proffered
A thousand silver vases of fragrance to the sun,
When calla lilies held brave congress at the brookside
And the great ivory moonflowers broke one by one.

What nights we knew! Like a red bird nesting
The sun plunged downward through the long banana
frouds,
And there came a darkness perfect as the last will be,
Sudden and blessed on the garden ponds.

Or the moon floating up brought the mother of the moun-
tains
Her whitest jewels till she shone out to sea.
It found wild cotton in the deep barrancas,
Frosted the palm-slopes with unreality.

Nothing in the north will help me to forget it!
Up through the hot-lands higher and swiftly higher,
Was it not life itself that quivered resplendent,
Kindling from its very torch that running green fire?

The New Republic

Marian Storm

VAIN COUNSEL

She is very foolish if she loves a sailor.

In the night a little wind can blow her lids apart,
Or if a norther rattles like a crazy man at the shutters
The hours of his anger drive straight upon her heart.

She is very foolish. Can she read the paper?

The only news she looks for is "The Winds at Sea."
How was it today in the Gulf, the Straits, the Passage?
Does a hurricane wait crouching on the course where
he will be?

There is no more peace for her—she has given the sea a
hostage.

Perhaps she sees a petal on a brooklet in the park
Tossing in jeopardy: she hears without a reason
The horror of a ship's bell clattered in the dark.

She is very foolish. Men there are aplenty

Who carry their umbrellas and like a cosy life.
Why should her heart cry seaward, like a petrel, like a
shearwater?

So she never can become a calm, contented wife.

Shepherds, charcoal burners, mountaineers and sailors

All have watched the sun rise on strange sights alone.
She is very foolish if she loves a sailor,

But she says she never meant to; it happened unbeknown.

The New Republic

Marian Storm

SLAVE OF SONG

Any little lad will say,
If you ask him fair and square,
"A tongue's but to taste with,
Or stick out—if you dare."

Savage voices flinging far
One wild high note;
And a dumb slave tearing
His impotent throat.

Rich wine and sandalwood,
Incense and musk,
And a black girl singing
In the purple dusk;

And a tongueless minstrel
With a gaping mouth;
Crying like a leopard,
Staring fiercely south.

Any little child will tell you;
Ask the first one that you meet,
"Tongue's the thing that says to me,
Sour, salt, or sweet."

The Wanderer

Robert H. Stowell

A SKATER

You who wear battle grey,
Who are a savage thing,
And swoop on the ice like a bird of prey,
How is it your talons so glittering
Draw no blood as they press? . . .
Only loveliness! only loveliness!

The Bookman

Marion Strobel

WOODSMAN

I think you draw out roses on the stem
Just by your love, because you look for them.

So a drab woman, when you look at her
Puts on new leaves where never any were.

No matter how much winter she has seen
Or how much sorrow, you will make her green.

If she should stand a skeleton-tree for years
You would not give her up, for all your fears,

But look at her as if she rustled soft
Multitudes of leaves held lightly up aloft,

Until her branches were an airy flush,
Color of second life, green burning bush.

And if the woman flings her hair, and shakes
Her thin leaves from her—bows her head and takes

The steep path down her roots, to lie as seed
Under the ragged triumph of a weed,

And though her shell grows crooked, cold and brown,
You let her go, and do not cut her down;

You let her go, content that she will come
Up from the earth in hymeneal bloom;

You do not cut her down—though all her sisters wear
Glittering leaves, and she is gaunt and spare.

The Nation

Genevieve Taggard

A PARABLE OF PARADISE

There'll be a glassy paradise
Where all will have their crowns of ice,

And all will wear their robes of snow;
And the trees will bow and the winds will blow—
And men will falter to and fro.

Men will prowl like timid beasts
Hungry after a hundred feasts
And break the bracken down in the woods,
Crash and fret and gaze and spy—
And look for nothing, low and high.

Then they will shiver, and go to sleep . . .

To sleep, to sleep, and toss and sigh—
Sprawled they will mutter where they lie,
And sit up rigid, and wonder why.

They seem to stretch and never wake:
There is a glaze they cannot break
To the world outside or the inner eye;
Oh, how they retch and cannot ache,
Oh, how they try and cannot weep—
And there's nothing to do but shiver and sleep.

This weight of nothingness is more
Than any planet stood before.
Shades and empty clouds will gather
Tons of fret in weight of weather,
Till under the burden of this lack
Obeisant earth will warp and crack,
Open a wound to bleed them terror.

Lava, lava. Slow and thick
Earth oozes, shudders, and is sick.

How they will gape at the molten stone,
Take earth's illness for their own,
And grown . . .

There they will stand, stormed by pain,
The obscene flood, the lewd stain.

Across the glassy zones of ice
Comes the long writhe and the slow hiss,
Sluggish red, the fire's kiss—
Snaky mark in paradise.

And who is this delivers them?
The serpent, yea, the very same
Who was their doom and shame.

Cast down your haughty diadem,
Your paradisal diadem,
Into the lava flame.

Now all the pent-up rivers run
In head-long silence under sun;
And miracle, oh, miracle,
The silver fluid in their veins
Is moving in a miracle:

In them their own volcanoes seethe,
And their bright bodies breathe . . .

And fixedly as in a spell
They watch the serpent writhe, and wreathe
Over the earth, and on to smite
The glassy sea-and the marble, white
Stone sea uplifts a mist of light.

Oh, what marvels they behold:
The mountains settling, fold on fold,
Cliffs that melt, and rivers gold,
And mists like angels rising slowly,
Singing holy, holy, holy.

They are not souls, but flesh at last,
And the rent earth, under the ice,
Dearer than any paradise—
Into the sea their crowns they cast,
Into the air go up their cries,
With joy they rend their snowy guise.

And now they wait, transfixed with awe,
By the white sea—by the red flaw. . . .

*For the poem printed above Miss Taggard has been
awarded second prize in The Nation's Poetry Contest.*

The Nation

Genevieve Taggard

ONLY THE FROST

Good night, good night. And this is warning:
I'll be kind and cold-hearted with you—
I will take you with me any morning
Up the path where this evening we flew
To the lap where we lay in the hills.

There, where the lavish sun spills
To the level of the hollow,
Where the sun-motes flicker and fall
And the flakes of the sparse leaves follow,
When you see the sure sun crawl
Where you saw the huge moon hover
And the swallows go southward, over—
You will wonder you loved me at all!

You will know that you wanted, and made
A girl-lover of moon-shade.
Morning, and the sane light chills
The love, the loved, and the lover;
Why search for the thing lost
On scarlet leaves, under frost?
There is only the frost in the hills!

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post Genevieve Taggard

FIRST EPILOGUE TO OENIA

Whatever I have said to praise
Your wrath for me in better days
Than these, when the toughening grass

Fell tenderer for you to pass,
I say again, but differently,
As a still wind in a winter tree.
Pardon me! if turning over,
In the reminiscence of a lover,
The leaves of a dessicate romance,
I can but wonder if a chance
Invasion of a deathlier look
Than mine began you another book:
I will not wonder the same end
For other books unless you send
Me word, soliciting dry air.

Do you remember how your hair
Contained both ears? It never hid
Them quite, but climbed to a pyramid
More dazzling than superstitious kings
Set in the sand as their playthings.
I think it was not wantonness
Informing a diaphanous dress
That night at the Club, when polite backs
Jazzed to the midnight cordax,
And my veins raced to Seboim—
Not wantonness, but you were slim,
My dear, with a genius I admired
For always being, somehow, tired!

Whatever else, I say your breast
Focussed the witchery of the rest
Of a body dissolved into a thought
If touched too late or lately caught;
So, more than your hair or lapis eye
I remember your breast: does it still lie
Tactual billows on an upper world
Of superior sculpture, whence you hurled
Volcanic innocence and death
Out of the caverns beneath breath?

Oenia! forgive the sentiments
Of a respectful lover, shattered in sense,
Yet sad that the modern bawd, grown dim,
Obscures the hotel cherubim,
Whose red neckties had honored this page
In a hotter, less barbaric age;
So that now the languid stertorous
Pale verses of Propertius,
Or the sapphire corpse undressed by Donne
(Prefiguring Dowson's etymon),
Should shrivel—the apotheosis
Of the next dawn beyond a kiss.

And since helmets of steel bone rind
The great heads of the Numerous Mind,
No glory of your breast and thighs
Shall my poor verses advertise—
Only the dry debility
Of a spent wind in a winter tree.

The Fugitive

Allen Tate

I COULD SNATCH A DAY

I could snatch a day out of the late autumn
And set it trembling like forgotten springs.
There would be sharp blue skies and new leaves shining,
And flying shadows cast by flying wings.

I could take the heavy wheel of the world and break it—
But we sit brooding while the ashes fall,
Cowering over an old fire that blackens,
Waiting for nothing at all.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Sara Teasdale

"SHE WHO COULD BIND YOU"

She who could bind you
 Could bind fire to a wall;
She who could hold you
 Could hold a waterfall;
She who could keep you
 Could keep the wind from blowing
On a warm spring night
 With a low moon glowing

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale.*

EPITAPH

Serene descent, as a red leaf's descending
 When there is neither wind nor noise of rain,
But only autumn air and the unending
 Drawing of all things to the earth again.

So be it, let the snow fall deep and cover
 Al' that was drunken once with light and air.
The earth will not regret her tireless lover,
 Nor he awake to know she does not care.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale.*

ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

Over the downs there were birds flying,
 Far off glittered the sea,
And toward the north the weald of Sussex
 Lay like a kingdom under me.

I was happier than the larks
 That nest on the downs and sing to the sky—
Over the downs the birds flying
 Were not so happy as I.

It was not you, though you were near,
Though you were good to hear and see,
It was not earth, it was not heaven,
It was myself that sang in me.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale.*

THE HOUR

Was it foreknown, was it foredoomed
Before I drew my first small breath?
Will it be with me to the end,
Will it go down with me to death?

Or was it chance, would it have been
Another, if it was not you?
Could any other voice or hands
Have done for me what yours can do?

Now without sorrow and without elation
I say the day I found you was foreknown,
Let the years blow like sand around that hour,
Changeless and fixed as Memnon carved in stone.

Scribner's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

"I SHALL NOT GO BACK"

I shall not go back to the place that I love,
I shall never try to repeat the perfect hour;
I know the past is gone, yet it is safe enough
Even to the small blue six-pointed flower.

They say the earth itself in millions of years
Will drift like fine gray ash that the wind has whipped
and tossed,
And the blackened sun will grope blindly among the
spheres—

But I am not afraid that the things I love will be lost.

Scribner's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

TIRED

If I shall make no poems any more,
There will be rest at least; so let it be.
Time to look up at golden stars, and listen
To the long, mellow thunder of the sea.

The year will turn for me; I shall delight in
All animals and some of my own kind,
Sharing with no one but myself the frosty
And half-ironic musings of my mind.

The Century Magazine

Sara Teasdale

THE FLIGHT

We are two eagles
Flying together
Under the heavens,
Over the mountains,
Stretched on the wind.
Sunlight heartens us,
Blind snow baffles us,
Clouds wheel after us.
Ravelled and thinned.
We are like eagles;
But when Death harries us,
Human and humbled
When one of us goes,
Let the other follow—
Let the flight be ended,
Let the fire blacken,
Let the book close.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Sara Teasdale

TO A SERIOUS LADY

A rare distinction you possess,
A lovely, deep unconsciousness,

For even when you fib to me
In solemn, sweet transparency,
You cannot know the joy I find
In swimming through your limpid mind.
You sit and look me in the eye
And give a lilt to every lie,
A little upward twist and fling,
Which makes untruth a lyric thing:
And when I laugh at you a bit,
You grow quite plaintive over it
And draw a robe of soft distress,
Demurely round you like a dress!

N. Y. Evening Sun

Martha Banning Thomas

ESSENCE

I loved you—beautiful, bizarre:
Wide mouth, live red as poppies are;
Hair black as black-splashed hearts of them;
Slim, slender as a poppy stem;
Nor dreamed till you lay—vivid—dead,
That always I had loved instead
A song—a star.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Ethel Arnold Tilden

BALLAD FOR CAPE HENRY DAY

From Blackwall, hard by London Town, on a bleak De-
cember day,
From Blackwall in the morning, through mists of sodden
gray,
From Blackwall in the morning, the brave ships fell away.

The Susan Constant's mariners
Slipped chain with song and laughter
And cheers for the Discovery,
And the Godspeed, coming after.

(In vain did sullen Philip scowl,
And his high grandees complain,
"These mariners would singe the beard
Of the haughty King of Spain!")

Past Margate sailed the sturdy three,
And Broadstairs was in sight;
Past Ramsgate;—at the shallow Downs
To anchor in the night,—

As wind-driven rain and hale swept in.
"She'll founder in the tide!
In with your topsails, lash the helm!"
Stout Captain Newport cried.

Six days the furious tempest raged,
The wind would not be stayed.
Six days the great seas washed the decks,
And the captain cursed and prayed.

Well might the gentle Robert Hunt
In anguish, hope no more,
And gaze with homesick, longing eyes
At the distant Kentish shore.

And well the doughty Captain Smith
Sighed for the vanished days
When the Lady Tragabigzanda
Sang him amorous Turkish lays,—

For boyhood years in Lincolnshire,
For the crash of wars alarms,
When he won in fight at Regal
Three Turk's heads for his arms.

Though the good ships seemed most foully doomed
To founder with all hands,
Or drive, three derelicts, to sea,
Or wreck on Goodwin sands,

Well known was Newport's seamanship
Wherever sailors roam,
For not in vain, as Raleigh's man,
He brought his Carrack home,—

The great Madre de Dois,
With a fortune in her hold,
Freighted closed to the water line
With silver bars and gold,—

A high and fearless heart beat true
Under his sailor's coat,
And sturdy and undaunted still
He kept his craft afloat

Till the wind died suddenly one night,
And the new day brought the sun,
A flown sheet and a fair wind,
And the voyage well begun,

Oh, well, begun on New Year's Day
To the New World in the west,—
God, and Saint George for England,
And brave men for the rest!

It was April in Virginia
When the mariners touched shore
On such a fair and gracious land
As none had seen before.

For April to Virginia came
As April comes today,
With mocking bird, and cardinal,
With warbler, thrush, and jay,

With jasmine chiming golden bells,
And the laurels all abloom,
And the thrust of the arbutus' scent
Piercing the forest's gloom.

With wild strawberries on the dunes,
And white gulls on the wing,
With earth and sky and sea and sand
Flushed with the tide of spring!

Mariner and adventurer
In silence sank in prayer,
Then built a cross of studry drift
And raised and set it there,—
The cross of a redeeming Christ
Above Cape Henry's sand,—
Well worthy of the Heavenly Sign
They deemed that heavenly land!

Adventurers, adventurers, we know your hopes and fears,
Adventurers, we share your joys and shed your bitter tears,
Adventurers,—and comrades, across three hundred years!

Virginian—Pilot

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

P H I L O S O P H Y

What though the truth may set us free?
Better in bondage to have perished,
Than to have lost eternally
Each dear delusion we have cherished.

Only a fool dsires a knife
To scrape the glamour from his star,
And holds a mirror up to life
To see things as they really are.

So, deaf to disapproving shout,
I clutch my phantoms, bright or dim.
For man grows very cold without
A cloak of dreams to cover him.

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

CHARM

She wields charm
In a setting of charm,

Gifts for illusion:
Tea-gown of geranium,
Spun gold hair; and mouth
A smiling red carnation.

Beyond white pillars
Of her portice
Hover the charming hills—
Deliquescent tints
Of lilac, mauve, and blue.

Fine air and bright sunlight
Lure to autumn-colored paths;
Her minute foot,
Caressed and dressed
With aromatic oil,
Pauses by a stone.

Hid within the radiant corpse
Shs succumbs to her illusion:
Her boyish escot
Possesses pointed ears,
Shaggy thighs, tell-tale tail—
A docile faun!
Will his perplexed, explorative arms
Meet surprise—a faun's image revised?
And will her red laughing mouth
Murmer: "It is nothing—nothing—
Nothing at all! "?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Mark Turbyfill

RIO GRANDE VALLEY

*There's an empty grave in the town of Hidalgo,
And a fiendish snickering down in hell;
For the late-arrival who stirred the ripple
Sits rubbing his eyes. . . .When he awakens. . .well. . .*

North of the Rio Grande the ranchman
Jesus Malgardo, lord of the land:
Longhorn, shorthorn, steer and heifer,
Scores and hundreds bore his brand.

Across the river, neighbor and rival,
Juan Pizarro fared right well;
A thousand fattening head of cattle,
Acres and acres that dip and swell.

Swaggering northward Pancho Villa
Pillaging rides with his horde of thieves.
Jesus Malgardo banters his neighbor:
"He'll make good game of your choicest beeves!

"Corral and drive them across the river.
I'll pasture them while Villa's here.
His robbers gone—then I'll return you
One-half your heads." Juan scratched his ear,

Agreed, coralled, and drove them over.
Two moons later, with Villa gone,
He hurried north when told his neighbor
Had sold the two men's cattle as one.

"Cattle?" sneered Jesus; "you've come for your cattle?
I never so much as heard your name.
Damn and blast you! if you value
Your hide, go back the way you came!"

Juan Pizzaro was not hot-headed,
Nor a man of words, but he felt their sting.
Four days later Malgardo noticed
That all his horses had taken wing.

Half between this bank and the other
An island lies called No Man's Land,
Tangle of brush, mesquite and cactus,
Reached by fording on either hand.

'Twas there they said he'd find his horses—
'Twas there he went. He found—alack—
From a stinging lie a man may stagger;
From a well-aimed shot, no turning back.

Juan, with easy gait and conscience,
Floats the dead man down the ford;
And in the grave he had dug beforehand
He buries him with never a word.

Malgardo (kindly, thoughtful husband)
Had well insured his crafty head;
But the paper was worthless until his body
Should be living proof that he was dead.

His widow rides to the border rangers;
And, having told them what befell,
She makes it clear that if they bring her
Her husband's body 'twill pay them well.

Clouded moon some two days after;
Plashing hoofs in the quiet night;
Scrape of spade and thud of mattock,
And the wan Malgardo comes to light.

Again he's floated across the river,
Towed with a lariat under his chin.
At dawn he lies 'mid burning candles,
Looking as if he were washed of sin.

*There's an empty grave in the town of Hidalgo;
And a swarm of devils down in hell
Caterwaul, croak to the late-arrival
Who just awoke: "Any cows to sell?"*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Albert Edmund Trombly

TO A CHILD WITH EYES

Footprints now on bread or cake
Merely are what a mouse can make,

You cannot open any door
 And find a brownie on the floor,
 Or, in the window where he went,
 A fork, a spoon, a finger-dent.
 Farmers climbing from the mow
 Surprise no imp beneath a cow—
 Milking madly! Breakfast bells
 Are never tinkled from dry wells,
 The commonwealth is gone that shut
 Its felons in a hazel-nut.
 Forests are no longer full
 Of fairy women who can pull
 A leaf around them, and can dance
 Upon the very breath of plants.
 River-rocks are bare of men
 Who wring their beards and dive again. . . .
 Is there nothing left to see?
 There is the squirrel. There is the bee.
 There is the chipmunk on the wall,
 And the first yellow every fall.
 There is the humming bird, the crow.
 There is the lantern on the snow.
 There is the new-appearing corn.
 There is the colt a minute born . . .
 Run and see, and say how many—
 There are more if there is any!

The Measure, A Magazine of Poetry Mark Van Doren

BIG MARE

The grass is deep in the field, and her four legs
 Sink out of sight. She plunges lazily on
 To a fresh circle, whence she lifts her head
 And looks across the fences to the barn.
 No voice from there, no swing of any door.
 She lowers her nose to the ground, but suddenly shifts,
 Looks up again, and stares into the quiet.

Yesterday, and so long as she remembers,
At this good hour there sounded a shrill cry:
"Here, Chunk! Here, Chunk! Here, Chunk!" and two thin
arms

Were waved from a dark opening in the wall.
Now nothing; so she feeds until the sun
Comes cooler over the meadow, and starts home.
Her feet trample on clover, and her breast
Moves with superfluous might against the weeds.
She plows across the creek and through the gap,
Is half-way up the hillside; still no shout,
No corn upon an aged, trembling hand.
She hesitates, as if the barn were gone,
Had never been just here, and gazes long
At the half-opened door, then stumbles through.
Some stranger has thrown nubbins in the box;
Her salt is there, the timothy is down.
She munches, while no words are in her nostrils;
No feet in boots too big for them clump by.

The weak old man who never failed has failed.
Yet foolish whisperings, not of the hay, are heard:
Spidery ghosts of fingers now caress her,
Swiftly over a shoulder, down a flank,
Smoothing, smoothing her mane till evening is night.
Does a plain mare remember? And how long?
To-morrow will come a slap and a careless whistle.
To-morrow will come a boy. Is she to forget?

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doran

STONE

As I drove by a pasture, under the sun,
I saw a rough gray stone at the farther side
Get up and walk. It was a withered woman,
And she was gathering mullein leaves; for soon
She stooped again, and was remade a stone.

Suppose her, then, a stone, and what the loss?
Granting that sound was frozen in those ears,
Within, more deep, in many lurking-places
Echoes were piping of a long-past laughter,
Barking of some one's dog, a carriage wheel,
Slamming of doors in a night-risen wind,
Sullen response of husband, croon of child.
Stones are not inhabited at the core.
There were two eyes, in a thick-wrinkled skin,
That fixed a mullein plant and plucked it up,
Or sent five fingers to surround it, so—
Fingers that rubbed the softness and remembered
Velvet and down, or once a horse's nose.
Granting the eyes' dead luster, yet within
Day floated, as it floats beyond old windows;
And memories were infinite as motes.
Her tongue, perhaps, anticipated tea;
Her throat already twitched to take it down;
Already, under her bonnet, she was back
Warming her oven carefully for the bread.
Both here and there she sat. By its own thought
Can a rock rest upon another hill?
In certain veins the blood ran thinly now,
And once tormented nerves were lying dead,
Yet only seemed to die. Thy still could throb;
Along their shrunken valleys still might race
The current from a womb that once was full.
And were that single daughter to return,
Be seen across the pasture, coming slow,
This palate would be suddenly stung with fire,
These bowels would ache to ashes. Were she stoned,
I countered, she would never be consumed.
But when could she have learned that she was stone?

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doran

CROW

A hundred autumns he has wheeled
Above this solitary field.
Here he circled after corn
Before the oldest man was born.
When the oldest man is dead,
He will be unsurfeited.
See him crouch upon a limb
With his banquet under him.
Here the echo of his caw
Give the skirting forest law.
Down he drops, and struts among
The rows of supper, tassel-hung.
Not a grain is left behind
That his polished beak can find.
He is full; he rises slow
To watch the evening come and go.
From the barren branch, his rest,
All is open to the west;
And the light along his wing
Is a sleek and oily thing.
Past an island floats the gaze
Of this ancientest of days.
Green and orange and purple dye
Is reflected in his eye.
There is an elm-tree in the wood
Where his dwelling-place has stood
All the hundreds of his years.
There he sails and disappears.

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doran

SPRING THUNDER

Listen. The wind is still,
And far away in the night—
See! The uplands fill
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm,
And where the sky was clear—
Look! The head of a storm
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge—
Fast, although you fumble. . . .
There! Did you hear the edge
Of winter crumble?

The Nation

Mark Van Doran

AT PARTING

There's a place I must go when my songs are done,
Where there's only sea and the sinking sun.

And it's not a hill where I would lie,
Or in any valley under the sky.

There's a place where I must go when life is through,
A grave's a grave and it's not for two.

Steer your course where the last reefs are—
And sail till you come to a star!

Contemporary Verse

Harold Vinal

ISLAND BORN

My mother loved the way of ships that go,
Out to sea, their prows against the foam,
She loved the way of ocean mews and so,
It was not strange an island was my home,
Or that I cried first in an island house,
Or in a sea town sought my earliest words,
My mother loved the drizzling of boughs,
She loved the crying of out-going birds.
My mother's folk have many things to tell,
Of vessels that went by the village Inn,

Of tugs and freighters and the lighthouse bell,
The talk of seamen when the fog is in.
My mother loved reefs where the breakers foam—
It was not strange an island was my home.

Contemporary Verse

Harold Vinal

SECOND MOWING

I

A swish of scythes goes running through the field,
A shrill of voices where the reapers pass,
The wind moves the green flavor of the grass,
The clover goes to dust, the young stalks yield.
Up goes a flight of birds in a long file,
Dry dandelion seed by the brook's edge,
A ripple of wind sifts through the sultry hedge,
The swishing scythes are silent for a while.
Beyond the fences sour apples fall,
And torpid thistles wilt on the hill's brow,
Red surrants wither by the pasture wall,
And bees are lean with sudden hunger now.
Low geese go over crying for a lake
Of water and the very meadows ache.

II

At this time shall new trees forget to sprout
Upon a hill and sap forget to stir,
Smooth bees grow weary of and endless whir
Over the orchards and a slim lad's shout
End by the frothy pool, dull butterflies
Sink to the mown hay and spiders in the trees
Leave their webs dangling shabbily in the breeze,
And weeds brittle along the pasturesides.
Young girls cease singing and the inky crows
Go down the pastures and the bull frogs stifle

Their croaking by the banks and the winds rifle
The hush in the solid woods when a day goes.
Sweethearts move to the meadow end and sit
By the water there nor care to look at it.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

SPEAK TO THE EARTH

Speak to the Earth and the Earth shall teach thee,
Thou shalt see the glory of thy God
Made manifest through Life, life born in death,
The seed that was precursor of the tree,
The flaming rose that sprang from out the sod,
The grasses green that sway with every breath,
All teach of God.

Speak to the Earth and the Earth shall teach thee,
The tumbled rocks that mark the Eon's urge,
The cataracts that wash the mountain's side,
Yea, the darkened caverns of the sea,
The mighty billows with their restless surge,
The untamed hells that in earth's bowels hide,
All teach of God.

Speak to the Earth and the Earth shall teach thee,
The mole, that is sightless burrows deep and far,
The troubled beasts who homing go to caves,
The insect life and animalcule free
Whose worldly gates but microscopes unbar,
The fish that swim beneath the glassy waves,
All teach of God.
O, foolish man, thou brother to the clod,
Born of the Earth and by its bounties blest,
How canst thou in thy petty soul deny
The evidence on earth of Him, our God?
For Life is but His final Thought expressed,
And men of mortal clay,—yea, you and I,
All teach of God.

Boston Transcript

Charles L. H. Wagner

THE WILDERNESS

God!—What a forsaken place,
Nothing but trees,
Ghost trees, scrub oak
And rugged pine,
With an awful stillness everywhere,
No sound but the wind
As it swipes the bark
Of naked limbs,
And I am alone,
Alone
In this God's great wilderness,
Alone!

I looked at the stars,
Oh, the world seemed small,
I stooped to drink at the brook
And the white-faced moon
Laughed,—laughed at me
In its depths;
Yet I am brave, —still
I shuddered,—
It was the skull of the Universe
Leering at me,
At me!

God!—What a forsaken place,
Hell's heaven to this,
There's a jagged knife in my back
Tearing my soul,
And no man is near;
'Tis fear,
Damnable fear;
Fear of the Silence,
Of the great immensity
Of nothingness;
My fear.

Yes,—this is God's wilderness;
Why did I leave the beaten path?
Venturesome fool that I am,
Even the trees take shape
And taunt me;
What's that you say
Yon crooked, gnarled oak?
God has no wilderness
Save in my heart
And in the hearts of men
Like me.

God has no wilderness
Save in my heart?
If this be true
Then am I indeed a fool;
I looked again at the stars
And they sang,
They sang to me,
And the moon smiled
And kissed my eyes,
And lo! the gnarled oak
Was God!

Boston Transcript

Charles L. H. Wagner

A HIDDEN RHYTHM

There is a hidden rhythm
In an hour like this,
When eyes meet eyes
Across a deep abyss,
When lips tear words
Like petals from a flower
To let them fall
In quick staccato shower.
Our shadows blend and part,
The wall is bright again;

The tapping of your fingers
Is the dripping of the rain;
The fire leaps high
And sinks into itself;
Flame lights the face
Of the clock on the shelf.
And the hour is done,
You must go away—
I cannot break the rhythm
On a whispered, "Stay!"

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Eda Lou Walton

WITHOUT FIGURES

I will write a poem
Without figures.
I will tell how a tree
Is beautiful
Because it is a tree;
How the sunset sky
Is beyond words,
Being pure color.
I will cry
How mountains are exalted high
Into clouds
Only as mountains may be;
How night on earth,
On sea—
And day—
(In spite of all that poets may say)
Have but the dignity,
The loveliness
God gave them.
And lastly I'll confess
How even your hands,
Touching me,
Are not like apple-petals falling,

Nor blue rain,
Nor children at prayer,
Nor again
Like low insistent calling
Of thunder,
Nor like to anything life holds
Of ancient wonder,
Save your hands
Touching me.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Eda Lou Walton

PROUD SHANTIES

Shanties, silvering themselves along the beaches,
Like heaps of old shells that the tide washes in,
The coarse grasses and the sea-gull's screeches
And the sound of the sea have scraped thin.
Shanties are sure that they are shells when sunset-tinted,
Or filmed by fog in an opalescent swirl—
And in moonlight, when every grain of sand is glinted,
It's plain that they feel capable of pearl.

The New Republic

Winifred Welles

THIS DELICATE LOVE

This delicate love of mine is nothing rare—
Its fragile, angular graces
All simple, delicate grasses share
That live in crowds in common places.

All homely fields are full of what I give!
The frailest fibers of my longing,
Silken and fine and sensitive,
Through the broad clods go thronging.

Compared to love like mine the durable rose
Of a vivid love should last like leather,
The lily-bud's coarse crotch enclose
A cream kept sweet in any weather.

Unsafe for stores, too flimsy for a flame,
This love yet thirsts and thrives, and passes—
This usual love—exquisitely the same
As one straight stem amid a blur of grasses.

The New Republic

Winifred Welles

ACTUAL WILLOW

Once when I looked at willows, I would say,
"Thin-fingered women are underneath that hair!"
Or, at the close of a quieter day,
A flock of tall birds would seem standing there
On single legs, heads tucked in for the night
Under gray-green plumage—
"Willow, willow is the note
If roots turn claws, and boughs go up in flight!"
Or, "A river-woman with a long white throat
Will come if I call 'Willow!' "

So I would say

When I looked at the willows once—But today,
The actual willow, the fact of a tree
Seems fanciful and beautiful enough for me.

The New Republic

Winifred Welles

CLUMP OF GRASS

That's a merciless name to call
Ten grasses standing by themselves,
With flowers so ethereal
They would not make a grove for elves,
Becomes a vase, veined with their glass—
With stems between whose slightness air
A scythe were less for them to bear
Than to be called a clump of grass.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Winifred Welles

LACE SHROUD

I promise that in death
I shall float out as lost
As though I rode my breath
Upon the midnight frost.

Oh cold and small and still
My angel host will be,
As if across the sill
A bird had come for me.

Though hanging in the snow
His trumpet made of glass,
You will not hear him blow,
You will not see me pass.

But on the pane his claw
With crystal in its tip,
Precise and clear will draw
The map of my white trip.

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry Winifred Welles

THIS QUIET DUST

Here in my curving hands I cup
This quiet dust; I lift it up.

Here is the mother of all thought;
Of this the shining heavens are wrought,
The laughing lips, the feet that rove,
The face, the body, that you love:
Mere dust, no more, yet nothing less,
And this has suffered consciousness,
Passion, and terror, this again
Shall suffer passion, death, and pain.

For, as all flesh must die, so all,
Now dust, shall live. 'T is natural;
Yet hardly do I understand—

Here in the hollow of my hand
A bit of God Himself I keep,
Between two vigils fallen asleep.

The Century Magazine

John Hall Wheelock

NOON: AMAGANSETT BEACH

Glory—glory to God in the highest—and on earth
Glory! The everlasting sun
Has laid his hand upon the harp-string, with the music
of his mirth
Heaven and ocean are one chord, in unison.

He has spoken—he has spoken—from his midmost throne
In the blue hollow of noon he has spoken! Heaven **has**
heard

The sound of the song of his shining; he has made known
To listening space his wonder, and revealed his word—

Who sheds his light upon the earth, and upon the dark
place,

Light! And upon the waters of the sea,
Light! O Father, pour down thy light upon me—touch my
face!

Hallow me, my Father—even me.

Here, where the long ranges of the dunes roll
Their tawny billows to the south and to the north, and
against the sky

Flutters the pale sea-grass, fresh is the wind—and the
whole

Clear hollow of heaven is full of the wine of thy glory,
even as I.

The waves curve upward—they fail—they fall,
Dragging, dragging along the dim sea-reach
The heavy hem of the garments of the waters; rhythmical,
rhythmical

Is the rustle of the sea's robe upon the beach.

Along the shallows, along the far shore-line
They burst in thunder and light—where the gray shingles gleam
The tongue of the foam is a tongue of fire: the hollows
of the breakers shine,
Darken—and are shattered as a dream.

But out where the further waters have their sleep,
On the pale meadows of ocean, on the barren fields and bare
That the sea-bird wanders, that the sea-wind wanders—on
the illimitable Deep.
Silence. The silence of the immensity is like a prayer.

Interminable—interminable—interminable—the void sea,
The many ways, the many waves. In the huge round
Of the sorrowful heavens, in the hushed vacancy,
No voice . . . Vastness without bound.

This is my heart's country. These lonely lands
Are one with my wild, lonely heart; these winds and waves that roam
Old, desolate ways forever—they are one with me—these
sterile sands
And bitter waters. Here is my heart's home.

Amid these large horizons and spaces that she loves
My spirit's thought, on lorn adventurings
And inconsolable quests intent, endlessly moves—
And spreads upon the eternal solitude her fleeting wings:

Even as a sea-bird on the changless, changing
Pale pastures lost, as a sea-bird on the wild waste
astray,
Searching the everlasting reaches—failing—faltering—
like a sea-bird ranging,
Wandering, wandering the wide way.

Loneliness—loneliness forever. Dune beyond dune
Stretches the infinite loneliness—pale sand and pale sea-
grass,

Pale beaches, mile upon mile. In the immensity of noon
A hawk moves upon the wind. Clouds darken, and
pass . . .

The sound of the breathing of the sea is hushed, on the
far shore

Her robe lies fallen; the white waves, one by one,
Subside into slumber, and cease into slumber: from the
blue vault to the blue floor

Heaven is a shining room filled full of the sun.

He hallows the waters. The benediction of his light is shed
Upon the proud waters. Emerald—turquoise—chryso-
prase

Glitter the waters! The garment of his glory is spread
Upon the everlasting waters, upon the everlasting ways.

The Outlook

John Hall Wheelock

STRANGENESS

This is the gift:

to see strange faces
Flash with a light that is old as death,
Old as time, and new as a kiss,
This is the glory . . . love is this.

This is the gift:

in far strange places
To find new life familiar as breath;
Strangeness in budded leaves at dawn;
In blue-veined rocks by the culvert side;
In the curious-handed craftsmanship
Of virgin frost where the grasses dip
To the brook that has gone whispering on
All through the night with quiet pride;

In April sun on breakfast plates
A dream of the timeless Orient,
Where before our world began
There was light and there was man—
A dateless dream, while the bacon waits
The flash of a fork — an elbow bent.

This is the gift:

When shadows fall
Answerless and very still,
To know in a bright brief candle flame
The flashing strangeness still the same
As that which struck the eyes of Saul
When God shone on a little hill.

The Forum

Hal Saunders White

CITIES

Jerusalem is like a tower in the East;
The name lifts upward like a soaring cry;
It is a banner flung against a darkened sky;
A broken feast.

Dead Babylon is porphyry and old wine;
Spent lust made gorgeous like a poisoned rose;
A princess of the royal blood, who goes
To lay her offerings on a tainted shrine.

Biskra is like a silver moth, and Capri tells
Of sapphire sky and water, and pink shells.
Palermo is a sculptured dream, and Thebes a cry
To heedless centuries hurrying by:
"You will not stay, as we stayed, to grow old;
This awful head was Pharaoh—behold!"

Tyre goes wrapped in purple like a king.
Old thoughts in lavender exhale a breath,

Through long and beautiful remembering,
That spell the name of Nazareth.
Some towns are fountains; some are wells;
Seville is music; Delhi smells
Of musty fabrics sewn with gold,
And very old.
And there are ruined cities, half forgot,
That fell before the Vandal and the Goth,
And one there was that bred Iscariot—
Accursed of all the ages—Kerioth.

Mary Brent Whiteside

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

PAWNBROKERS

God bless pawnbrokers!
They are quiet men.
You may go once—
You may go again—
They do not question
As a brother might;
They never say
What they think is right;
They never hint
All you ought to know;
Lay your treasure down,
Take your cash and go,
Fold your ticket up
In a secret place
With your shaken pride
And your shy disgrace,
Take the burly world
By the throat again—
God bless pawnbrokers!
They are quiet men.

The Bookman

Marguerite Wilkinson

OCTOBER GRAVEYARD

Here, where the decorous corpses lay,
 With decent labels at the head,
Monotonous in green array,
 A flaming mutiny has spread.
Where proper mourners knelt to pray
 The dying dance upon the dead.

Yet the misshapen moon shall white
 The scarlet to a silver shift,
And the late traveller's throat grew tight
 To see pale, tortured vapors lift,
And hear vague rustlings in the night,
 Where ashen leaves descend and drift.

Contemporary Verse

Caroline Crosby Wilson

THE BIRTH TOKENS

(Variation on a theme from Menander.)

This is the place and we will leave him here
In the deep valley; when the sun is high
Some warmth may reach him;
That were good;
Still better should
Some kindly shepherd find him;
Who can say?
Even a wolf may yield him food.
Nature is rich in resource and in care;
He will not die;
So place the tokens with him there
And come away.

.

Now we have laid upon his lips a song
Whose melody for him is all;

Whose words but names shall not comprehend
Of objects in a dream,
Poor symbols without an end
That drift and fall
And sweep like leaves along
The music of a stream.

And we have bound a book upon his brow
Whose signs he shall not understand,
Though heaven and earth have set their hand
Unto it and their wisdom given;
But neither earth nor heaven
Shall witness to another theme
That he shall trace below
The image and the pattern, nor declare
How all its lines are fair. . . .

. Sound
Are still his slumbers; look again;
How like a blossom on the ground
He lies!
Yet though the earth shall strain
His being to her breast
And pour her life through every vein
And lift her beauty to his eyes,
He shall not be her own:
Some day the tokens will be found;
His history known, his lineage guessed.

The Freeman

Anne Goodwin Winslow

THREE CHARACTERS

In an old garden, long and long ago,
There sat a man and watched the beasts at play;
Full marvellous were they,
Of every colour that the eye doth know,
Both dark and fair;

And each intent
On his own will in his own element.
Cruel and soft and wild;
Untaught of fear and unbeguiled
By human touch,
They all were there and all were innocent.
Long time he watched them for they pleased him much,
And every one the same.
Surely—he said—t’would be a pleasant thing
To know this kingdom where I sit, a king;
Now will I give them each a name;
And whatsoever he the beasts did call,
That were they, one and all,
Nor wist
That in the garden sat a scientist. . . .
And ages passed, and this first man was gone;
And then another came.
He came with music; a rude harp was slung
Across his shoulder; he had on
A crown of little leaves.
The song he sung
Was like the wind that grieves
Along the shore—
Was soft as love.
What ailed the sea
That fled before
That minstrelsy?
What ailed the rivers to turn back
Their ancient flood,
The steadfast hills to move;
The trees and all their forest brood
To follow in his track?
Now has the serpent left her young;
The parded lion left his prey;
So changed are they. . .
For such is their captivity
Who hear the song of evil and of good;
Who heed the music of morality.

The third was different from these:
He had no certain names to call
The movement and the magic of the earth;
He had no will to change its loveliness;
No way to love it less.
The trees,
That seemed not trees, with all
The wildness of their hair unbound,
Were not more rooted in the ground
Than he; and of his blood and birth
Was the bright multitude
Of forms in stream and wood.
For this he wore a fawn skin, and his rod
Was wound around
With ivy and his head was crowned
With purple clusters, and he trod
In ways all drunk with beauty—like a god.
Though he was but a poet, it may be:
Such facile, sweet divinity
Is theirs who dream in nature's deep embrace,
And see
In their own heart her face.

The Freeman

Anne Goodwin Winslow

THE SON

When Jesus was a child, did people say,
"Oh, yes, I talked that way when I was young"?
Did Joseph storm and Mary maybe pray
Repentance for his keen irreverent tongue?
And all the bearded elders of the land,
Did they not urge diplomacy and tact,
And tell Him one could make a *stronger* stand
By not mistaking pleasing dreams for *fact*?

They must have wagged imposing Jewish chins
In such disapprobation of that youth

That all His playmates shuddered at His sins,
While one gray crony—laying down the truth,
Predicted God would punish Him and send
The gallows, or the cross, or some bad end.

The Nation

Robert Wolfe

OPEN OCEAN

We two who found the haven snug and safe—
The riding faultless, sheltered, pleasant, warm,
Learn now at last how any rope must chafe,
And put to sea again and face the storm.
Knowing no separate ports at which we touch
Can ever equal this, or offer more,
We know as well, at last, that vessels such
As we were not intended for the shore.

The danger is not small—we count the cost
Of climbing tide and wave, of seeing sail
Across the water, vanishing and lost,
The other—to be swallowed in the gale.
But we are built of too imperious stuff
To rank this harbor-happiness enough.

The Nation

Robert L. Wolfe

TO HIS MARE

My girl has legs as slim and straight
As tule-rushes are.
Her eyes are lovely things to see
And always look afar.
Her little pointed restless ears,
Her haunches keen and strong—
My mare, my mare, my Betsey mare,
She's worth a bit of song.
Her nose is as soft as a women's breast,

Her tail a cloud by night,
Her nostrils filed with morning fire—
A swallow in her flight.
Her feet are shod with the West Wind,
Her neck a bended bow;
And all my sins are left behind
When I dare to let her go.

THE WATER-HOLE

I'd rather lie on my rye-grass bed
Where the sun fights with the willow,
My saddle underneath my head,
My blanket for a pillow,
Than on the silk of palaces.
On the rye-grass let me lie,
Amid the desert quietness,
The bigness of the sky.
I'd rather lie on the dry rye-grass
Than the softest bed of all—
By the water-hole, where the cattle pass,
The magpies scream and call;
Chewing my soul as a cow her cud,
With not a word or sound—
The sky above, and the desert flood
Of silence all around.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

KING'S RANSOM

About the Emperor's thumb revolving,
Mouthed by Manchu's enameled dragon;
Upon the damasked barge, dissolving
Within the deep Egyptian flagon;

Downcast before the swine by Circe;
Poised between double diamond prisms;
Clipped by the horse-shoe nail that hearsay
Declares a cure for rheumatisms;

If the artificer be a Vulcan
Or microscopical Cellini
To set an eyeball for a falcon
Or carve a button for a genie,—

And whether cupped in gold or copper,
In frigid silver or the burly
Embrace of bronze; stained by the upper
Cloud colors, or profound sea-pearly,—

Whether consuming or congealing
In fire or salt, O never shall you
Find an enchantment for concealing
This little moon's enormous value!

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

THE INNOCENTS

When the cock in the dish
Crew "Christus natus est!"
I saddled a wish
And rode from the west.

The ditches were piled
With young children dying:
I saw Herod's child
In a gold cradle lying.

At high white noon
In a tower turned south;
A silver spoon
Was in the child's mouth.

It was bright as a candle
And heavy as lead:
Carved on the handle
Was John Baptist's head.

I climbed like a cat;
I stole the metal;
I hammered it flat
To a silver petal.

I curled the leaf
To a silver bell
To echo the grief
Of Israel.

The dead were dumb
But it spoke for them:
By night I was come
To Bethlehem.

Mary's mantle
Covered the Christ:
With myrrh and santal
His hair was spiced.

I kissed the ground
Where the gold was tossed:
The bell made a sound
Like a young child lost.

"This bell is a bird
Or a shaken bud;
It speaks a word
The color of blood.

"This bell is a cup
Or a thorny cap . . ."
The Christ sat up
In Mary's lap.

"O take this bell
And stifle its breath,
For Israel
Is tired of death.

"When Herod's boy
Lies broken and dying,
Give him this toy
To quiet his crying."

The New Republic

Elinor Wylie

ROMANTIC

1

Roses that lift their snowy eyelids,
Green voices calling,
And a bell;
And the returning wings
To spring.
Stay, summer, summer, come not yet—
The bell is more than the church,
The song than the nest,
And the cry of desire
More than all that follows.

2

The wind lifts the leaves in the court
Like passing flames,
It flings them against the window where we sit.

Like honey are your brooding eyes,
Filled with summer and the sun,
White rain,
And soft skies at the close of day.

Where is their home, where in the far-away?
My heart is broken with your peace
And with your tenderness,
Dark with your golden light, shaken with your stillness.

The wind shudders and dies
Upon the infinite, transient night.

3

Thou art as alabaster filled with wine
Wherein the sun of summer shineth through,
Tinged with the sound of bees when the rich vine
Shakes down its garlands in the diamond dew.

Thou art a gleaming saint amid the trees
Whereon the holy moonlight lieth white,
In some old garden where the centuries
Trail their dark mantle in the silent night.

And songs of lovers dead long since I hear,
Of them whose dearest joy was touched with pain;
And if I had or had thee not, it were,
O Life in Life, O Saint and Shrine, in vain.

The New Republic

Stark Young.

FOR A WAYSIDE INSCRIPTION

Traveller, who goest on this western road
That runs beyond the sunset and the hills,
A lover asks thee this: When thou dost come
Unto the river, where the pine tree stands,
There at the ford, beside the happy waves;
Whether the sun or stars be mirrored there,
And thou gone forth or nearing thy sweet home,
Make thou this prayer—May the hard fates be kind
To one whose fairest days were here, who once

Along these lovely sands beneath the moon
Walked with the love that now is false to him.
Then pause to hear his sigh among the leaves.

The New Republic

Stark Young

ELEGIES OVER JOHN REED

THEY BURY HIM IN THE KREMLIN

Into the sad cold heart
Of sleeping Russia they laid
The dreamer from the West
Among the buried Tsars of ancient Muscovy.

No holy candles burnt
There in that ancient place.
No long-haired priest
Spoke three times the blessings for the dead.

But with uncomprehending eyes
Slowly filed in
The peasants and soldiers of the new order.
Over their comrade from the west
They lifted their red flags.
This was their benediction!

Where the Old Tsars lay
In winding-sheets of gold brocade
They left the high adventurous heart
Asleep among the old shadows.

And from the hearts of the dead a whisper ran
And the graves of the old church opened and spoke:
"Who comes here to lie at our side?"
And the heart of the dead man spoke
To the dead hearts, telling
Of the new Russia and the new desolation.

Ivan the hated stirs
From his broken rest.
Katerina the lustful ceases
To dream of her dead lovers.
Boris the slain, Feodor the saint,
And the young Tsaritsas stir
In their golden shrouds.
Piotr the eager stirs:
"What was the sound I heard
Down in my grave today,
What was the scarlet flash
That came between sleep and my dead eyes?"

Said the vaults of the old church:
"He came with a scarlet flash,
With new voices, with a new song.
With new banners and a new cry."

SONG OF THE SCARLET BANNER

New York, with your loud noise
And hurrying hurried heart,
Moan him. Chicago, loud,
Blatant, with laughter, seek
Him who was once your son.
But he heard a new song, he
Followed a new star, heard
A strange voice luring him.

And ever the old bells tolled
A requiem for that high
Lonely adventurous soul.

THE ELEGY OF THE KREMLIN BELLS

Peace to the quiet dead
And the unquiet soul—
Great peace from feet to head
While floods of time shall roll!

Far from your shouting West,
Here shall this sorrowed land
Take you to her dreaming breast,
And love and understand.

Let the old bells toll,
That long have tolled for sorrow.
Peace to your lonely soul
And Russia's glad tomorrow!

Chorus

"Place over him a stone
And write with a soft sigh,
*For people not my own
I laid me down to die.*"

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Marya Zaturensky

Part II

Yearbook of American
Poetry

Abbreviations

<i>Al. Well</i>	All's Well
<i>Am. Mercury</i>	American Mercury
<i>Am. Poetry</i>	American Poetry Magazine
<i>Amer. Heb.</i>	The American Hebrew
<i>Atlantic</i>	The Atlantic Magazine
<i>Argosy</i>	Argosy All-Story Weekly
<i>Bard</i>	The Country Bard
<i>B'nai B'rith</i>	The B'nai B'rith News
<i>Bost. Trans.</i>	Boston Evening Transcript
<i>Cath. World</i>	The Catholic World
<i>Ch. Cent.</i>	The Christian Century
<i>C. S. Mon.</i>	The Christian Science Monitor
<i>Ch. Herald</i>	The Christian Herald
<i>Chi. Post</i>	Chicago Evening Post
<i>Cong'st</i>	The Congregationalist
<i>Cont. V.</i>	Contemporary Verse
<i>C. S. Jour.</i>	Christian Science Journal
<i>Circle</i>	The Circle: A Journal of Verse
<i>Cin. T-S</i>	The Cincinnati Times-Star
<i>C. Woman's</i>	The Club Woman's Magazine
<i>Chi. Lit. Times</i>	Chicago Literary Times
<i>Cross-Cur</i>	Cross Currents
<i>Cont.</i>	Continent
<i>Cos.</i>	Cosmopolitan
<i>Det. Sat. N.</i>	The Detroit Saturday Night
<i>De Pauw</i>	The De Pauw Magazine
<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i>	The Double Dealer
<i>Em. Quar.</i>	The Emerson Quarterly
<i>Forum</i>	The Forum Magazine
<i>Gently, Bro.</i>	Gently, Brother
<i>Fgte</i>	The Fugitive
<i>Four</i>	Four, A Quarterly
<i>Gd. Hskpg</i>	Good Housekeeping
<i>Granite M.</i>	The Granite Monthly
<i>Gld. Pnr.</i>	The Guild Pioneer
<i>Gypsy</i>	The Gypsy
<i>Har. D. C.</i>	Hartford Daily Courant
<i>Ind. Univ. Alum.</i>	Indiana University
<i>Lar.</i>	The Lariat
<i>Led. Dis.</i>	The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch
<i>Lin. Lore</i>	Lincoln Lore
<i>Lit. R.</i>	The Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post

<i>Lit. World</i>	The Literary World
<i>Lad. H. J.</i>	The Ladies' Home Journal
<i>L'Alouette</i>	L'Allouette, A Magazine of Verse
<i>Liv. Ch.</i>	The Living Church
<i>Lyric</i>	The Lyric (Norfolk)
<i>Lyric West</i>	The Lyric West (Los Angeles)
<i>M. A. M.</i>	Milwaukee Arts Monthly
<i>Mag'at</i>	The Magnificat
<i>Mdn. Rev.</i>	The Modern Review
<i>Measure</i>	The Measure, A Journal of Verse
<i>Min.</i>	The Minaret
<i>N. W. Ry. Mag.</i>	North Western Ry. Magazine
<i>National</i>	National Magazine
<i>New Rep.</i>	The New Republic
<i>N. Y. T. B. Rev.</i>	N. Y. Times Book Review
<i>No. Am. Rev.</i>	North American Review
<i>Ocon. Ent.</i>	Oconomowoc Enterprise
<i>Oklahoman</i>	The Daily Oklahoman
<i>Outlook</i>	The Outlook
<i>Per'st.</i>	The Personalist
<i>Pic. Rev.</i>	The Pictorial Review
<i>Poetry</i>	Poetry, A Magazine of Verse
<i>Palms</i>	Palms, A Magazine of Poetry
<i>Parnassus</i>	Parnassus, A Magazine of Poetry
<i>Poet. Rev.</i>	The Poetry Review
<i>Rd. Bk.</i>	The Red Book
<i>Revr.</i>	The Reviewer (Richmond)
<i>S. At. Qr.</i>	The South Atlantic Quarterly
<i>Smt. Set.</i>	The Smart Set
<i>South. Lit.</i>	The Southern Literary Magazine
<i>Sur. Grphc.</i>	The Survey Graphic
<i>Scroll</i>	The Poet's Scroll
<i>Seattle W.</i>	The Seattle Woman
<i>Step. Lad.</i>	The Step Ladder
<i>T. Tales</i>	Telling Tales
<i>Tex. Rev.</i>	The Texas Review
<i>V. Pilot</i>	Norfolk Virginian-Pilot
<i>Voices</i>	Voices, A Journal of Verse
<i>Wand.</i>	The Wanderer
<i>Wld. Tmrow.</i>	The World Tomorrow
<i>Wrtrs M.</i>	The Writers' Monthly
<i>Yale Rev.</i>	The Yale Review
<i>Yale Lit.</i>	The Yale Literary Magazine
<i>Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.</i>	Year Book of the Poetry of South Carolina

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- BOGAN, LOUISE—A Girl to Juan, *Measure*, May, '24
 The Catalpa Tree, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- BOLL, HELENE M.—Joy, *McClure's*, Nov. '23
 Twilight, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Fire, *Parnassus*, No. 2, '23
 Credo, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 The Birth of a Thought, *Parnassus*, No. 4
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 Close at My Heart, *Parnassus*, No. 4
- BORLAND, ETHELYN BOURNE—Confession,
Overland, Feb., '24
 The Hour of My Delight, *Overland*, Jun., '24
- BORLAND, MARY—The Bowl, *Forum*, Nov., '23
 Petra, the Lost City, *Forum*, Mar., '24
 Loneliness; You Led Me, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
- BORST, BEATRICE WEST—My Neighbor's Journey,
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- BORST, RICHARD WARNER—The Waiting Supper,
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- BOSSEE, MARY E.—A Cousin To Tithonus,
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- BOSTICK, LOUISE STEDMAN—Sunset, *Lyric West*, May, '24
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- BOSTON, EVERETT—Psalms of the Sea, *Double D.*, Jul., '24

- BOSTWICK, G. G.—Sanctuary, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 BOWEN, HELEN—Scent of Sage, *Scribner's*, Mar., '24
 BOWEN, STIRLING—The Private Secretary,
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 The School Teacher, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
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 The Milkman's Boy; The Cobbler's Daughter,
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 BOWER, HELEN FRANCES—Thoughts,
 Am. Poetry, Jan.-Feb., '24
 BOWER, HELEN FRAZEE—Tone Poem for Reeds,
 Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sept., '23
 BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY—Bread and Fire,
 Bookman, Jul., '24
 BOYD, MARION M.—Wistful Doubting, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 BRADFORD, GAMALIEL—Flight of Kisses, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
 Love's Perversity, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
 Mortality, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
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 Sin's Assaults, *Lyric*, May, '24
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 BRADLEY, MARY DAVIS—Lullaby, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 BRADY, KATHRYNE HELEN—Triumph, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
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 BRAINERD, CLARENCE J.—The Land of Bards;
 A Good Time, *Bard*, Spr., '24
 BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY—The One-Way Door,
 Lyric, Jun., '24
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 BRALEY, BERTON—Empty, *Scribner's*, Dec., '23
 BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD—Inheritance,
 Lit. Rev., Jul. 5, '24
 BRANCH-WHITE, FLORENCE—Bird Man; Rain;
 Slumber; The Uniform; You,
 Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
 BRANFORD, F. V.—The Idiot, *Dial*, Apr., '24
 BRANHAM, JUILLET—After Operation, *Century*, Oct., '23
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 BREMER, ANNE—The Journey,

- BREMER, ANNE (*Continued*)
 Bare Boughs; Mist; Snow; Sketch; Compensation, *Wand.*, Aug., '23
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- BREWER, WHEATON HALE—Sea-Thought, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- BRIGHT, VERNE—Gray April, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Zamboango, *Scroll*, May, '24
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 April; Waukeena Falls; Cascade Mountains; Fir Tree; Willamette; Rain and
 Cold Wind; Spring Night; Blue Bird;
 Mount Hood; Wild Currant, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- BRISBIN, MARSHALL NEY—Life, *Lar.*, Sept., '23
- BRODY, ALTER—Clocks, *Bookman*, Aug., '23
- BROOKS, CLARISSA—A Knitting Song, *Step Lad.*, Oct., '23
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- BROOKS, WILLIAM E.—Spoil, *Sur. Grphc.*, Feb., '24
- BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—Silhouette, *Lyric*, Feb., '24
- BROWN, ALICE—Autolycus, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '24
- BROWN, ALISON—Homing, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- BROWN, EDMUND R.—A Field of Bluets, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
- BROWN, HOWARD H., JR.—Nocturne, *Yale Lit.*, May, '24
- BROWN, MARION FRANCIS—Saturation, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- BROWN, SARAH-MARGARET, Tryst, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- BROWN, SYDNEY B.—I Gathered Violets In Your Eyes, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- BROWNE, JONATHAN—A Late Remonstrance, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
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- BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD—Are You With
 Me Here? *Min.*, May-Jun., '24
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- BRYAN, AMANDA—Lilies, *Reviewer*, Oct., '23
- BRYAN, JACK—Tranquility, *DePauw*, Fall, '23
- BRYAN, GEORGE S.—Cats and Men, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
- BRYANT, GLADYS—An Old Woman, Weeping, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
- BUCKLEY, NANCY—Dawn-Magic, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
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- BUNCH, AUDRED—Foreboding, *Overland*, May, '24
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- BURCHAM, MILDRED—The Road, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
- BURGESS, DOROTHY—Fall Panel, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- BURGESS, BANGS—A Mountain Spring, *Overland*, Jul., '24
- BURGESS, ROBERT LOUIS—Worship, *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
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- BURGESS, ROBERT LOUIS (*Continued*)
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- BURKE, JOHN J.—A Wounded Bird,
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- BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN—Ballad of Piny Ridge,
Century, Mar., '24
- BURNELL, JUDGE—Woes of the Fontanas, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- BURNSHAW, STANLEY A—Dark Clouds, *Scroll*, May, '24
 Communion, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
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- BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—Life Eternal,
Lad. H. J., Feb., '24
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- BURR, EDITH—Song of Youth, Oct., '23
- BURT, STRUTHERS—Threnody in Major and Minor,
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- BURTON, CLARA MOORE—Baby's Eyes, *Bard*, Win., '23-'24
- BURTON, LETITIA E.—Enlightenment, *C. S. Jour.*, Jan., '24
- BURTON, RICHARD—The Carpenter Lad,
Ch. Cent., Jun. 12, '24
 Spring in the Park, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- BUSH-BANKS, OLIVIA WARD—The Great Adventure,
Messng'r, Oct., '23
- BUSHNELL, MABLE CONE—The Way, *C. S. Jour.*, Jul., '24
- BUSS, MISS KATE—Fairy Adventure, *Sub.*, Sept. 11, '24
- BUTCHART, REUBEN—In Rocky Mountain Land,
Ch. Cent., Sept. 13, '23
- BYNNER, WITTER—On a Mexican Lake,
New Repub., Jul., '23
 Santa Fe, *New Repub.*, Dec. 5, '23
 To A. E. Housman, *New Repub.*, Jul., 2, '24
 A Fisher-Shape, *New Repub.*, May 21, '24
 Rhythm, *New Repub.*, Aug. 8, '23
 Though You Would Follow Me,
New Repub., Jun. 25, '24
 Starry Weather, *New Repub.*, May 28, '24
 A Spring Summons, *New Repub.*, May 7, '27
 New Mexican Magic, *New Repub.*, Jan. 9, '24
 Pueblo Dances, *New Repub.*, Dec. 26, '23
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 Lorenzo, *Century*, Nov., '23
 The Eternal Helen, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 A Modern Game, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
 A Dancer, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
 Beside a Brook at Mokanshan *Lyric*, Apr., '24
 The Hill By the Lake, *New Repub.*, Sept. 19, '23
- (KANG-HU KIANG)—Two Poems from Li Po:
 A Bitter Love; In the Night (translated
 from the Chinese), *Mdn. Rev.*, Oct., '23

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- From a Mountain In China (to Edna St.
Vincent Millay), *Lyric*, Aug., '23
A Young Satirist, *Lit. Rev.*, Oct. 20, '23
A Word to the Wise, *New Repub.*, Aug. 29, '23
AND KIANG KANG-HU—Chinese translators—
A Thousand Years Ago, *Nation*, Dec. 5, '23
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CAHILL, ALICE M.—Necromancy, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
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CAIN, MILDRED PALMER—For Those In Darkness,
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CALHOUN, LAURA—Tropic Treasure,
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CALKINS, MARION CLINCH—Song in Spring,
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CALPINS, THOS. V.—A Southwestern Day Cycle,
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CALL, OLIVER—La Terre,
Poetry, Feb., '24
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CALLAGHAN, GERTRUDE—Peace Offering,
N. Y. Her., Aug., '23
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The Necklace, *N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 3, '23
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Wind Song, *N. Y. Sun*, Dec. 22, '23
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Understanding, *Met. Golfer*, Jan., '24
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 CAMERON, IAN—King, *Step Lad*, Feb., '24
 CAMPBELL, JOSEPH—New Year's, 1913,
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 CAMPBELL, MARION SUSAN—The Guest Chamber,
 C. S. Jour., Aug., '23
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 CAMPBELL, ROBERT L.—Gratitude, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 CANFIELD, LILLIAN CAROLINE—Today's Child,
 Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24
 Hours; The Saraband, *Interludes.*, Apr.-Jun., '24
 CANFIELD, MARY CASS—Rose, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
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 CANNON, ROSE LEIBBRAND—Star and Song,
 Lar., Apr., '24
 CANON, RALPH—Buzzards; Milkin'; Old Man
 Winters, *Bard*, Spr., '24
 CARDUCCI, GIOSUE—Sunlight and Love, (Translated
 by William A. Drake), *I'man*, Sept. 19, '23
 CAREY, CHARLES JOSEF—You Can't Forget,
 Overland, Jul., '24
 CAREY, NEITA—Blots, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 CARLIN, FRANCIS—The Philomath Speaks,
 Lit. Rev., Nov. 10, '23
 CARMER, CARL L.—Evening Breeze, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
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 CARNEVALI, EMANUEL—The Return, *Poetry*, May, '24
 CARNEY, RALPH J.—Love Over All, *C. S. Jour.*, Nov., '23
 CARPENTER, RHYS—(Translator), Selected Odes
 of Pindar, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '23
 Curtain-up in the Great Playhouse,
 Cont. V., Jan., '24
 CARR, MARY JANE—As Men Grow Old, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 CARRELL, ORDATH ESTELYN—To My Mother, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 CARROLL, EVA M.—Wind Songs; Sunset, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 CARROLL, ELLEN M.—Southland Mirrorings: A
 Prayer; Winter Dusk; To A Narcissus;
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 My Wish, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
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 CARTER, A. PEARLE—Distance, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
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 CARTER, DAVID GILLIS—To One Bereaved,
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 CARTH, JEAN E.—The Revealing, *C. S. Jour.*, Oct., '23
 CARTWRIGHT, DOROTHY HAWLEY—Grey Song, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
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 CARUSO, DOROTHY—Green Garden, *Scribner's*, Dec., '23
 CARUTHERS, MAZIE—Birthday, *Lad. Home Jour.*, Feb., '24
 CARVER, GERTRUDE NASON—Oh! When I Love; To
 Learn to Yield; Pieta; To Rodin, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
 Once Again, Burn Ashes; The Sculptor;
 Daphe, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
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 CASE, MILDRED SPRING—The Upward Flight,
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 CASKEY, J. HOMER—Bethesda of Love,
Palms, Summer, '23
 CASSEDY, STEPHANA P.—She Looked Beautiful;
 A Mother's Thoughts, *Bard* Winter, '23-'24
 Doubt Dissipated, *Bard*, Spr., '24
 CASTLE, HORACE—The Wonders of Nature, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 The Deserted House, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 CATHER, VILLA—Autumn Melody, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 CATTRELL, FRANCES J.—A Lullaby,
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 CAUTELA, GIUSEPPE—Good-by; Buona Sera,
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 CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN R.—Lines,
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 CHANDLER, JOSEPHINE CRAVEN—Lines To A
 Haughty Gander, *Step Lad.*, Oct., '23
 CHANG YO-HSU—(trans. by T. Y. Leo and Alb-
 ion N. Fellows) Spring Night: Flowers
 and Moon at Night, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 CHAPMAN, HENRY GRAFTON—Sonnets,
Poet Rev., Jan.-Feb., '24
 CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY—Early Spring, *Independent*, Jun., '24
 CHAPPELL, MRS. H. C.—Beauty, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
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- CHASE, AMANDA M.—I Love My Day, *Bard*, Win., '23-'24
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CHEYNEY, E. RALPH—He Begg for Dreams,
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CHILDE, WILFRED—Cor Cordium; Sarras,
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CHUBB, L. JOAN—The Wind, *Mag'at*, Aug., '23
CHURCH, RICHARD—The Purification, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 2, '24
CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT—Legend, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
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Longshore, *Scribner's*, Feb., '24
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CLARK, AL.—Desert Thanks, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
CLARK, CAROLINE—Crumbs of Manana, *Parn*, No. 3.
CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER—Universal Search; The
Cycled Path, *Scroll*, May, '24
Through Mists, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
The Sunset Hour, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
The Silent Wood; There Is No Past, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
Unframed Picture, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
CLARK, IMOGEN—Remembering, *Scribner's*, Dec., '23
CLARK, J. B.—Autumn, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
CLARKE, LUCRETIA—To a Rose, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
CLARK, MARGUERITE DIXON—Afterwards, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
CLARK, MARTHA HASKELL—The Purchasers,
Scribner's Jan., '24
CLARK, PRESTON—Embarkation, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '24
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CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS—Lost Eden,
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They Tell Me Life is Bitter, *Chicago P.* Dec. 11, '23
Song for Sylvia, *Chicago Trib.*, Nov. 6, '23
Love is Not a Bitter Thing,
Chicago Trib., Nov. 13, '23
Book Magic, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 13, '23
To Robert Burns, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 13, '23
Irony, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 17, '24
The Saint, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 24, '24
The Faith of Christ's Freemen,
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 Midsummer Lament, *Aug.* 9, '23
 Lincoln, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 7, '24
 My America, *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 4, '24
 Utopia, *Ch. Cent.*, Sep. 27, '23
 A Man of Sorrows (To the Memory of Lincoln), *Chicago Trib.*, Feb. 12, '24
 The Crusader, (In Memory of Woodrow Wilson), *Congregationalist*, Feb. 21, '24
 LARK, WILLIAM RUSSELL—Romany; The Nun's Child, *Gypsy*, No. 2.
 LARKE, DOROTHY HARRISON—A Song of Thanksgiving, *C. S. Jour.*, Jul., '24
 LARKSON, LILLIAN JENNINGS—The Moon and I, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 A Place to Share, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 An Idle Hour, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 LATWORTHY, KATE M.—The Fairy Tree, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 LIFFORD, ISOBEL GRAY—The Circuit Rider, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 LOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD—Autumn Leaf, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
 Possession, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
 OATSWORTH, ELIZABETH J.—The Princess, *Dial*, Feb., '24
 The Sicilian Expedition, *Dial*, May, '24
 Le Tour Des Franks, *Dial*, Feb., '24
 The Old Houses, *Dial*, Feb., '24
 Samson, *Dial*, Feb., '24
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 Traceries, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Hortense, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
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 The Madman, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 The Invasion of Holland, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 Transparency for a Spring Window, *Measure*, May, '24
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 The Dance, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
 Songs from Travel: Outward Bound; Enchantment; To Cynthia; To a Negress on Sixth Avenue, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
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 Desert Moon, *Dial*, Aug., '23
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- All Goats, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Daniel Webster's Horses, *Century*, Jul., '24
 Coast Cattle, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '24
 On Buying a Maine Farm, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '24
 Subjunctive, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '24
 Rain: St. Augustine, *Dial*, Nov., '23
 The Three Misses Barker, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
 Majesty Walks in the Gardeen: Spain, *Dial*, Dec., '23
 Dedicated to Her Highness, *Dial*, May, '24
 COBB, WILLIAM—Interior of a Soul, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
 COBLENTZ, STANTON—The Commander, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Memory and Dream, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
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 COCKCROFT, JULIA WALCOTT—I Liken Thee Unto
 a Pool, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 CODY, S. J., REV. ALEX. J.—Pampeulna, *Mag'at*, Oct., '23
 COLBY, M. E.—Under the Southern Cross, *Overland*, Apr., '24
 COLLINS, DOROTHY E.—To the Lover of Any Girl, *Lyric West.*, Sept. '23
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 Proportions, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
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 COLSON, ETHEL M.—Fusion, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 COLTER, ELIZABETH—Choice, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 COLUM, PADRAIC—Three Hawaiian Poems: The
 Pigeons on the Beach; The Surf Rider;
 Mele Ahiahi, *Dial*, Apr., '24
 Odysseus, *New Repub.*, Oct. 24, '23
 COLUM, PADRAIC—Plovers, *Measure*, Jan., '24
 COLVERT, LEATHE—Weary, *Messngr.*, Jul., '24
 Drones, *Messngr.*, Jul., '24
 COLWELL, ALBERTA WING—Valentines, *Overland*, Feb., '24
 Easter Lilies, *Overland*, Apr., '24
 COWELL, JANE L.—Wisting, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 COMMINS, RUTH—Picture Poster, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—The Unknown Soldier, *Poetry*, Mar. 25, '24
 A Legend of the Christ-Child, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 In Time of Need, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Old Men; Mourner For Pan, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
 Answer, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 Urn-Bearer, *Parn.*, No. 3.
 CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Ranch of the Fan
 (Tierra Galiente) *New Repub.*, Jun. 18, '24
 Design of White Lilacs, *New Repub.*, Jun. 4, '24
 CONKLING, HILDA—Flowers Faded and Gone, *Poetry*, Aug., '23

- CONNER, ADELINE M.—Waiting; Dawn and the
Lilies, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '23
- CONNER, RUTH IRVING—The Fulness Thereof,
Lyric, Apr., '24
You, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
A Thistle Sings To The Bee, *Step Lad.*, Oct., '23
The Fullness Thereof, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
Imagery, *Minaret*, Jul.-Aug., '24
And This I Pray, Mar., '24
Wealth, *Step Lad.*, Jul., '24
Winds That Dance, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- CONNER, SABRA—The Breeze, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- CONNOR, TORREY—Companionship, *Overland*, Feb., '24
Words, *Overland*, Jun., '24
A Tribute to Ina Coolbrith, *Overland*, Jun., '24
- CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—Willow, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- COOK, HAROLD LEWIS—Soliloquy in an Insane,
Bookman, Jul., '24
Blake, *The Nation*, Jul. 9, '24
The River, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- COOKE, LE BARON—April Hopes, *Town-Country*, Feb., '24
After a Quarrel; Intoxication,
Town-Country, Feb., '24
Nocturne, *Town-Country*, Mar., '24
To An Idealist, *Town-Country*, Mar., '24
Answer, *Shadowland*, Aug., '23
Retrospect, *Shadowland*, Sep., '23
At Parting, *Town-Country*, May, '24
A Conceit, *Beauty*, Dec., '23
Under Cultivation, *Younger Set*, Mar., '24
Question, *B. Stories*, Feb., '24
- COOKSLEY, S. BERT—Serenade, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
Scheherazade, *Wand.*, May, '24
- COON, MARION—Charm Against The City,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- COOPER, M. TRUESDELL—Resignation,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- COOPER, FRANCES L.—The Blue Places,
Lyric West, Feb., '24
- COOTE, ALBERT—Hymn to Attila, *Yale Lit.*, Mar., '24
Sonnet, *Yale Lit.*, Mar., '24
- CORNELL, AGNES—Songs In The Desert,
Wand., Dec., '24
Acceptance, *Personalist*, Jan., '24
The Desert Mocking-Bird, *Wand.*, May, '24
- CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY—In Absence,
Wand., Jul., '24
Transformation, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
Termination, *Measure*, Feb., '24
See Call; An Old Lady in Her Garden,
Lan., Feb., '24
Undreamed, *Overland*, May, '24

- CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY (*Continued*)
 Futility, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Tide; Passing, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
 "Listen. . . They Speak," *Palms*, Summer, '23
 Memories, *Scroll*, May, '24
 White Burial, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Sea Walkers, *Wand.*, May, '24
- CORWIN, JOHN HOWARD—Four Candles—A New
 Year's Card, *Bard*, Win., '23-'24
- COWAN, LURA M.—Then and Now, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 A Wish, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Neurotic, *Wand.*, May, '24
- COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT—Moods, *Lyric West*, May, '24
- COX, ELEANOR ROGERS—To Barbary I Have not
 Sailed, *Catholic World*
 A Lonely Walk, *The Sun*
 Raphael's "Virgin Enthroned with Saints," *The Sign*
 Viaticum and Extreme Unction, *The Rosary*
 Memorial Day, *The Rosary*
- COX, MARGARET—The Key, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 Glad River, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 Mist Thoughts: Renunciation Night On
 The Trail; Mist, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- COYE, DELPHINE HARRIS—A Solar Myth.
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- CRAMP, WINIFRED—Mary, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 24, '24
- CRANDALL JR., MYRON E.—Autumn, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- CRANE, HART—Possessions; Recitative,
Little R., Spring, '24
- CRANE, NATHALIA—The Vestal, *Lit. Rev.*, Apr. 26, '24
- CRAWFORD, HELEN WAY—Summer Is Over, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Songs and Splashes From Alder Camp:
 A Pastel; Water Song; Before Winter;
 New Moon; The Heart of Him; Phantoms,
Lar., Dec., '23
 Wonderment, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- CRAWFORD, JOHN—Citizens, *Paranassus*, No. 2, '23
 Purr, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Marah: Snow Maiden; (for R. G.) Icarus;
 Prosperine, *Mdn. Rev.*, Jan.-Apr., '24
- CRENSHAW, JR., R. P.—Lady of the Sea,
Yale Lit., Oct., '23
 Milord, *Yale Lit.*, Feb., '24
- CRESSON, ABIGAIL W.—Challenge, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Love O' The Wind, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
- CREVER, ANNA R.—God's Fool, *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 30, '23
- CREW, ALICE H.—Salinas Valley: Salinas River;
 Live Oaks; San Lucas; Ledges; Shilouette;
 Genius, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 Embers, *Lar.*, Feb., '24

- CREW, ALICE H. (*Continued*)
 Night, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 When He Made You, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- CREW, HELEN COLE—Non Sine Floribus, *Scribner's*, Jul., '24
 A Grace Before Meat On Christmas Day,
 In A Low Rocking-Chair, *Step Lad.*, Oct., '23
- CRIGHTON, ELIZABETH—Wanderlust,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- CROKER, MARIA BRISCOE—Immortality,
Circle, May-Jun., '24
 Water Lilies; Sea Lure, *Scroll*, Jan., '23
 The Cool Springs of Charlotte Hall,
Circle, Jan., '24
 At Evening, *Circle*, Mar., '24
- CROOL, PETER—The Almond Tree,
Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
 Road Songs, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- CROSS, BANBURY—On the Tomb of a Noted
 Wit, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 To the Fastidious, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 To An Honest Cutthroat, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
- CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA—Absence, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Nautch Dance, *Seattle W.*, Feb., '24
 In the Court of the Rajah, *Seattle W.*, Feb., '24
- CROSSER, NORA BADGER—Confirmation,
Circle, May-Jun., '24
- CROWELL, GRACE NOLL—Silver Poplars,
Scribner's, Apr., '24
 Attitudes, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
 Poems, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 Fathers, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 Sunset on the Peaks, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 The Canyon Torrent, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- CULLEN, COUNTÉE P.—For My Grandmother,
Poetry, May, '24
 Simon the Cyrenian Speaks, *Poetry*, May, '24
 For a Virgin Lady, *Poetry*, May, '24
 A Lady I Know, *Poetry*, May, '24
 To A Brown Boy, *Bookman*, Nov., '23
 Pagan Prayer, *Messngr.*, Mar., '24
- CUMMINGS, E. E.—Four Poems, *Dial*, Jan., '24
 Five Americans: Liz; Mame; Gert; Marj;
 Fran, *Broom*, Oct., '23
- CUMMINGS, FRANKLIN—Amid April Showers: An
 April Birthday; Confession; Revelation;
 To A Disfigured Soldier; Books, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 My Mother, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 To Yosemite, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 At Sunset, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
- CUNNINGHAM, NORA B.—February, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 The Genius, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
 When Petals Fall, *Cont. V.*, May, '24

- CUNNINGHAM, NORA B. (*Continued*)
 In Praise of Restraint, *Measure*, May, '24
 The Wind, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- CURLEY, LILLIAN MARY—Apple Blossoms,
 Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
- CURRY, WALTER CLYDE—In a Garden; Tomorrow,
 Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
- CURTIS, A. B.—Mount Shusta, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
- CURTIS, CHRISTINE TURNER—Penitent, *Measure*, Jan., '24
- CURTIN, LEONORA F.—A Pastel; The First Visit,
 Lyric West, Oct., '23
- CURRAN, LUCY A.—The Seeding, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- CURRIER, RAYMOND P.—Burma, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- CURRY, WALTER CLYDE—Red Roses in November,
 Fugitive, Feb., '24
 Rediscovered, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
- CUSHING, EDWARD—The Old Man, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
- CUSHMAN, HARRIETTE E.—Now Acacias Bloom,
 Lar., Feb., '24
- CUSHMAN, SYLVIA—A Castle O'er The Sea,
 Scroll, Nov., '23
 The City Of Hong Kong; They Call Me
 The Cat That Walks Alone, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 In A Dutch Garden: My Garden In Hol-
 land; My Home; Spring; Van Haart
 Gegrort; Holland Reverie, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
- CUTAJAR, MARY WIGHT—Song of Red Earth-
 New Jersey, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 Alchemy, *Bard*, Spring, '24
- CUTTING, MARY STEWART—The Dawning,
 Lad. Home Jour., Feb., '24
- D. H.—At Eleusis, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
 Centaur Song, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
- DABBS, JAMES MCBRIDE—To a Lombardy Poplar,
 Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sept., '23
- DALEY, JAMES—For a Land of Ready Fruit,
 Psalms, Midsummer, '23
- DALY, JAMES—On a Hill, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 Day of Doom, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 Summer, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- DALTON, POWER—White Stairs: Seekers' Why
 Do They Try? *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23
 Urns of Light: Migration; Circumstance;
 Equation; Broken Walls, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
 Flail, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Gulls, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Impulse, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Circumstance, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '23-'24
 Time, That Is Long in Coming; Homily,
 Cont.V., Jan., '24
 It Was a Wind, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 Finite, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 Circle, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24

DALTON, POWER (*Continued*)

Worlds May Darken, *Measure*, Dec., '23
I Will Be Still, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
Flame, *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23
Dreamers, *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23

DAMON, S. FOSTER—In the Third Person, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
Burning Bush, *Poetry*, Apr., '24

DANCER, RUTH S.—In a Garden, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24

D'ANGELO, PASCAL—Dawn, *Bookman*, Jun., '24

DANIELS, EARL—Birth, *Poetry*, May, '24

Death, *Poetry*, May, '24

Renunciation, *Freeman*, Feb. 13, '24

Protest Against Realism, *Double D.*, Nov., '23

DANNER, BESSIE MAY—The Song of the Meadow
Lark; A Song of Joy, *Lar.*, Apr., '24

DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD—In a Mountain Pasture,
V. Pilot., Jun. 23, '24

DARLING, ESTHER BIRDSALL—Life, *Overland*, Mar., '24

DASHIELL, LANDON RANDOLPH—The Scarecrow Man,
L. A. Sat. Night, Oct. 13, '23

DAVIDSON, ANNA E.—My Prayer, *C. S. Jour.*, May, '24

DAVIDSON, DONALD—Litany, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23

The Old Man of Thorn, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24

DAVIDSON, EUGENE A.—The Swift and Sharp-
tongued Flame of Death, *Yale Lit.*, Oct., '23

DAVIDSON, GUSTAV—Sonnet, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23

Andante, *Forum*, Jan., '24

Pity Me Not, *Min.*, Nov.-Dec., '23

Thus Will the Stars, *Min.*, May-Jun., '24

Autumn Portrait, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23

DAVIDSON, WINIFRED—Sea Augury, *Overland*, Jul., '24

Never Shall Bloom, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24

Rose Moon, *L. A. Sat. Night*, May 10, '24

Isle Loma, *Beach News*, Mar. 28, '24

El Velo Del Sol, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24

Cabrillo, *Beach News*, Apr. 4, '24

Youth Goes, *Lar.*, Feb., '24

The Janus Symbol, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23

Gray-Blue, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24

Tears Shall Wet, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24

Crouching Close, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24

Rose-Red, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24

Four Songs For Two Young Lovers,
Lyric West, Apr., '24

DAVIE, ELIZABETH—Summer Sketches of South-
ern California: I. The San Gabriel
River; II. Soledad; III. Winds in the
Sacramento Valley; IV. A Carrion
Moon; V. A Misty Morning at La Jolla,

DAVIES, LAURA A.—My Prayer, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
Scroll, Feb., '24

- DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN—Oregon Pheasants,
 Oregon Forest, *Overland*, May, '24
 Your Words, *Overland*, May, '24
 Life, Slow Candle, Burn, Burn, *Forum*, May, '24
 Sea Night, *Dream World*, Aug., '24
 Of Blue and Lazy Water, *Everybody's*, Mar., '24
 Home, *N. Y. Her.*, Feb. 1, '24
 The Waterfall, *Sat. E. P.*, '24
 A Dryad Rests, *N. Y. Eve. Post*, Sept. 1, '23
 To an Enemy, *C. Opinion*, Sept., '23
 Rewards for Pain, *Live S.*, Sept., '23
 The Night is Kind, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 Shrouds for Eros: Gods; The Kindly
 Dead; Cedar Trees; A Prayer Not to
 Know Life; You Didn't Leave Me Any-
 thing To Do; I Give Many Dreams,
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '24
 Apology For Silence, *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23
 Seeking, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 Those Who Pray Seldom Sing, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 The Circuit Rider, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 The Day of Love, *Lad. H. J.*, Feb., '24
 In a Public Library, *Classmate*, Mar. 1, '24
 A Poet to a Lover, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Out of the Earth, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 A Dryad Rests, *Lit. Rev.*, Sept. 1, '23
 Pine-Woman, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 The Lost Gift, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 A Dedication, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Larkspur, *Step Lad.*, Jul., '24
 DAVIES, W. H.—The Two Stars, *New Repub.*, Nov. 21, '23
 DAVIS, ALLAN—Song, *Measure*, Feb., '24
 DAVIS, HASSOLDT—Harbour Twilight, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 The Futurist Section, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 DAVIS, HELEN BAYLEY—A Spring Song; Tragedy,
Circle, May-Jun., '24
 DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON—Dante, *Per'st*, Apr., '24
 To My Little Son, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Songs of a Little Boy; Return,
Lyric West, Sept., '23
 Antipodes, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 DAVIS, LELAND—The Carol of the Cockroaches,
Double D., Nov., '23
 DAVISON, EDWARD—The Vigil, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan 12, '24
 The Blind, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 15, '24
 DAWNE, HOMER—Three Sights, *Lar.*, Sept., '23
 Wistaria, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 DAWSON, ISABEL—Coal, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 DAWSON, MITCHELL—Any Night, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 Gulls' Eyes are Cold, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 Dry Ochre, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 New Days, *Poetry*, Jan., '24

- DAWSON, MITCHELL (*Continued*)
 No and Yes, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 This Then is Holiness; And no Man, *Little R.*, Spring, '24
 Poems, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- DAY, ALBERT E.—Regret, *Ch. Cent.*, May 1, '24
- DEAN, MRS. GEORGE R.—Rolla,
 Missouri,
 Bookfellow,
- DE BANVILLE, THEODORE—To Adolphe Gaiffe,
 F'man, Oct. 10 '23
- DECKER, FRANCES MACY—My Love, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN—Summum Bonum,
 Lyric West, Feb., '24
 Forest Love, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 A Parting, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 Thistle Bloom, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
- DE LA MARE, WALTER—Epitaph, *Dial*, Jun., '24
 An Epitaph, *Lyric*, Jul., '24
- DE LAUGHTER, MARGARET—Refuge, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 Qui Ante Nos Fererunt, *Step Lad.*, Jul., '24
- DE LESTRY, EDMOND L.—By the River, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
- DENNIS, E. MILDRED—Rondeau, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
- DELL, FLOYD—The Young Wife, Waking,
 Bookman, Jun., '24
- DE SPAIN, JAY RODERIC—The Unforgiven Fool,
 Overland, May, '24
- DEUTSCH, BABETTE—Forgotten, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 The Young Man Remembers, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Forbidden, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 This Little Body, *Lit. Rev.*, Jul. 12, '24
 Infancy, *New Repub.*, Aug. 8, '23
 Heirloom, *Bookman*, Sept., '23
 Poet, *Bookman*, Apr., '24
 In Durance, *New Repub.*, May 7, '24
 Where No Thief Draweth Near, *New Repub.*, Jul. 23, '24
 Maternity, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '24
 The Pledge of Benjamin, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '24
- DEVLIN, JANE—Adios Amor, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
 Bonfire; Definitions; The City's Lesson, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 Forgotten; San Francisco, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 The Weed; The Far East, *Scroll*, Sept., '23
- DEWEY, MARION R.—In a Public Square, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Those Who Die In High Places, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
- DE WOLF, RICHARD C.—To a Black Topaz,
 Min., May-Jun., '24
- DEXTER, E. G.—Summer Shower, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
- DICKINSON, CHARLES HENRY—Forecasting,
 Ch. Cent., Nov. 8, '23

- DIEHNEL, ELLIE TATUM—My Window Box,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
- DIER, CAROLINE LAWRENCE—Contentment,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov. '23
Flute Music, *C. S. Mon.*, Jul. 12, '24
- DILLEY, MILLICENT DAVIS—Evening in the Green
Hills, *Vermont*, Nov. 5, '24
- DIVINE, CHARLES—A Cottage in the Catskills;
Sea Gulls, *Measure*, Jan., '24
A Mood of a Certain Color, *Revr.*, Jul. '24
- DIX, FRED KELLER—A Seashell, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- DOANE, GILBERT HARRY—To a Roman Tear-Bottle, Found Near Tyre, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
- DOBELL, SIDNEY—The Ballad of Keith of Ravelston,
Granite M., Sept., '23
- DODD, LEE WILSON—The Flower, *Century*, Feb., '24
Vacuum, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
- DODGE, LOUIS—The Prison, *Scribner's*, May, '24
- DOERR, MARY ELIZABETH—An Old Woman,
Gently, Bro., Mar., '24
- DONDO, MATHURIN—The Beggar, *Overland*, Jul., '24
- DONOVAN, LOIS—October, *Mag't*, Oct., '23
- DORAN, LOUISE A.—Mist Magic, *Overland*, Jul., '24
Winter; Horizon Pictures, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- DORAN, MARK VAN—Immortal, *Measure*, Jul., '24
Ambush, *Measure*, Jun., '24
- D'ORGE, JEANNE—Point Lobos, California,
Scribner's, Dec., '23
- DORSET, EDMUND—McIntyre and Fate; A Wood-Carver at Wieringen; The Chauffeur,
Cont. V., Feb., '24
To a Lady, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
To Another, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
In the Village, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
At Betrothal, *Century*, Jul., '24
Mother, *Century*, Jul., '24
A Comforter, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
On Failure, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
The Wind-Up, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
- DOUGHTY, LEONARD—John of Belgrade, *Dial*, Mar., '24
- DOUGLAS, MARJORY STONEMAN—Sunset Altar,
Miami Her., Sept. 24, '23
After Rain, *Miami Her.*, Sept. 16, '23
Mutiny, *Char. Sun.-News*, Sept., '23
The Galley, *Miami Her.*, Nov. 6, '23
- DOW, DOROTHY—Heimweh, *Poetry*, May, '24
Cabaret, *Poetry*, May, '24
Two at Tea, *Poetry*, May., '24
Spring Picture, *Poetry*, May, '24
Separation, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- DOWE, JENNIE E. T.—Say Shelah Ye'll Have Me,
L'Alouette, Jan., '24
Idyll, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24

- DRAKE, SIDNEY—Now That He Sleeps,
Lyric West, May, '24
- DRAKE, WILLIAM A.—Renunciation,
The Nation, Jun. 18, '24
Armenian Love Song, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
Tristesse; Nocturne; You Are to Me,
Measure, Jun., '24
- DRENNAN, MARIE—Adopted, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- DRESBACH, GLENN WARD—Things That Were a
Shelter, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
Ruts in the Thaw, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
O Thrush, in What Deep Grades, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
A Burro-Load of Cedar, *Overland*, Mar., '24
The Syrian Peddler, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Desert Rain, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Sun Through Glass, *Lit. Rev.*, Jun. 14, '24
Sailing Ship, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
Desert Morning, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
The Better Ship—Panama, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
A Cock Crows Near the Desert,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
- Storm-Rain Songs: I. In The Cliffs;
II. In The Cedars; III. With Little Wil-
lows, *Lyric West*, Sept., '23
Spinning, *C. S. Mon.*, Jun. 11, '24
Sorcerers' Wood, *Lyric*, Sept., '23
Desert Legend; Empty Corral, *Measure*, Feb., '24
The Brook Under Ice, *Measure*, Dec., '23
Song, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- DREWRY, GUY CARLTON—Thoughts, *Scroll*, May, '24
Penetralia, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
Afterglow; To a Woman; *Scroll*, Jul., '24
Twilight; Thoughts, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
- DRINKWATER, JOHN—The Witch-Ball, *Lyric*, Jul., '24
- DRISCOLL, LOUIS—Futlity, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
Cedars at Night, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
The Good Hour, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
Portrait, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
Cedars at Night, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
Bargain, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
Mountain Stream, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
Lot's Wife, *Freeman*, Oct. 31, '23
The Heir, *Freeman*, Mar. 5, '24
Spring Market, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
The Idol; Speech, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- DROMGOOLE, WILL ALLEN—Mysteries, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
- DRURY, JOHN—Night Lamps, *Paranassus* No. 2. '23
- DUBOIS, GRAHAM—The Silent Dining Room,
Lyric West, Sep., '23
- DUGROS, LESLIE LEIGH—Homecoming,
Lyric West, Apr., '24
- DUER, CAROLINE—As Reported, *Scribner's*, Nov., '23

- DUFF, NAOMI—The Song of the Poet; My Mother,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
- DUGAN, MILDRED B.—Legend, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- MAURIER, EUGENIE DU—A Nocturn; Morning;
Spring, *Scroll*, May, '24
A Hundred Years From Now, *Scroll*, Sep., '23
Goldenrod; Consummation, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
In The Rain; At The Grave of Poe,
Scroll, Nov., '23
Spring Has Come, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
The King's Quest, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
Siesta, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
Josephine, *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '24
The Snowfall, *Circle*, Jan., '24
By the Sea, *Circle*, Mar., '24
The Maid of Twilight, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- DUNCAN, IDA CROCKER—A Homesteader,
C. S. Mon., Mar. 25, '24
Little Leafy Lane, *C. S. Mon.*, Jun. 6, '24
- DUNCAN, MABEL S.—Lines on Arthur Rackham's
Picture, *Guild Pur.*, Sep., '23
- DUNGAN, MYRA BELL—Choise of Occupations,
Bard, Win., '23-'24
Fun in a Willow Tree, *Bard*, Spring, '24
- DUNNING, RALPH CHEEVER—Sentimental, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
April, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
On a Passing Funeral, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- DURHAM, FRANCES R.—Presentiment, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
- DUVAL, JEANNE—The Blind Boy, *Circle*, Mar., '24
Violets; To the Anemone, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
- DUVALL, IDELLO V.—Les Miserables, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
- DWIGHT, H. G.—Codicil, *Scribner's*, Jan., '24
- DYE, JOHN HOMER—Tuesdays; Query, *Bard*, Spr., '24
- EAGAN, ALICE LIVINGSTON—I See Thee Ever,
Scroll, Feb., '24
The World That Was, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
Night And Memory; To Fairyland, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
The Past Is Dead, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
The Awakening, *Scroll*, Sep., '23
Heart Of Gold, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
- EARNEST, EDNA L.—Loving-kindness, *C. S. Jour.*, Aug., '23
- EASTER, ARTHUR MILLER—The Song, *Circle*, Jan., '24
Woman, *Circle*, Mar., '24
- EATON, EVELYN—The Poet, *McClure's*, Jun., '24
- EBLE, JESSIS G.—Renunciation, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
- ED, DICK YE—A String O' Spring Things, *Bard*, Spr., '24
- EDWARDS, JENNETTE—Sonnets of Silence,
Wanderer, May, '24
There Is No Change, *Ward*, Nov., '23
Resurgam, *Wanderer*, Jan., '24
- EGGLESTON, AMY W.—Wrinkles, *Mag'tat*, Sep., '23
- EDWARDS, ZAIDA PACKARD—One Theme: One Song,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23

EDWARDS, ZAIDA PACKARD (Continued)

- Autumn Glory, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 ELDRIDGE, PAUL—Defiance; You, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Fang To Explains the Futility of Know-
 ledge To a Bookworm, *Double D.*, Jan., '24
 ELLIOT, ELLEN COIT—Tag! *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 The Beggar, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 ELLIOTT, REBECCA STRUTTON—Contemplation,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
 ELLIOT, WILLIAM FOSTER—Ideal, *Freeman*, Sep. 5, '23
 Tea With Sappho, *Wanderer*, Jun., '24
 Pygmalion, *Wanderer*, Apr., '24
 Toward The Dawn, *Wanderer*, Apr., '24
 In Repudiation, *Wanderer*, Apr., '24
 A Song of Earth, *Wanderer*, Feb., '24
 Before the Venus of Milo, *Wanderer*, Feb., '24
 Catechism, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
 ELLISTON, GEORGE—Sunday Best Unsung,
Club Woman's Mag., Aug., '23
 Silhouettes, Love's Quest,
Club Woman's Mag., Oct., '23
 An Anxious Skipper, *Soc. Pro.*, Dec., '23
 Old Loyalties, *Times Star*, Dec. 22, '23
 Dusk, *Times Star*, Dec. 26, '23
 Beauty, The Unexpected, *Times Star*, Dec. 27, '24
 Mister New Year, *Times Star*, Jan. 1, '24
 Valentine Gifts, *Times Star*, Feb. 14, '24
 Wanted—Words, *Times Star*, Feb. 19, '24
 Twilight Box, *Times Star*, Feb. 20, '24
 Remembrance, *Times Star*, Feb. 26, '24
 Reconciled, *Student*, Mar., '24
 Star Wishes, *Times Star*, Mar. 8, '24
 By Radio, *Times Star*, Mar. 13, '24
 Quiet Day, *Times Star*, Mar. 19, '24
 Glamour, *Times Star*, Mar. 21, '24
 Remembered Day, *Times Star*, Mar. 29, '24
 New April, *Saxby's Mag.*, Apr., '24
 The High Road, *Saxby's Mag.*, Apr., '24
 Where is April? *Times Star*, Apr., '24
 Mt. Adams—Good Friday, *Times Star*, Apr. 18, '24
 Spring Comes, *Times Star*, Apr. 26, '24
 April Morning, *Times Star*, Apr. 29, '24
 Possessions, *Times Star*, Apr. 30, '24
 Faith, *Woman's Home Miss.*, May, '24
 Women of the Sunset Trail, Vagrant,
Club Woman's Mag., May, '24
 Transfiguration, *Times Star*, Jun. 6, '24
 ELMENDORF, MARY J.—God's Dear Forget-me-
 nots, *C. S. Jour.*, Oct., '23
 Lullaby, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 No Empty Place, *C. S. Jour.*, Jun., '24
 ELUARD, PAUL—Donnez-Moi de Vos Nouvelles,
Little R., Aut.-Win., '23-'24

- EMRICH, KATE T.—Inspiration, *C. S. Jour.*, Mar., '24
 ENGLAND, GEORGE ALLAN—The Old Coach, *Scribner's*, Dec., '23
 ERSKINE, JOHN—Sonata, *Outlook*, Feb. 6, '24
 ERWIN, MARGARET—Seasons, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 ESHLEMAN, CYRUS—The Years Have Been Prose, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
 ESLER, ELIZABETH BARNETT—Why Gird at Fate? *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 EUWER, ANTHONY—Little Black Bull, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 EVANS, ABBIE HUSTON—The Bird-Tree, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 First Concerns, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Mid-Day, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Love's Fool, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 The Vine; ". . . Will He Give Him A Stone?" *Measure*, Nov., '23
 The Burning Hill, *Outlook*, Aug. 8, '23
 EVANS, LUCILE—Star and Song, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 White Lilac, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 The Moon Is a Singer; The Shell Speaks to Me, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 EVANS, PEARL TOWNSEND—Baby Fingers, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 EVERETT, LAURA BELL—The Sonnet, *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
 The Man of One Poem, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 EYRE, MARY B.—The Stampede, *Overland*, Jun., '24
 FAGIN, N. BRYLION—A Name, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 FARGE, RUTH—Shadows, *Overland*, Feb., '24
 FARRON, DON W.—Gypsy Folk, *Overland*, Feb., '24
 Panels, *Wanderer*, Jun., '24
 Leaf Drifts, *Wanderer*, Jun., '24
 FARRAR, JOHN—Two Songs For Parents: The Mermaid Speaks; The Harbor Crab, *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
 Squaw, *Century*, Mar., '24
 Hymn to Lucifer, *Scribner's*, Oct., '23
 FARROW, JACK—Of Zagma, *Wanderer*, Apr., '24
 Felice, *Wanderer*, Feb., '24
 FARNSWORTH, MAUDE YOUNG—The Coquette, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 FAUNCE, FRANCES AVERY—Fashion, *Christian C.*, Feb., '24
 FAUST, HENRI—Coquette, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Astronomers, *Wanderer*, Mar., '24
 Coral Builders, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 Nostalgia, *Wanderer*, Mar., '24
 The Lunar Moth, *Wanderer*, Jun., '24
 Remembrance, *Wanderer*, Jun., '24
 Old Man's Lament At Spring, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 Child Prodigy, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 FAY, ALICE M.—Where? *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Cote D'Azur, *Pegasus*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 Voices of the Cities, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24

- FAY, ALICE M. (*Continued*)
 Spirit Is Love, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 Sans Fond, *To-morrow*, Jan., '24
 Before Abraham Was, I Am, *Gypsy*, No. 2
 FEE, HARRY T.—Rejuvenation, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 FEIBLEMAN, JAMES—Dilemma's End, *Parn.*, No. 3
 Epigram, *Double, D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 FENNER, BEATRICE—I'm Going To Meet the Wind,
L. A. Sat. Nt., May 10, '24
 FENTON, EDITH—The Elfin Dance, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 FERGUSON, BLANCHE SMITH—My Garden,
Circle, May-Jun., '24
 FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY—Rain Song At Night,
Am. Poetry, Oct., '23
 One Mountain Hour, *Poetry*, June, '24
 FETZER, HERMAN—Song About Death, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 FICKE, ARTHUR DAVIDSON—Buddha at Nadika,
Poetry, Aug., '23
 Epitaph For A Certain Sculptor; In That
 Dim Monument Where Tybalt Lies.
Poetry, Sept., '23
 FIDLER, ANN GARRET—A White Violet,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
 FIELD, BEN—Plazas, *L. A. Sat. Nt.*, May 10, '24
 FIELD, ELLIOT—Pharisee and Sadducee, *Cont.* Jan. 31, '24
 FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER—Hope, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 The Sculptor, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
 Supplication, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 Pansy Pollen, *Wanderer*, Mar., '24
 Cycle, *Wanderer*, May, '24
 Content, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 Quicksilver, *Wanderer*, Sep., '23
 Infinity, *Overland*, Sep., '23
 Experience, *Po. Scroll*, Sep., '23
 Chanson, *Chi. D. N.*, Aug. 27, '23
 Idle Thoughts, *Dav. Times*, Aug. 15, '23
 Something, *Chic. Post*, Aug. 3, '23
 FIELD, SARA BARD—Guilty Mothers,
Alls Well, Oct.-Nov., '23
 The Riddle; Waiting; Bird of Prey,
Measure, Jun., '24
 FIELD, WRIGHT—Ants, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
 To A High-Born Lady, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Heart-Weariness, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 The Song That Is Sadder Still, *Seattle W.*, Feb., '24
 Yakima Mountains, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 FILLERY, WILLIAM EDMUND—Old Books, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 FINERTY, JOHN F.—Love, *Poetry*, May, '24
 May-Day at Sea, *Poetry*, May, '24
 FINLEY, JOHN—The Blue Flower of Marathon,
Scribner's, June, '24
 FISHER, EULALEE TRYEL—The Old House Speaks,
L. A. Sat. Nt., May 10, '24

- FISH, LISBETH G.—The Inner Room,
Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
- FISCHER, HELEN FIELD—A Mystic Borderland,
Lar., Aug., '23
- FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD—Two Sonnets: Recol-
lection; Perverse, *Galleon*, Jan., '24
Distillation, *Galleon*, Apr., '24
Boundaries, *Galleon*, Apr., '24
Life, *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23
- FISHER, STOKLEY S.—Withont Faith, *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 9 '23
- FLANAGAN, W. L.—The Rabbit Hunt, *Measure*, Nov., '23
- FLANDERS, HELEN HARTNESS—Suite From Smiley
Manse: Morning; Noon; Evening; Mid-
night, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- FLANNER, HILDEGARDE—Dumb, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
Trees, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Moment, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Singing, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Tona Tree in Bloom, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Sonnet, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
To A Dear Friend, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
Sonnets in Quaker Language, *Measure*, Jun., '24
Epitaph; To One of Little Faith; Philipplan,
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- FLANNER, THEODORA GAY—The Gnome, *Wand.*, May, '24
- FLANSBURG, FONETTA—Beauty For Ashes,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD—The Lovers, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
- FLETCHER, HORTENSE—Frost; French Clock,
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- FORDE DE, MIRIAM ALLEN—Lady of Morning,
Lyric West, Sep., '23
A Peasant Girl, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
Recognition, *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
- FOREST, JEAN—Activities of the Succubus Among
the Sirens In Spring, *Mdn. Rev.*, Oct., '23
- FORTUNE, JAN ISBELLE—Autumn, *Gypsy*, No. 2
- FOSBERY, ARTHUR F.—The Captive Maid,
C. S. Jour., Aug., '23
- FOULKE, MILDRED PLUMA—The Creation to the
Creator, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
- FOWLER, GEORGE LEONARD—A Legend, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
The Garden of Man, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
Yellow Hearts, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
- FRAME, RITA CHISHOLM—Selfishness, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sep., '23
- FRANCIS, ALEXANDER—Nightfall,
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
A Radical at the Crossroads,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
- FRANCIS, HELEN—Rosemary, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
For a Certain Philanderer, *Parnassus*, No. 4
Frugality, *Wand.*, May, '24

- FARNCS, HELEN (*Continued*)
 Tiny Thoughts at Night, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 Chrysalis, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
- FRANK, JAMES M.—To R. H. F., *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
- FRANKLIN, VIOLA PRICE—College Memories,
Overland, May, '24
- FRASER, ABBOTT—A Picture of Indian Summer,
Measure, Dec., '23
- FRAZEE, BETTY DICKINSON—From Broken Things,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
- FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE—Hills,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- FREDSON, JEAN TODD—The Hill Top, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- FREEL, SGT. E. L.—Christmas in France,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
- FREEMAN, JOSEPH—Vita Nouva, *Measure*, May, '24
- FLEXNER, HORTENSE—French Clock, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- FRINK, MAURICE M.—Fear, *Step Lad.*, Jun., '24
- FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.—Blue, *Double D.*, Jan., '24
- FRIPPE, ETHOLELLE IONE—Song, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- FROST, ROBERT—The Flower-Boat, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 Lodged, *New Repub.*, Feb. 6, '24
 Three Poems: Nothing Gold Can Stay;
 To Earthward; I Will Sing You One-O,
Yale Rev., Oct., '23
- A Fountain, A Bottle, A Donkey's Ears,
 and Some Books, *Bookman*, Oct., '23
 The Star-Splitter, *Century*, Sep., '23
 A Boundless Moment, *New Repub.*, Oct. 24, '23
- FRYE, NELLIE DODGE—Books Are Friends; My
 Home, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
 Little Things, *Bard*, Win., '23-'24
 Three Scenes, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
- FU, TU (translated by Witter Bynner)—On a
 Moonlight Night, *Freeman*, Aug. 29, '23
 A Song of An Old Cypress (translated by
 Witter Bynner and Kang-Hu),
Freeman, Aug. 8, '23
- Bidding General Yen Farewell at Feng-
 Chi Station (translated by Witter Byn-
 ner and Kiank Kank-Hu), *Freeman*, Aug. 1, '23
- FULLER, MABEL—Prayer to Poesy,
L. A. Sat. Night, May 10, '24
- FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG—Loneliness, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
 Golden Days: This Is I; Come Out and
 Walk With Me: Love's Cycle, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 Sea Sonnet, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 Distinction (To Mr. and Mrs. R. H. B.),
Lar., Apr., '24
 Remembered Things, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- FULLER, REX GEORGE—Surprise, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Back Street, By Night, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Portrait of an Old Lady, *Poetry*, Jun., '24

- FULLER, REX GEORGE (*Continued*)
 Portrait of an Old Gentleman, *Lyric*, Feb., '24
 FUNK, MARIAN NEVIN—Inscription, *Double D.*, Jul., '24
 FUSON, H. H.—Lockerbie Street, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 My Song, *Parnassus*, No. 4
 FYNN, A. J.—The Canon-Cliffs of Creede,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 GAER, YOSSEF—Twilight, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 Refrain to an Unwritten Song, *Overland*, Apr., '24
 San Diego Sketches: The Recital At
 Night; The Marine Base; The Taber-
 nacle Tonight; Frogs and Balboa, *Four*, Oct., '23
 GAILEY, EUNICE—Old and New, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 GALAHAD, JOSEPH ANDREW—Gateway, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '23
 GALLATIN, NEAL—The North Sky, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 GAMMANS, HAROLD W.—Cacti and Leaves,
Lyric West, Nov., '23
 GARD, LILLIAN—Five Years Old; A Building,
Lad. H. J., Feb., '24
 GARD, WAYNE—Anglesey, *N. Y. Her.*, Jan. 31, '24
 Mindon Min., *N. Y. Her.*, Oct., '23
 A Burma Belle, *Jacksonville D. J.*, Jan. 6, '24
 Shwe Dagon, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
 GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES—De Li'l' Jesus-Baby,
Cont. V., Dec., '23
 Free-Song, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 The Tree, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 The Rover, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 De Lawd Am Mah Shephud, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Mary-of-the-Snows, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 Glory Hallelu!, *Lyric*, May, '24
 Christmas Eve, *Step Lad.*, Dec., '23
 GARRISON, WINFRED ERNEST—A Book,
Ch. Cent., Oct. 2, '23
 The Quest, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 19, '24
 For an Hour, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 29, '23
 Adventure, *Ch. Cent.*, Sep. 6, '23
 GAUSS, H. C.—Poem, *Min.*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 GAUTIER, THEOPHILE (trans. by William A.
 Drake)—The Doves, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 GAW, ETHELEAN TYSON—The Desert,
Lyric West, Oct., '23
 Whence Cometh My Help, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 GAYLORD, MYRTLE LEVY—I Would Be Silent,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
 GEDDES, VIRGIL—Living Through This Life; The
 Leaf; Fragment for a Woman; Persuasion,
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '24
 Singers of Song, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
 Liaison In the Dead of Summer, *Mdn. Rev.*, Oct., '23
 Quarry Workmen, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 GENN, LILLIAN G.—To My Mother, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23

- GERBAULET, JOY AND CLAIRE—To a Secret Lover,
Fugitive, Dec., '23
- GERAHTY, LAURA—Waiting, *C. S. Jour.*, Sept., '23
- GERMAN, FRANCIS H.—The Fear; Drifting,
Scroll, May, '24
 Shadows, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 A Terza Rima, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 Defiance, *Scroll*, Jun. '24
- GESSLER, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN—"These Cities,
 Too—" *Wand.*, May, '24
 Portrait, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 Kapu, *Step Lad.*, Mar., '24
 Star-Dancers, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Sonnet, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 Slants, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Petals of Darkness, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
- GHEENT, KATE DOWNING—Faith, *South. Lit. Mag.*, Aug., '23
- GIBBS, AGNES K.—The Hawk, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- GIDLOW, ELSA—Youth Criticises a Legacy,
Em. Quar., May, '24
 Retribution, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 Conquest, *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- GILBERT, WARREN—Five Poems: Barren Ladies;
 A Girl's Mind; Lyric; Gods; In Arti-
 cula Mortis, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 The Girl With Bright Hair, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
- GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE—Answers; Influence;
 The Illusionist; Formula, *Measure*, Dec., '23
 For Immediate Sale—A Recently Built
 Six-Room House, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 For Rent—Well-Equipped 100-Acre Farm,
Cont. V., May, '24
 She's Dying and He Will Not Let Me Go,
Cont. V., May, '24
 For Rent—Four-Room Furnished Apart-
 ment in Quiet Neighborhood, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 For Immediate Sale—Sewing Machine in
 Good Repair, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 Housekeeper Wanted—Motherly Woman to
 Look After Three Children, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 Experienced Woman Wants Position as
 Housekeeper, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 Beatitude, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- GILL, OTTIE—Not These, *Gypsy*, No. 2
- GILMORE, LOUIS—For the Memory, *Parnassus*, No. 4
 Idyl; Southern Melody; Chocolate Melody;
 Sanguine; Spiritual Photograph,
Little R. Spring, '24
- GILMORE, MARION FORSTER—Moonlight Motifs
 (to Robert Reid, N. A.), *Am. Poetry* Oct.-Nov., '23
- GILTINAN, CAROLINE—The Magician, *Cath. World*, Jul., '23
 The Ocean, *Cath. World*, Dec., '23
 Annunziata, *Cath. World*, Mar., '24

GILTAN, CAROLINE (*Continued*)

- The Invader, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
 From The Ward Window; Respite, *Lyric*, Sept., '23
- GINSBERG, LOUIS—Evening Rush Hour, *Forum*, Jul., '24
 Sing a Song of Houses, *Parnassus*, No. 4
 Frost, *Min.*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- GILMORE, LOUIS—To an Ant, *Double D.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 Florizel In Love, *Double D.*, Jul., '24
 The Shower Bath, *Double D.*, Jan., '24
 To a Goldfish, *Double D.*, Jan., '24
 Rock, *Min.*, May-Jun., '24
 A Quiet Street After Rain, *Lit. Rev.*, May 10, '24
 Lines (for Charles H. Whitman), *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
 Spring-Song in Blue, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 To John Keats, *N. Y. Post*, Nov. 3, '23
 Doors, *Amer. Heb.*, Mar., '24
 Colloquy of Familiar Things, *Amer. Heb.*, May, 9, '24
 Underground, *Newark E. N.*, May 17, '24
- GIOVANNI, SISTER MARY—Communion, *Mag'at*, Aug., '23
 She Hath Not Ceased To Kiss My Feet, *Mag'at*, Sep., '23
- GLAEZNER, RICHARD BUTLER—Moon-Magic; In
 An Ear of the Sea, *Wand.*, Sep., '23
 Older Than China's Wall, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
 Simplicia Metella, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 9, '24
 Solfeggio, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 9, '24
 Tertium, Quid, *Min.*, Nov.-Dec. '23
 When the East Quivers, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 After a Storm, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 Between the Brackets, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
- GLINES, ELLEN—R. I. P. Amor, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Borinquen, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Today, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Tropic Dawn, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
- GOFF, HAROLD—Reincarnation, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- GOLDBURT, A.—The Night of Kid and Kiddo, *Parnassus*, No. 3
 GOLDING, LOUIS—Beauty a Ghost, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 The Passer-By, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- GOLDSBOROUGH, LAIRD SHIELDS—The Great Bud-
 dha of Kwang Ki, *Yale Lit.*, Dec., '23
 The Pope (Innocent IV., XIII Century), *Yale Lit.*, Jan., '24
 Prayer to the Muses; Two In the Dawn, *Scroll*, Sep., '23
- GONDIER, VIOLET BAILEY—Old Trails, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 To Rosemary, A November Child, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
- GOODENOUGH, ARTHUR HENRY—The Golden Apple, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
- GOODNER, CARLTON CURTIS—These Two, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
- GORDON, GERTRUDE MILLS—The Candle's End, *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 13, '23

- GORDON, RONALD—The Forsaker, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 GORDON, WILLIAM STEWART—Juniors' Eyes, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 GORMAN, HERBERT S.—Anthony, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 On a Drunken Painter Who Repeats the
 Same Canvas Eternally, *New Repub.*, May 21, '24
 Conqueror, *New Repub.*, Aug. 22, '23
 Warning to a Blase Lady, *The Nation*, Jan. 3, '24
 The Meadow, *Freeman*, Nov. 28, '23
 Madame De Vaudraucourt, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 23, '24
 Blind Time, *Freeman*, Aug. 22, '23
 Tea Hour, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 GOTTSCHALK, LAURA RIDING—A Pair, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 The Lightning, *Step Lad.*, Dec., '23
 The City of Cold Women; The Sky; The
 Wind; The Lovers; Voices; Houses; Gar-
 dens; Interlude, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 To an Unborn Child; The Quids; Initia-
 tion; Starved, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 Adjustment, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 Houses, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 The Floorwalker, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 To the Sky, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 GOLDING, LOUIS—A Chaffinch, A Poplar, A Star,
 to G. C. H., *Lyric*, Jul., '24
 GOWER, JEAN MILNE—Children of the Loom,
 Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 GRACE, RICHARD JOSEPH—Homesteader's Song,
 Lar., Oct., '23
 GRAHAM, GLADYS WILMOT—Reliquary, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 March Wind, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 GRAHAM, OTTIE—Futility, *Messenger*, Jul., '24
 GRANT-AVERY, BERTHA—Birches, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
 GRAY, PHILIP—Adventure's End, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Before We Part; Celebratio, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 Cargo, *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
 Language, *Step Lad.*, Sept., '23
 Circles, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 Narrative in Three Poems, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 We Two, *Voices*, May-June, '24
 Music, *Min.*, May-Jun., '24
 GRAY, WHITLEY—Western Moon, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 Valley Of The Columbia In Spring, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
 GRAVES, L. M.—The Call of the Prairie; The
 Plainsman, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '23
 GRAYCE, LA PEARL—Tenderness, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 GREGORY, AUGUSTA—The Old Woman Remembers,
 New Repub., Feb. 20, '24
 GREEN, EMMA—Willow, Bending Over Me,
 Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Where Is Solitude? *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Annie In Her Garden, *Country Bard*, Winter, '23
 When a Darting Red Bird Lights the Way,
 Country Bard, Spring, '24

- GREEN, EMMA (*Continued*)
 Gray Days-Cold Days, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '23
 When Dogwood Stars the Forest,
Augusta Ch., Apr. 6, '24
- GREEN, JULIA BOYNTON—The Rose Peony,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Song Craft, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- GREEN, THOMAS CLAIBORNE—To A Poet, *Circle*, Mar., '24
- GREENHOOD, DAVID—The Hungry, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Today, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Old Refrains, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 My Flippant Mistress, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
 Thus, *Measure*, Jul., '24
 Impeachment, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- GREEN-LEACH, L. N.—A Rondeau Of 1613 Bolton
 St. (Dedicated to the Baltimore Poetry
 Circle) *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 June, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 A New Year's Resolution, *Circle*, Jan., '24
 Keats to Severn, *Circle*, Mar., '24
 A Village May-Queen, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- GREEN, MARY WALTER—Gilded Bars; Work,
Scroll, Feb., '24
- GREENWOOD, FLORENCE—Oh, Gladsome Day,
Am. Poetry Aug., Sept., '23
- GREENWOOD, R. R.—Two Days, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 The Poet, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 The Threshold, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 Casco Bay Fish-Houses, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 Departure, *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- GRIFFITH, ALLISON—Painting, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- GRIFFITH, WILLIAM—Vestigia, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Amytis, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
 Tidings, *Step. Lad.*, Jan., '24
 Ode To Krazy Kat, (In appreciation of George
 Herriman's Comic Strip), *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
- GRISSOM, IRENE WELCH—A Prophecy, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 Breaking The Prairie, *Lar.*, Sept., '23
 Vanished Days, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
- GROKOWSKY, DAVID N.—Douglas Park. . Chi-
 cago: Spring and Summer; Autumn;
 Winter, *Four*, Oct., '23
- GROSS, RAY H.—Retrospection, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sept., '23
- GROSSMAN, HENRIETTA MAYER—Acknowledgment,
C. S. Jour., Oct., '23
- GUASS, H. C.—Poem, *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec., '23
- GUBBINS, FLORENCE IRENE—Simplicity,
C. S. Jour., Apr., '24
- GUITERMAN, ARTHUR—As to Poets, *Bookman*, Feb., '24
 Epitaph, *The Nation*, June, 4, '24
 The Nordics, *The Nation*, June 18, '24
 Pure Envy, *Lit. Rev.*, June 28, '24
- GUSLING, KALFUS KURTZ—You, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23

- GUYOL, LOUISE PATTERSON—Opportunity,
Granite M. Dec., '23
- GWATHMEY, MARGARET CABELL—The Ruby-Throated
Humming Bird, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
The Opium Poppy, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
- HARMAN, HENRY E.—On The Road To Enoree,
So. Lit. Mag., Aug., '23
- HARRIER, JESSIE VAUGHN—"I Wonder What a Cocker
Spaniel Thinks About?" *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
- HARRILD, ELIZABETH—Lady Fair, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
- HARRIMAN, ALICE—The Waterfront, *Overland*, Feb., '24
- HARRIS, HAZEL V.—The Light of Victory,
C. S. Jour., Aug., '23
- HARRIS, HAZEL HARPER—Sunset,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- HARROLD, FRED—Triolets, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- HART, PEARL BARKER—June Days, *Overland*, Jun., '24
- HARTSOCK, ERNEST—April Sadness, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
Transmigration; Beauty's Wine; Vanitas
Vanitatum, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
- HARWOOD, RUTH—Allegro, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- HARVEY, MARGARET—Disillusionment,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- HARTMANN, JO.—A Night From An Alcove, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
- HASTE, GWENDOLEN—The Barrier, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
The Deserted Ranch, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
The Mourner, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
In a New Land, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
Time, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
Sloth, *Parnassus*, No. 1
Nostalgia, *Scribner's*, Oct., '23
For a Lonely Grave, *Century*, Nov., '23
In Montana: Exotic; The Wind, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- HASTINGS, CRISTEL—Hunger, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
Thirst, *Overland*, Feb., '24
Falling Stars; Sirens, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
If I Were the Wind, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- HAWKINS, HELOISE M. BUROUGH, Crown Jewels;
Anniversary, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- HAYSRADT, J. MCA.—Summer Festival, *Yale Lit.*, Jun., '24
- HAYES, ANNA HANSEN—The Road in the Sage,
Am. Poetry, Oct.—Nov., '23
- HAZZARD, LOWELL B.—Mysticism, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 8, '23
- HEATH, MRS. W. M.—Rain, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
- HEATH, WINIFRED—To a Certain Poet,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
The South Wind, *Lar.*, Sept., '23
On Going to Town, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- HEAZLITT, CLARENCE WATT—Phantasmagoria
(Awarded the prize in the Mystic Poem
Contest), *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- HEDGES, ADA M.—Homeland, *Overland*, May, '24
- HEIDEMAN, MIRIAM—Sleep Lets Us Forget, *Lyric*, Nov., '23

- HEILBRUNN, STELLA—Beyond, *Double D.*, Jan., '24
 HELFRICH, ESTHER JANE—Promethean, *Wand.*, Aug., '23
 HELLER, SAMUEL—After; Freedom; Goldenrod,
 Scroll, Oct., '23
 Lighted Windows; Earthdust, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 Winter Lakem, *Min.*, May-Jun., '24
 Mystic, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
 After Vaudeville, *Parnassus*, No. 3
 Meditation, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 HELMAN, REBECCA—The Way of the World; The
 Song, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
 Inconsistence; Autumn, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 Dawn of Womanhood; Recompense; From
 a Girl's Heart, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 Girls in a Factory; Two: Lily; Ruth, *Bard*, Spr., '24
 Songs of a Factory Girl; Six-Fifty; The
 Noon Whistle; Work-a-Day Dreams;
 Five O'clock, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 HAARDT, SARA—On Reading Minor Poems, *Revr.*, Jan., '24
 HADDOX, DOROTHY—To a Kimono, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Japanese Tiger Lily (Hon. mention Dr.
 Mary McKibben-Harper prize),
 Step Lad., Nov., '23
 HADLEY, FLORENCE JONES—My Neighbor's House
 and Mine, *Mag'at*, Sept., '23
 The Little House in the Hollow, *Mag'at*, Aug., '23
 HAGEDORN, HERMANN—Three Poems: Diana; The
 Eyes of God; Summer Dusk, *Outlook*, Oct. 10, '23
 Solomon, *Outlook*, Oct. 24, '23
 HAINES, PAUL—The Masquerade, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sept., '23
 HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN—Thief, *Lit. Rev.*, Apr. 5, '24
 A Lady, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 Alleluia! *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Sven, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Tramp, *Voices*, Aug.-Sept., '23
 HALL, CAROLYN—The Penalty, *Forum*, Nov., '23
 Two Songs: The Singing Hands; Luz De
 Mi Corazon, *Measure*, Nov., '23
 HALL, ELIZA CALVERT—The Prayer of Prayers,
 Step Lad., Apr., '24
 HALL, GRACE E.—Memories, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 To a Humming Bird, *Overland*, Jun., '24
 Except For You, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 Silence, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 Repetition, *Lar.*, Sept., '23
 Love's Inspiration, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Homespun Poems: Trees; Thoughts; We
 Build; Shadows; The Quiet Woman;
 Summary; Fairy-Spun, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 Finality, *Overland*, May, '24
 HALL, HAZEL—Riddle, *New Repub.*, Jun. 11, '24
 Slow Death, *New Repub.*, Jun. 18, '24
 Cooling Song, *Bookman*, Jul. '24

HALL, HAZEL (*Continued*)

The Unuttered,	<i>New Repub.</i> , May 28, '24
Crossed Heart,	<i>New Repub.</i> , Apr. 16, '24
Any Woman,	<i>New Repub.</i> , Oct. 3, '23
The Ravelling Tune,	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '24
Flight,	<i>New Repub.</i> , Aug. 29, '23
Breath,	<i>New Repub.</i> , Dec. 19, '23
Eleventh Month,	<i>New Repub.</i> , Nov. 28, '23
Six Poems: For a Broken Needle; Inherit-	
ance; Winter Rest; Incantation; The	
Scarf; Weeper in the Dark,	<i>Voices</i> , Mar.-Apr., '24
Audience to a Poet,	<i>Lit. Rev.</i> , Jan. 5, '24
Woman Death,	<i>Measure</i> , May, '24
The Ravelling Tune,	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '24
To All Quiet Persons,	<i>Cont. V.</i> , May, '24
Song To Be Known Before Death,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Before Quiet,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
The Relinquisher,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Inland,	<i>Lyric West</i> , Feb., '24
Interim,	<i>Outlook</i> , Jul. 16, '24
Pleasantry,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Experienced Griever,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Weeper in the Dark,	<i>Voices</i> , Mar.-Apr., '24
Winter Rest,	<i>Voices</i> , Mar.-Apr., '24
Incantation,	<i>Voices</i> , Mar.-Apr., '24
Estranged,	<i>Century</i> , Dec., '23
Light Sleep,	<i>The Nation</i> , Apr. 16, '24
The Scarf,	<i>Voices</i> , Mar.-Apr., '24
A Woman Ponders,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Protest,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Submergence,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Hearsay,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Sleep Charm,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24
Death Defied,	<i>Poetry</i> , Jul., '24

HALL, HENRY CLAY—A Bachelor's Lament; A	
Lover's Fancy,	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '24
A Dreamer's Kyrielle; Who Does Not Love	
True Poetry,	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-Jun., '24

HALL, INA E.—A Thousand Thousand Years Ago,	
	<i>Bard</i> , Win., '23-'24

HALL, LENA—Six Sonnets: Mountains; The Way	
of Water; Late Adventure; Sea Nur-	
tured; Warning; Vision,	<i>Voices</i> , Aug.-Sept., '23

HALLER, MALLEVILLE—A boy's Tent,	
	<i>The Nation</i> , Apr. 9, '24

HALTIWANGER, CAROLINE B.—Worship,	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Aug.-Sept., '23

HAMAN' CORALIE HOWARD—The Tramp,	
	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-Jun., '24

The Preacher's Message,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Feb. 21, '24
The Tall Gods,	<i>Circle</i> , Mar., '24
Memories,	<i>Circle</i> , Jul.-Aug., '24

- HAMILTON, ANN—Billers, *The Nation*, Oct. 17, '23
 Song Overheard on the Highway, *The Nation*, Aug. 29, '23
 The Flower-Vender, *The Nation*, Aug. 15, '23
- HAMILTON, FLORA BRENT—Life, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- HAMILTON, MARION ETHEL—The Alien, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- HAMILTON, MARY GLENN—Remembrance, *De Pauw*, Mar., '24
- HAMLIN, AMY WHITTLESEY—No Labor After Death, *Overland*, Jan., '24
- HAMMOND, ELEANOR—Young Roads, *C. S. Mon.*, Jun. 11, '24
 Winds, Blow Her Here! *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Snowfall, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
 You, Too, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Loneliness, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 You Said, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
- HAMMOND, LAURA—The Marginal Way, *South Lit.*, Aug., '23
- HAMMOND, LOUISE S.—The Holy Child, *Step Lad.*, Dec., '23
- HAMMOND, MARIA JOHNS—A Mother, *Circle*, Jan., '24
 Lost at Sea, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
- HAN HUNG (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Hang-hu)—An Autumn Evening, *Freeman*, Aug. 15, '23
 (Trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Hang-hu)—Inscribed in the Temple of the Wandering Genie, *Freeman*, Aug. 15, '23
- HANLINE, MAURICE—Harlequin Plays The Ghost For Columbine, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
- HANSON, JOSEPH MILLS—Lilacs, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
- HAO-JAN, MENG (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu)—From a Mooring on the T'ung Lu to a Friend in Yang-Chou, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
- HARDY, EVELYN—The Trust, *Scribner's*, Jun., '24
- HARDY, GEORGE E.—Harvest; Despair Moments, *Scroll*, May, '24
- HARE, AMORY—To A. T. B. M.; The Olympians, *Cont. V.*, Feb., '24
- HARKNESS, SAMUEL D.—Lives Are Like Books, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 10, '24
- HELMAN, REBECCA—Little Hour, *Step Lad.*, Apr., '24
 In the Night Watches, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 Unheeded; The Conflict; The Poor Relation, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 The Way of One; When Love Remains the Same; Illumined; The Willow, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
 In the Lilt of a Song; Love Songs, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Suspense; Response, *Scroll*, Sep., '23
 Caught; Night-piece; Love Song, *Scroll*, Jul., '24

- HELTON, ROY—A Street Car Symphony; The
 Song of Dark Waters, *Cont. V.*, Feb., '24
 HENDERSON, DANIEL—The Man In Me; Generations,
 Cont. V., Dec., '23
 HENDERSON, JOHN ROBERT—The Dying Day,
 Scroll, Apr., '24
 She Touched the Strings, A Rondeau,
 Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 HENDERSON, ROSE—Desert Noon, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
 HENDERSON, RUTH EVELYN—Lesson in Poetry,
 Cont. V., Nov., '23
 College Class In Drama, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 HENDERSON, SHIRLEY—Lassen, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 HENDRICKS, CECILIA HENNEL—Wyoming Sunset,
 Lyric West, Oct., '23
 HENRY, THOMAS MILLARD—Alas, *Messenger*, Jul., '24
 A Lullaby, *Messenger*, Dec., '23
 Three Poems: The Song of Psyche;
 Dreams Are the Workman's Friends;
 My Motive, *Messenger*, Jan., '24
 To a Scientist, *Messenger*, Oct., '23
 Ruthlessville, *Messenger*, Sept., '23
 HERMANN, EDWARD A. G.—Christ in a Hospital,
 Ch. Cent., May 22, '24
 HERON, HERBERT—Carmel Mission by Moonlight,
 Wand., Oct., '23
 HERRON, STELLA WYNNE—To a Parakeet, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 HEPBURN, E. MACALISTER—To Her Whose Lover
 Lies Dead, *Lyric West.*, Dec., '23
 Nocturne, *Lyric West.*, Oct., '23
 HEYWARD, JANIE SCREVEN—This House is Empty,
 Lyric, Mar., '24
 HEYWARD, DUBOSE—Epitaph for a Poet,
 Bookman, Apr., '24
 New England Landscape, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Milestones, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 The Equinox, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Pirate Legend, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Gifts, Jan. 16, '24
 Black Christmas, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 Alternatives, *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 HEYWARD, JOHN SEREVEN—*Meeting*, *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
 HIBBARD, ADDISON—To a Chinese Student in America,
 Rev., Jul., '24
 HICKEY, ALICE M.—Gypsy Urge, *N. Y. Sun*, May, '24
 Echoes, *N. Y. Sun*, Sep., '24
 If You Are There, *N. Y. Sun*, Mar., '24
 The Weaver, *Sun and Globe*, Nov., '23
 At Christmas Time, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 11, '23
 HIGGINS, ANNIE—In Regard to Rings, *Bookman*, May, '24
 Jewelry; My Hands; Midnight, *Measure*, Feb., '24
 HILL, MARVIN LUTHER—To Madeleine, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
 Lowlands, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24

- HILL, MARVIN LUTHER (*Continued*)
 The Doubter, *Lyric West.*, Dec., '23
- HILL, FRANK ERNEST—Farm-Circle, *New Rep.*, Aug. 29, '23
 So Passes the Glory, *New Rep.*, May 21, '24
 Words for Gardening, *New Rep.*, Jun. 11, '24
- HILL, DANA—The Tree, *Bookman*, Jul., '24
 Earth and Air, *Measure*, May, '24
- HILL, LUCIE HASKELL—To Till the Ground,
C. S. Jour., Apr., '24
- HILLIARD, JOHN NORTHERN—Gifts, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- HILLMAN, CAROLYN—A Portrait, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
- HILLYER, ROBERT SILLIMAN—Interval, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Egyptian Suite, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Mentis Trist, *New Rep.*, Jan. 30, '24
 Nocturne, *Dial*, Mar., '24
 Sonnet, *Rev.*, Apr., '24
 Moo, *New Rep.*, Oct. 31, '23
 Portrait, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 Sonnet, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- HOARD, PRESCOTT, Model; Episode, *Measure*, Jun., '24
 Saturday Barnyard, *Measure*, Jul., '24
- HOFFMAN, HAROLD—Two Winter Poems: Kill-
 deer; Belated, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- HOISINGTON, MAY FOLWELL—Buried Treasure,
Bard, Win., '23-'24
 The Lass of Ilfracombe, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 The Word of Solon; Gods of the Corn,
Scroll, May., '24
 Thora and the Nykkur-Horses, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
 The Smiling Ghost of Blaith, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
 Ad Interim, *Circle*, Mar., '24
 El Dia De Reyes; Dissociation. *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 The Song of Bahram, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 The Gypsy Child, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
- HOLBROOK, WEARE—The Belle of the Ball,
Lyric West, Oct., '23
 To Flat-Face, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- HOLDEN, FLOYD T.—Mnemosyne, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
- HOLLIDAY, CARL—Dream Ships, *Granite M.*, Dec., '23
 Old "Prof." Dickerson Dies, *Scribner's* Sep., '23
- HOLLIS, BARBARA—Vagabond, *Overland*, Apr., '24
- HOLLOWAY, ROBERTS—Sorrow, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
- HOLME, JAMIE SEXTON—Love in Autumn I Do
 Not Weep, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
- HOLMES, CALVIN RUSSELL—Madonna, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- HOLWAY, EDITH BOYDER—The Onlooker,
Lyric West, Sep., '23
- HOOD, JOSEPH R.—Arcadia, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- HOOD, EVELYN—When Night Is Darkest,
Cont., Jan. 31, '24
- HOPE, ETHEL—Masquerade, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Two Songs of Summer, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23

- HOPKINS, ERNST JEROME—Standing Out To Sea,
Gently, Bro., Mar., '24
- HOPPE, THERESA L.—Songs My Mother Sang, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
A Crushed Flower, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- HORGAN, JOSEPH LEE—Grey Symphony,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- HORGAN, PAUL—Winter Night, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
Litany, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
The Temples and the Gongs, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- HORN, FREDERICA L.—My Temple,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- HORST, JOHN H.—The Rebel Poet,
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
- HOSKINS, RUTH CORLEY—The Early Morning Crowd,
Lyric West, Oct., '23
- HOSMER, CHARLES—Flegeling, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- HOUDLETTE, FLORENCE—The Bugle Call,
C. S. Jour., Jan., '24
- Houghton, Walter Edwards, Jr.—Benediction:
Recall; Just To-day, *Yale Lit.*, Oct., '23
The Eager Years, *Yale Lit.*, Nov., '23
Chimes, *Yale Lit.*, Jan., '24
- HOUGHTELIN, GUY R.—Obedience to God's Call,
C. S. Jour., Nov., '23
- HOUK, GERTRUDE DEANE—The Way, *C. S. Jour.*, Jun., '24
- HOUSE, ROY TEMPLE—Tankas from the Japanese,
Lyric West, Feb., '24
- HOWARD, J. FREDERICK—Meditation of an Old
Deserted House, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- HOWARD, KATHARINE—By San Diego,
Lyric West, Mar., '24
- HOWELLS, MILDRED—Sleep Well, *Scribner's*, Feb., '24
To an Amiable Little Boy, *Scribner's*, Jul., '24
- HOWES, GRACE CLEMENTINE—The Mountains,
Lyric West, Feb., '24
Sea Lover, *McClure's*, Jun., '24
An Old Man of the Trails, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- HOY, ARTHUR DWIGHT—A Day Dream, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
- HOYT, HELEN—Now I Will Unknit My Life Away,
Mdn. Rev., Jan.-Apr., '24
Control, *Lit. Rev.*, May 22, '24
What I Dreamed Would Be So Strange,
Cont. V., May, '24
Sleep, Sleep On, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
Let Me Keep Your Hand, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
Recession, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
I Have Known, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
O White, White, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
Fragment, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
I Must Turn Myself From Your Sorrow,
Parnasus, No. 3
The Stone, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
The Birde and the Matron, *Poetry*, Oct., '23

HOYT, HELEN (*Continued*)

- Day's End, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Chant of Rejoicing, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Your Words, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 October Letter, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Gravid, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Flower and Flame, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Recompense, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 The Trees Are Troubled and Blown, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 The White Leopard, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 At the Edge of the Pier, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Tulip Bed, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
 HUBBARD, ERNEST—The Ghost, *Double D.*, Jul., '24
 HUBBELL, LINDLEY WILLIAMS—Sonnet, *Measure*, Feb., '24
 HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND—Birch Artistry, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '23
 HUDSON, ADDIE CROUSEY—Loneliness, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 The Silent Feller, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '23
 HUELSENBECK, R.—Chorus Sanctus: Les Primitifs; La Mer Indienne et le Soleil Tout Rouge, *Little R.*, Spring, '24
 HUGHES, LANGSTON—Grant Park; Gods, *Messenger*, Mar., '24
 Prayer for a Winter Night, *Messenger*, Jul., '24
 HUGHES, RICHARD—The Three Wishes, *Lyric*, Jul., '24
 HUGHES, ROBERT M.—A Sapphir Fragment, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 The Country Girl, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 The Misfit, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Alone! I am Alone! *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 HUGHES, RUSSELL MERIWETHER—Below the Rio; The Star Roper, *Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 The Coyote Hide; Chiquita, *Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 Yellow Flowers, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '23
 HUMPHREYS, RENA LLOYD—What You Are Like To Me, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 HUMPHREYS, ROLFE—To the Greatest City in the World, *Circle*, May-Jun., '24
 Hard-Wood Woman, *Century*, Jun., '24
 Eagle, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Dreams, *New Rep.*, Jul. 2, '24
 Night Rider, *The Nation*, Jul. 2, '24
 On Leaving, *The Nation*, May 21, '24
 Companion Piece, *Step Lad.*, Apr., '24
 Parting Shot, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 Whence Cometh My Help, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 Europa, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 Imminent, *Measure*, Jul., '24
 Mistress Death; Eloï, Eloï, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 In Your Own Words, *Measure*, Feb., '24
Wand., Sept., '23

- HUNTER, GRACE—My Prayer (Translated from
the Bulgarian of Christo Botroff), *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
- HUNT, LEIGH—The Nile, *Granite M.*, Sep., '23
- HUNTER, REX—Sinclair at the Theatre, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- HUNT, ROBERT BOOKER—Puzzle, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
- HUTCHINSON, HAZEL COLLISTER—Inheritance,
Reims, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
Paris Impression, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
Poetry, Nov., '23
- HUTCHINS, M. DORIS—Finis, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
To the Soul of a Dancer, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- HYATT, JACK, JR.—Prayer, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- HYDE, EDNA—Jealousy, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
Kin, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24
- INMAN, ARTHUR C.—The Spring House, *Rev.*, Jul., '24
The Ocean, *Lyric West.*, Feb., '24
To Columbine, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
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- IVES, MABEL LORENZ—Four Famous Chinese
Poems, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
- JANES, MARGARET WAUGH—Gifts; May Baskets,
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- JOSLIN, WILLIAM W.—A Sailor's Haven,
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- JACKSON, JESSICA—Song, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
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Clay; Shelling Peas, *Palms*, Summer, '23
- JACKSON, PHYLLIS—Prairie Mother, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- JACKSON, WINIFRED VIRGINIA—Ellsworth To
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- JACOB, ELSIE ANITA—Pizzicato, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
- JAE, VEE ACHE—Serpents, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- JAFFRAY, NORMAN R.—Winter, *Yale Lit.*, Feb., '24
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- JAMES, BERTHA TEN EYCK—L'ung-Chien Kun,
Poetry, Aug., '23
Winter Pictures: The North Wind; Night;
Morn, *Cont.*, Jan. 31, '24
- JAMES, JUDITH—Porphyrogene, *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- JAMMES, ARTHUR—The Diaphanous Dieties Are
for a Moment Appalled, *Mdn. Rev.*, Oct., '23
- JAVITZ, ALEXANDER—The City Is Armoured in
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- JEANCON, JEAN ALLARD—It's Day In Hopi-Land;
Good-Night To Hopi-Land, *Am. Poetry*, Nov., '23
- JENKINS, OLIVER—Paganne, *Palms*, Summer, '23
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- JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON—"Beyond Rhodope
 Once," *Voice*, Aug.-Sep., '23
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- JENNINGS, VIOLA—O, Ship! My Ship! *Lar.*, Oct., '23
- JEWELL, LUCY—Adam Waking, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- JEWETT, JOHN BROWN—Arbiters of Fate,
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- JOHANSEN, DOROTHY O.—Seaside Echoes: Faith;
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- JOHN, CECIL—Tanganyika, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
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- JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Armor, *Min.*, Jul.-Aug., '24
- JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE—Song, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
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- JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Paradox; Your
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- JOHNSON, JAMES WELDON—My City, *Century*, Sep., '23
- JOHNSON, LAMONT—The Signal Light, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- JOHNSON, REBA—My Life, *McClure's*, Jul., '24
- JOHNSON, SAIMI—Bewilderment: I Love Them
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- JOHNSON, SIDDIE JOE—The Carpenter, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- JOHNSON, STANLEY—Sonnets of the Yellow Leaf,
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- JOHNSON, DELPHENE—The Orchestra, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
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- JONES, ALO W.—Tired, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
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- A Wish; Winter, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
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- JONES, BONNIE B.—Green Peace, *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 30, '23
- JONES, BYRON B.—Jest Her Way, *Argosy*, Jun. 21, '24
- JONES, CHARLOTTE WELLS—In a Garden,
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- JONES, E. CLEMENT—The Interpreter, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '24
- JONES, ELIZABETH WARREN—One Woman,
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- JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD—Ideal, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- JONES, RUTH LAMBERT—Because We Love Each
 Other Passing Well, *Bookman*, May, '24
- Skepticism, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
- The Pipe of Pan's Devising, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
- To One Absent, Journeying, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
- In Various Veins, Poems for the Thanks-
 giving Season After the Manner of—
Lit. Rev., Nov. 24, '23
- JONES, W. K.—To Thomas Gray, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
- JONSRUD, EUNICE—Exquisites: Your Love, Sa-
 rong; Incense; Some Day, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
- JOSLEN, H. A.—Helen of Troy; Pity, *Gypsy*, No. 2
- KALAR, JOSEPH A.—In a Graveyard at Night, *Gypsy*, No. 2
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- KANTOR, MACKINLEY—The Bed of Poppies,
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- KARFUNKLE, ANNA—So Fair a Sorrow, *Measure*, Feb., '24
- KARN, ESTHER NELSON—A Winter Day,
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- KAUFMAN, REGINA—Symbols, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
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- KEAN, LILLIAN LOGAN—To You, *Argosy*, Jun. 21, '24
- KEARNS, JOHN—Exiles, *Jacksonville D. J.*, Jul. 5, '24
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- Maple Seeds, *Jacksonville D. J.*, May 18, '24

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- To a Rose-Breast Singing in the Rain,
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- KEITH, HENRIETTA JEWETT—The Old Poet's Pro-
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- KELLEY, FLORENCE FINCH—Bloom of May,
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- KELMAN, REBECCA—Homesick; Hands, *Carroll*, Jun., '24
- KEMNITZ, LELAND STANFORD—A Seagull,
KEMNITZ, LELAND STANFORD—A Seagull,
- KEMP, ADELAIDE R.—Spring's Promise, *A' Louette*, May, '24
- KEMP, HARRY—Quicksand, *New Rep.*, Jun. 4, '24
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- KENDRICK, LUCILE—While It Is Day; Spendthrift,
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- KENNEDY, CHARLES W.—I've Worked For a Shill-
ing, *Scribner's* Nov., '23
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- KENNEDY, F. U.—Windows, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
- KENNEDY, J. H.—Sometimes, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
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- KENNEDY, THOMAS—The Little Wild Girl,
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- KENYON, BERNICE LESBIA—Autumn, *Scribner's*, Feb., '24
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- KENYON, DORIS—Before Dawn, *Lyric*, Feb., '24
- KENYON, JAMES B.—My Love Lies in the Gates
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- KENYON, THEDA—Moonlight in a Museum,
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- KOWALESKI, E. A.—Dawn in the Hills, *Parnassus*, No. 3
- KEY, ROBERT ELLIS—Investment, *C. S. Jour.*, Jun., '21
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- KIDD, WALTER EVANS—Blue Morning,
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- KILMER, ALINE—Song, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
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- KING, ELEANOR LYNE—Fish, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
- KING, ETHEL—Courage, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
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- KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE—Stript, *Lyric*, Feb., '24
- KINZER, GORDON NEALE—The Spanish Sinks, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
- KIRK, JAMES—The Stone Cutter, *Double D.*, Jul., '24

- KIRK, RICHARD—"River Dusk," by Miss Gray,
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- KIRWAN, MARIE—Patterns In Snow, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- KLEINMAN, BERTHA A.—The Mountain Bee; The
 Song of the World, *Scroll*, Sep., '23
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- KLOSS, PHILLIPS—A Mexican Village, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
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- KLOTZ, BETH O'NEIL—My Lady of the Gingham
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- KNAPP, ETHEL MARJORIE—Though Tomorrow She
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- KNIGHT, GLADYS—Western Gold, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
- KNISTER, RAYMOND—The Hawk, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
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- KONECKY, EUGENE—George Sterling, *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
- KORNS, ANDRE—Asperities of a Lady At Sunrise,
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- KRAMER, ARTHUR J.—Shadows, *Poetry*, Sep., '23
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- KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL—Dream Street, *Circle*, Jan., '24
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- KREYMBORG, ALFRED—A Finger Or a Whisper,
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- And She Said and I Said— *New Rep.*, Aug. 8, '23
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 KUSKULIS, ELIZABETH FAIRLEY—Hope,
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 LA DOW, ELIZABETH—Language, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
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 LANDELS, THOMAS D.—A Song of the Sea,
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 LAPPIN, CHARLES F.—Where The Woodland,
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- LAUDER, E. LOUISE—Sweet Elysium, *Measure*, Mar., '24
- LAUGHLEY, MAUCHE IRENE—The Gypsy Trail,
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- LAUGHLIN, E. O.—The Lincoln Circuit, *Lad. H. J.*, Feb., '24
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- LAWRENCE, D. H.—Humming Bird, *Nation*, Oct. 10, '23
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- LAWRENCE, GORDON—Grasshoppers, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan., '24
- LAWRENCE, HARRIET PAINE—Stars in the Sea,
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- LAWRENCE, LUCAS—Nature, *Messng'r*, Jul., '24
- LAWLESS, MARGARET H.—In the Catacombs: A
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- LAWSON, ELEANOR EVERSFIELD—Taps,
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- LAWTON, GRACE—Perplexity, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- LAYNOR, FLORENCE M.—The Mother,
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- LEE, BORGHILD LUNDGERG—Silver Birches,
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- LEE, G. D.—My Sweetheart California,
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- LEE, HARRY—Bermuda-Lilies,
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- LEE, LAWRENCE—April Night, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
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- LEE, LINDA—Cycle, *Overland*, Jul., '24
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- LEE, MUNA—Mushroom Town: The Drug Store;
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- LEHMER, EUNICE MITCHELL, Driftwood, *Overland*, Feb., '24
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- LEIGH, ALICE—Kinship, *Scribner's*, Oct., '23
- LEIGH, A. B.—Joan of Arc, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
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- LEIGH, FRANCES—Ecstasy, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
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- LEMON, DON—Resurrection, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- LEMONT, JESSIE—My Faun, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- LENCH, W. H.—We Are Like Gold Fish, *Lyric West*, May, '24
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- LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY—The Visitor, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
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- LEONARD, ORVILLE—Forest Triumphant, *Am. For.*, Dec., '23
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- LE PADRE, RUTH—Lady With Hair of Tangled Gold, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
- LESEMANN, MAURICE—Dark Rain: New Mexico, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
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- LE SUER, MERIDEL—Nests, *Poetry*, May, '24
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 LINDSEY, THERESE—Lost, *Measure*, Jan., '24
 LINERBARGER, IVA B.—Prayer, *C. S. Jour.*, Sep., '23
 LI Po (trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang hu)—A Farewell to a Friend, *Parnassus*, No. 4
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 LOCHER, HARRIET HAWLEY—Kindred, *Min.*, Sept.-Oct., '23
 LOCKWOOD, MARION—The Place of Truth, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 LOGAN, MARIAN RUSSELL—The Poet, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
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 LONGSTRETH, T. MORRIS—Carte Blanche, *Forum*, Apr., '24
 LOOMIS, CASSIUS M.—Sympathy, *C. S. Jour.*, Sept., '23
 LOUPE, CARROLL—To One Absent, *Parnassus*, Number 2, '23
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 LOUTHAN, HATTIE HORNER—Delusion, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 LOVE, ADELAIDE PATTERSON—Two Poems: Motif; Undercurrent, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
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 LOVING, PIERRE—Mountain Hunger, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
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 LOWELL, AMY—The Watershed, *New Rep.*, Aug. 1, '23
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 Eleonora Duse, *New Repub.*, Apr. 30, '24
 The Sand Altar, *Bookman*, May, '24
 Alternatives, *New Rep.*, Jan. 16, '24
 Exercise in Logic, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Fugitive, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 The Green Parrakeet, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Evelyn Ray, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 The "Plum Blossom" Concubine Writes to the Emporer Ming Huang, *Reviewer*, Jan., '24
 Time's Acre, *Dial*, Dec., '23
 Sultry, *Dial*, Dec., '23
 The Paper in the Gate-Legged Table, *Century*, May, '24
 LOY, MINA—Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose; English Rose; Ada Gives Birth to Ova, *Little R.*
 LUCAS, ANN LAWRENCE—The Messenger; Dear You, *Messngr*, Mar., '24
 LUCAS, WILL D.—At Twilight, *L. A. Sat. Nt.*, May 10, '24
 LUCIANI, VIRGIL—Splendore, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Dreamers, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 LUHRS, MARIE—Flash, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Fugitive, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Rainy Night, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 New York, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 26, '24
 Murderous Weapons, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 LUKE, ISOBEL—Nature's Moving Picture (to D. W. Griffith), *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 My Lost Star, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23

- LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET—A Charming Guest,
In Readiness *W. Branch*, Jun., '24
Flower Grow., Jul., '24
LYNCH, ADA KYLE—The Mystical Lacemaker,
Lar., Mar., '24
LYNCH GENEVIEVE LOUISE—Nostalgia, *Poetry*, May, '24
Immigrants, *Poetry*, May, '24
Alcestis, *Poetry*, May, '24
LYNN, ROBERTA—Glacier Point, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
LYON, ANNE BOZEMAN—Goldenrod,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
M., M. C.—The Writer; One Time, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
MADELEVA, SISTER M.—David; Swaddling Clothes,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
MAGE, DORIS—Not Alone, *Parnassus*, No. 3
MAHON, ELIZABETH ADAMS—Comparisons; Mon-
otony, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
Interlude; Moon's Progress,
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
MAISEL-GOLDSTEIN—Twilight Canvass, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
MAJOR, MONTGOMERY—My Words Neglect the
Beauty and the Young, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
MALLOY, MARY J.—Assumpta Es Maria, *Mag'tat*, Aug., '23
MANCHESTER, LESLIE CLARE—Down at the Spring,
Step Lad., Feb., '24
Bitter-Sweet, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE—Winter Bird,
New Rep., Apr. 30, '24
MARCONNIER, BYRNE—Ghosts, *The Nation*, Dec. 19, '23
MARING, HELEN EMMA—Dreams,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
MARKHAM, EDWIN—Man's Great Task,
Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
Love's Dream, *Lad. H. J.*, Feb., '24
MARKHAM, LUCIA CLARK—Back to the Hill,
Lyric West, Apr., '24
Sonnets to a Little Girl, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
MARKS, JEANNETTE—Salt of Sorrow, *Bookman*, Oct., '23
MARLOW, JAMES—The Heart Breaker, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sep., '23
MARKS, JEANNETTE—God's Acre, *Bookman*, Apr., '24
MARR, J. N.—Mary, A Memory, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
MARQUIS, NEETA—April Dusk, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
MARTIN, FRANCES WATSON—A California Sun-
shine, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
Sunset at Santa Monica, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
MARTIN, HERMAN FORD—Jetsam,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
The Wandering Minstrel, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
Apotheosis, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
Flame, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
Hunger, *Minaret*, July-Aug., '24
Sea Foam, *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr., '24

- MARTIN, JANETTE—Still Hours, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 First Love, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 MARTIN, JOHN—Tiger-Tiger; Kitty, *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
 MARTIN, PORTIA—The Swing, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 Plover—Wing Sings in the Fog, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 MASON, FRANCIS C.—Cultivation, *Cross-Cur.*, Nov., '23
 Inopportune, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 Disillusioned, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 MASON, FRANCIS—Magister Linguisticus, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 Treasure, *Lyric*, Aug., '23
 Prayer, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 MASON, GIBBS—You'll Say Farewell, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 MASTERS, EDGER LEE—The Return, *Poetry*, Sep., '23
 O You Young Eagles! *The Nation*, Dec. 12, '23
 Lithographs and Life, *Lit. Rev.*, May 3, '24
 Mind Flying Afar, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 The Return, *Poetry*, Sep., '23
 Ode to Autumn, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 MASSEY, ROBERT—Omega, *Heacock's*, May, '24
 MASSEY, ROGER—Last Pilgrimage, *Heacock's*, Jun., '24
 MATHIS, FLORENCE S.—Moon Over the Prairie;
 Sunset, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
 MATTES, L.—Autumn (translated from the Yid-
 dish by A. Wolftraub.), *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 MAY, BUELAH—The Canyon Trail, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
 Ulysses; Wind at Night, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 Night on Canyon, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
 Homesickness, *Overland*, Apr., '24
 Peter's Canyon, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 "The White Soul of a Sculptor;" Por-
 trait, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 March, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 Memory, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 The Wind of Han, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 By Way of Warning, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Mojave, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 MAYFIELD, A U.—The Church of My Childhood, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 MAYNARD, THEODORE—Autumn Mist, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '24
 MAYO, THOMAS—Bess, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 MAXWELL, ELLEN BENTON—Clynmalira, *Circle*, Mar., '24
 The Rhythm of Silence, *Circle*, Mar., '24
 Fame, *Circle*, May.-Jun., '24
 MAXWELL, GEORGE—A Typewriter, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 MCKINNEY, KATE SLAUGHTER—Only a Fern Leaf, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Two Cinquain, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Conversation; Easter, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 Four Cinquains:—Compassion, The Rain,
 Wind, The Unknown (by Francis H. Ger-
 man), *Scroll*, May, '24

- MCKINNEY, KATE SLAUGHTER (*Continued*)
 Peace and Unrest, *Scroll*, May, '24
 MEAD, IDA A.—Woman, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 MEADOWCROFT, CLARA PLATT—Upper Chambers,
 Ego, *Outlook*, Oct. 31, '23
 Lyric, Jun., '24
 MEARNS, HUGHES—A Father in Defence of Clamor,
 Hue-Cry, Jul., '24
 Some Other World It Was; Alien; Re-
 prieved, *Hue-Cry*, Jul., '24
 MECHEM, KIRKE—Cobwebs,, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 MEEKER, MARJORIE—But Like Mad Builders, Walls,
 Measure, Dec., '23
 Sentimental History; Only the Bright
 Derision, *Measure*, Feb., '24
 Larkspur, *Outlook*, Aug. 15, '23
 Sonnets, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Words Said in an Attic, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Airs for a Flute, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Before You Came, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 Where My Step Falters, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 MEILY, CLARENCE—Song of the Ghouls, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 MEISINGER, MARY M.—Impotence *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 MELENDEZ, ENGRACIA—In Berkeley, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Ruben Dario, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Mi Marido, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Defense, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Lontananza, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 MELTON, WIGHTMAN FLETCHER—The Call of the
 Hills, *South Lit.*, Aug., '23
 MENEFEY, KATE RANDLE—Joy and Pain, *Step Lad.*, Jul., '24
 MEREDITH, CLYDE ROBE—A Ballad of Rue,
 Circle, May-Jun., '24
 MEREDITH, FLOYD—Windows, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 MERRIEHEW, MARTHA WEBSTER—Dune-Daughter;
 Let It be Kelp; Finale, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 Dawn Waking In the Mountains, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 A Voice in the Night, *Measure*, Nov., '23
 April Rain At Sunset, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '23-'24
 Love at First Sight; Lost Love,
 Sat. Night, May 10, '24
 Waiting, *Golden W.*, Jul., '23
 Her Sonnets, *Golden W.*, Oct., '23
 World Series, *Golden W.*, Sep., '23
 Quake, *Golden W.*, Aug., '23
 Winter is On, *Golden W.*, Nov., '23
 My New Year, *Golden W.*, Jan., '23
 A New Voice, *Golden W.*, Mar., '23
 Lure, *Golden W.*, May, '23
 A Crest Before the Sea, *C. S. Mon.*, Oct., '23
 The Gleaners, *C. S. Mon.*, Oct., '23
 Nasturtiums, *C. S. Mon.*, Dec., '23
 Hangar Chanty *C. S. Mon.*, Dec., '23

MERRIEHEW, MARTHA WEBSTER (*Continued*)

At Point Firmin,	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Jan., '23
Equality,	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Mar., '23
Midnight Freight Train	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Mar., '23
A Bird I Remember,	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Jun., '23
Want To Go Forward,	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Jun., '23
Vivian Creek,	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Jul., '23
Transformation,	<i>L. A. S. Times</i> , Feb., '23
Natural Growth,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Holiday,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
The Unknown,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Currents,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Speech,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
They That Remain,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Of Catalina,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Crest,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Unsuspecting,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Sep., '23
Dusk,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Oct., '23
A Path and a Willow,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Oct., '23
From the Hemlocks,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Oct., '23
Weather Vane,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Oct., '23
Beauty,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Oct., '23
Sleep Was a Tide,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Nov., '23
The Present,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Dec., '23
Wings,	<i>Long Beach</i> , Apr., '23

MERRIMAN, FAYE N.—The Haunted House,
Pic. Rev., Jan., '24

MERRY, MARION D.—When Mother Bobs Her Hair,
Lar. Mar., '24

MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW—On Windy Nights,
Lyric West, Apr., '24

That Year,
Measure, Dec., '23

Funeral,
Nomad, Autumn, '23

Bride and Groom,
Wave, Mar., '24

(Dr. Mary McKibben-Harper prize-\$25.)

Caged Owl,
Step Lad., Nov., '23

To a Pickaninny Eating a Persimmon,
Measure, Feb., '24

Red Silk,
Step Lad., Oct., '23

Caged Owl,
Step Lad., Nov., '23

MERRYMAN, VIRGINIA NEW—Memories.
Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24

MERTEN, H.—Thy Love,
Lar., Mar., '24

METZGER, ELIZABETH STEWART—Ambition,
Measure, Nov., '23

MEZQUIDA, ANNA BLAKE—O Spring! *Gd. Hskpg.*, Mar., '24

The Captive,
Am. Poetry, Jan.-Feb., '24

The Spirit of Progress,
Univ. of Calif. Chron., Jul., '24

MIDDLETON, SCUDDER—Jezebel,
The Nation, Feb. 13, '24

Conflict,
Measure, Mar., '24

Friends; To a Contemporary of Dragon

Slayers and Giant Splitters, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23

MIDDLETON, SCUDDER (*Continued*)

- To W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *The Nation*, Jul. 9, '24
 Mountains, *Bookman*, Dec., '23
 The Beast, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Answer, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- MIEHM, CLARA—Little Baby Dear, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
- MILLER, DOROTHY—In My Old Garden, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- MILLER, DOROTHY FORTESCUE—April's Awakening,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
 Earth Moods; The Storm Dance,
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
- MILLER, JOAQUIN—To Be, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Shadows of Shasta, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 The Sermon On The Mount, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
- MILLER, J. CORSON—The Harper, *Wand.*, May, '24
 On a Dead Sparrow, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
 Dissolution, *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Widow's Weeds, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Sepulchre, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Winter Woods, *America*, Feb. 16, '24
 Guenevere; Communion, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
 Sonnet, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Compensation, *Fornightly R.*, Nov. 15, '23
 Rendezvous, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 "Coup de Grace," *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 Immortality, *Rosary*, Sep., '23
 Twilight, *N. Y. Her.*, Mar., '24
 Cathedral Bells, *A. Maria*, Nov. 3, '23
 Madonna de Notre Dame, *Ave Maria*
 The Harper, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Dolorosa, *America*, Apr. 12, '24
 Companionship, *The Churchman*, Mar. 29, '24
 Lady of Jewels and Song, *Ave Maria*, Apr. 5, '24
 In Scarlet and Gold They Come, *Mag'at*, May, '24
 Sheltered, *The Rosary*, May, '24
 Chimera, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Autumn Storm, *Mag'at*, Oct., '23
 Vignette, *Min.*, Sep.-Oct., '23
 Street-Lights, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- MILLER, MRS. L. A.—Sing Like Saadi, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
- MILLER, MABEL NORTHRUP—Dreams, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
- MILLER, MADELINE SWEENEY—To a Community,
 Christmas Tree, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 20, '23
- MILLER, NELLIE BURGET—The Shower, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 At Timber-Line, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Improvisations: The End Of The Feast;
 Drought; November, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Prophecy, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- MILLER, NORMA—Spring Tarries Long,
Lyric West, Feb., '24
- MILNER, ELIZABETH—The Call Of The Wasted
 Land, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sep., '23
- MILLS, ELLEN MORRILL—Inland, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24

- MIMS, SAMUEL STEWART—Kuros'ty, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
 MINITER, EDITH—Bureau, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Caen—Wood, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24
 Huckleberries, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 The Lesson, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Mirage, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
 Purple Window Glass, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 MITCHELL, BEE—The Reward, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 Lake In The Woods, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 MITCHELL, CYPRUS R.—Hands, *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 23, '23
 MIZEN, M. LOUISE—Wanderlust, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Pines, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 MONROE, HARRIET—Furer's Portrait of Himself, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Goya, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Their God, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Velazquez, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Titian on Charles V, Philip II, and the
 Empress Isobel, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 El Greco, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Murillo, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Fra Angelo's Annunciation, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Rubens, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Ten Years Old, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETH SHAW—Alternative, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER—I Do Not Know, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 MOOMAW, BENJAMIN CLINE—The Perfect Art, *Parnassus*, Number 2, '23
 MOORE, A. TERESA—Longing; Pirates of Peace;
 Secure, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 MOORE, MERRILL—Sonnet of American Life; Mrs.
 Winnie Broadbudds, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
 Sonnets to Lucia; From a Conversation in
 a Chateau Garden; Ivan's Dog; Cumae,
 Fugitive, Feb., '24
 MOQUIN, ELIZABETH SPENCER—From a Tenement,
 Overland, Jul., '24
 MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD—The Housewife, *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 The Outcast; Tansy, *Gypsy*, No. 2
 "April Came Across the Hill" *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 The Secret, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Wind On the Dunes, *Revr.*, Oct., '23
 Keys, *Per'st*, Jul., '24
 "The Sea Is Full Of Loveliness and Tears"
 Per'st, Jul., '24
 Resurgam, *Per'st*, Apr., '24
 "A Singing Wind Has Waked the Silent
 Hills," *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 When? *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Market Songs: Barter; Color, *Wand.*, Jul., '24

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD (*Continued*)

- Falling Stars, *Step Lad.*, Jul., '24
 Beauty, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 The Dreamer, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
 Changeless, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
 Wages, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 The Stranger, *Step Lad.*, Jun., '24
 Late Dandelions, *Cross-Cur.*, Nov., '23
 Guests, *South Lit.*, Aug., '23
 The Mirror, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
- MORRILL, JANE**—They Who Know the Flame;
 More Like Moonlight, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 Petal Time, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 City Spell, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 Scently Over the Grass, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 Bathing Beach; Portrait, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Girl Pedestrians, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 Goblin Day, *Parnassus*, Number 2, '23
- MORRIS, HILDA**—The Scribe, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
MORRIS, LYDIA—Springtime, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
MORRIS, MARY YOUNGS—Waiting, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Nature's Sequences; The Verities, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 Consecration, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Three Roses, *Parnassus*, Number 4
 My New Year Gifts, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 Violets, *Parnassus*, Number 4
 Solace, *Parnassus*, Number 1
 Autumn Leaves, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
 Hope; Contrast; Sea-Sonnets, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 The Songs We Sing, *Parnassus*, Number 4
 Song of Love, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 Where the Surging Sea Upcurls; Design;
 Roses, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 The One Immortal Joy; Singing Of You;
 The Sheer, Steep Heights, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
- MORRISON, RUTH ST. CLAIR**—April Showers, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- MORROW, ELIZABETH**—Highroad, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- MORSE, VERA FRANCES**—Lacquered Mandarin Mo-
 ments, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- MORSELL, MARY**—"Oh, Flaming Sword," *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 Women Who Have Foregone Their Love;
 This House, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- MORTON, DAVID**—"Astray," *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Of Two Lovers; Treasure; Stoics, *Fugitive*, Feb., '23
 Invasion, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 After Winter, *The Nation*, Jul. 16, '24
 Exit, *Bookman*, Jan., '24
 Always When There Is Music, *Century*, Jul., '24
 Harvests, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Scars, *Measure*, Jan., '24
 One Lover, *Outlook*, Oct. 17, '23
 Country Gossip, *Outlook*, Nov. 14, '23

- MORTON, NELSON GLAZIER—The Heavens Declare
The Glory of God, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
- MOSCHENROSS, MADELINE A.—A Benediction, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
Star Dust, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- MOTT, LAURA MAE—Spring; Back To the West.
Scroll, Jan., '24
- MOULT, THOMAS—In Their Glad Playing Time.
Bookman, May, '24
- MOULTON, NAN—One Day,
Lar., Mar., '24
- MOWERY, OLIVER R.—The Faces,
Bard, Spring, '24
- MOYLE, GILBERT—Song,
Overland, Apr., '24
"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," *Overland*, Jun., '24
- MUIR, EDWIN—Reverie,
Dial, Dec., '23
Childhood, *Dial*, Feb., '24
- MUIR, C. MCKENZIE—The Past,
Messenger, Mar., '24
- MULLINS, HELENE—Prelude,
Lyric West, Oct., '23
Old Attic, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
Incompatibility of Expression, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
- MUNROE, ALICE W.—Persia,
Cont V., Jul., '24
- MUNROE, R. M.—Above Birmingham, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
- MUNSTERBERG, MARGARET—Summer's Narcotic,
Step Lad., Apr., '24
- MURPHY, CHARLES R.—Fields of Thought,
Voices, Aug.-Sep., '23
All Things Flow: Winter Dialogue
Voices, Dec.-Jan., '24
- MURRAY, ADA FOSTER—The Shadow Star, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
The Shadow In The Rain, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
- MUSE, WILL D.—Saddle Leather, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- MUSSER, BENJAMIN FRANCIS—A Novice On The
Lady Poverty, *Margat*, Aug., '23
- MYATT, STELLA L.—"Hid with Christ in God,"
C. S. Jour., Apr., '24
Gratitude, *C. S. Jour.*, Jun., '24
- MYERS, LAUNAH—Apache Joy-song,
Scroll, Jul., '24
- MCALMON, ROBERT—Awav,
Bookman, Jul., '24
- MACALPINE, JAMES—To An Irish Blackbird,
Lit. Rev., Mar. 8, '24
- MACDONALD, ANNA SINGLETON—My Undine,
Circle, Mar., '24
- MACDONALD, WILSON—A Vagabond's Song,
Cont. V., Aug., '23
- MACTOWNER, EARL—The Ads,
Lar., Mar., '24
- MACINTOSH, MAVIS—To An Elder, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
- MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD—Impulse, *New Rep.*, Aug. 29, '23
Captured, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '24
Corporate Entity, *New Rep.*, Jul., '24
- MACMILLAN, ELEANOR T.—Growth,
Lar., Mar., '24
The New West, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
Horizons and Skylines; Intensity; The
Back Door: Reincarnation; The Loom;
Skylines; Propinquity; Recognition;
Fellowship; Love's Season; Desertion;

MACMILLAN, ELEANOR T. (*Continued*)

- Dreams, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 MCCAIGUE, PHILIP—Gratitude, *Mag'at*, Aug., '23
 MCCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL—Who Has Forgotten, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
 Wave Your Magic Rod, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Ask The Bacillus; These Also, *Wand.*, Sep., '23
 This Life The Last? *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 Themselves; We Are Not Lost, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 No Answer, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 Lizard, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Wave Your Magic Rod, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Are They Deriding? *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 19, '24
 She Walked in Rags, *Beauty*, Nov., '23
 Spark Out of Heaven, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Evidence, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Lament in Southland, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Every Golden Face, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 MCLAUCHLAN, KATE LEWIS—Travail, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
 MCLUCKIE, HARRIET SMITH—Prayer, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 21, '24
 MCCLELLAN, WALTER—Je Suis Belle, O Mortals,
 Et Mes Yeux; A Woman of the Blue
 Grass; Elegy, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 MCCLURE, JOHN—Golden Era, *Bookman*, Jan., '24
 No Charms Have Bound Me, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 Thomas A-Maying, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jul., '24
 The Winter of His Discontent, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jul., '24
 You and I Are Gay Now, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan., '24
 Duet, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan., '24
 MCCOMB, DOROTHY SHEPARD—We Quarrel,
L'Alouette, May, '24
 MCCORD, DAVID—Oregon Rain, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA TAYLOR—Explained, *Gypsy*, No. 2
 Meredith, Prophet of Joy, *Per'st*, Jul., '24
 La Petite Fiancee, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 Remembering, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '23
 Lilies, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 Flower of Quince, *Parnassus*, Number 1
 Bryon, *Step Lad.*, Apr., '24
 Pain, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Young Stephen; Pictures, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Troy—and After, *Cross-Cur.*, Nov., '23
 Traffic, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 MCCREARY, F. R.—Before Winter, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Buttons, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Snow Walk, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Moon Mark, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Buds, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Sand-Memory, *Poetry*, May, '24
 MCCREARY, W. H.—To a Caterpillar; Butterflies,
Cont. V., Oct., '23
 The Fairies Set the Stage, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 To a Spider Mending Her Web, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24

- MCCracken, GEORGIA BURNS—To A Song, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 McDougal, MARY CARMACK—Silences; Boiler
 Makers, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
 McGOWEN, ELIZABETH K.—Wood Fires,
 Lyric West, Nov., '23
 Prophecy; Evening, *Step Lad.*, Mar., '24
 Heartbreak, *Bard*, Winter, '23, '24
 The Treasure, *Bard*, Apr., '24
 MCHUGH, MARGARET—Dissillusionment, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 MCKEE, RUTH E.—A Study in Pastels,
 Lyric West, May, '24
 Spring Sadness, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 MCKENNY, MARGARET—"From the Unconscious
 to the Conscious," *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
 MCKENZIE, WILLIAM P.—Revelator, *C. S. Jour.*, Dec., '24
 Spring o' the Year, *C. S. Jour.*, Apr., '24
 MCKINNEY, KATE SLAUGHTER—The Poet's Scroll;
 On the Trail; A Castle In Spain, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 Immortelles, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
 Autumn's Flight; Christmas Memories,
 Scroll, Jan., '24
 McNish, ALVIN G.—L'Amateur, *Mdn. Rev.*, Jul., '24
 MCPARTLIN, CATHARINE—At the Shrine Of Our
 Lady of Grace, *Mag'at*, Sep., '23
 Sunset In the South, *Mag'at*, Oct., '23
 NANCE, BERTA HART—Moods, *Parnassus*, Number 4
 NATHAN, ROBERT—Since She Is Dead, *Rev.*, Jan., '24
 NAUMBURG, MARGARET—Country Sunday; In
 Central Park, *Dial*, Aug., '23
 NELSON, ALZIRE—Sequoias, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 A Negation, *Poetry*, Feb., '24
 NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H.—Trite Observations On
 A Commonplace Day; In Chapel; On
 the Tennis-Court; In the Class-Room;
 At the Football Game; In Study Hall,
 Palms, Midsummer, '23
 Sonnetina: Spring Song, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 To Lorado Taft's Figure of Time, on the
 Midway, *Parnassus*, Number 3
 NEWMAN, A. EVELYN—Mountains are Best for
 Heartbreak, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 NEWTON, MARY LESLIE—Sestina of the Dead Mother,
 Lyric, Aug., '23
 NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND.—Nobody's Loot,
 Lit. Rev., Jun. 7, '24
 Hymn, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Amber, *Century*, Apr., '24
 This Blue, *Century*, Mar., '24
 Wedgwood, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Marigold, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Madison Square; Dead Leaves; Group,
 Measure, Nov., '23

NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND (*Continued*)

- Initiate, *Measure*, Feb., '24
Tenuous, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
Communion: New Years Eve., *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
- NICHOLS, BETH CHENEY—The Heart of a Poet,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
The Torch, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
Dunes, *Minaret*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- NICKERSON, PAUL S.—Episode from "Faith",
Cont. V., Apr., '24
Yearning, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
Dumb, *Lyric West.*, Feb., '24
The Betrothal, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- NIELSON, FRANK—Evening Meditation, *Scroll*, May, '24
- NOE, COTTON—To a Caged Canary, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
- NOGUCHI, YONE—Economy, *Double D.*, Jul., '24
A No Mask of Woman, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
To Robert Browning, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
To Meredith, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
Five Poems: A Farmer; The Boat of Camellia: A Reward for Laughter; The Sen; The Independence of Existence,
All's Well, Oct.-Nov., '23
- NOLAN, CHARL.—Tea, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sep., '23
White Flowers, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
For Clair, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
Moon Love, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
- NORCROSS, ELINOR L.—Fantasie, *Overland*, May, '24
Nostalgia, *Overland*, Jul., '24
Destiny, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
I Used to Sing; To Sister Mary Margaret,
Scroll, Oct., '23
Tonality, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
Caprice; A Memory; Paints, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
When I Am Dead; Three Quatrains, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
- NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—Sonnet, *Poetry*, Sep., '23
Sand, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
In A Dance, *Dial*, Mar., '24
Noli Me Tangere, *Dbl. Dlv.*, Jan., '24
- NORRIS, WILLIAM A.—Texas, *The Nation*, Jun. 11, '24
- NORTON, GRACE FALLOW—I Cannot Hear Your Music,
Hue-Cry, Jun. 21, '24
The Fool, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
Domestic Harmony, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
Misadventure, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- NORTON, MEREDITH—The Little Things
Lyric West, Nov., '23
- NOYES, MINNA B.—Settin' By, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- NUHN, FERNER R.—How Long? *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 6, '23
- NYE, JEAN PALMER—The Penitent,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
The Lumberjack, *Lar.*, Dec., '23

- NYMAN, GEORGIA CURRIER**—And Autumn Passes,
Child in the Rain,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
Wand., Jun., '24
- OAKS, GLADYS**—Compensation,
Summary; Six Lines About Peter.
Lit. Rev., May 10, '24
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- O'BRIEN, JUSTIN**—Madeleine,
Wand., Apr., '24
- ODHNER, MADEFREY**—Ashes,
Overland, Feb., '24
- O'FLANNIGAN, IVAN**—Thou,
Circle, Mar., '24
- O'HARA, JOY**—Dumas Washes Eggs,
Overland, Jul., '24
- Carmel-by-the-Sea,
A Business Woman's Prayer,
Lar., Mar., '24
Lar., Feb., '24
- O'HARA, FRANK**—Common Clay,
Wand., Aug., '23
- O'HARA, JOY**—My Message,
Overland, Apr., '24
- O'HARA, FRANK**—Voyager,
Wand., Mar., '24
- OLD, IDA CRAWFORD**—Out of the Past,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- OLIVER, JENKINS**—A Ship Comes In, C. S. Mon., Jan. 14, '24
Gibraltars,
Bost. Trans., Feb. 13, '24
Hill,
Bost. Trans., Feb. 17, '24
Gibraltars,
Bost. Trans., Feb. 13, '23
- OLIVER, R. BLAIR**—Perhaps,
Lar., Mar., '24
The Diurnal Trinity; Dawn; Noon; Twi-
light,
Lar., Feb., '24
- OLIVER, WADE**—Three Poems: Moon-Wane; In
Times of Fatness; Dud,
Palms, Summer, '23
Lean,
Measure, Nov., '23
- OLSEN, CHARLES O.**—My Lady's Hand,
Lar., Oct., '23
Rain,
Lar., Feb., '24
- OLSON, ELIZABETH T.**—Invitation,
Lar., Aug., '23
April Wine; Improvidence; April; On
Mount Hood,
Lar., Mar., '24
- OLSON, RUTH LEES**—Colorado In October,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- OLSON, TED**—Renegade,
Wand., Oct., '23
It Is Not Wise,
Wand., Jul., '24
Fountains,
The Lyric, Aug., '23
Ephamera,
Wand., Mar., '24
Masquerade,
Wand., Jan., '24
- O'NEIL, GEORGE**—Tourists' Day; For The Golden
Pipe,
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
Two in the Twilight Orchard,
Measure, Jul., '24
Fountains,
The Lyric, Aug., '23
The White Rooster,
Lit. Rev., Apr. 19, '24
Lullaby,
New Repub., Jul. 23, '24
Inlander,
New Repub., May, '24
- O'NEILL, NATOLIA THERESE**—A Japanese Fan;
John Barrymore,
Cross Curr., Nov., '23
- O'NIEL, GEORGE**—No Son of Adam,
New Repub., Apr. 16, '24
- ONIONS, WILLIAM ELLWELL**—The Harpist,
Lyric West, Apr., '24
Wind,
Lyric West, Dec., '23

- ORDWAY, JUNE MACMILLAN—The Lesson, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- OSBORNE, EDITH D.—A Pagan's Rosary, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- OSBORNE, ELIZABETH—From Horace, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- OSBORNE, MAUDE FREEMAN—Winter, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
- Compensation; Spring Sorrow, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
- The Little Lights, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
- April, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- OSTENSO, MARTHA—So I Say, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
- Waste-Land, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- Solitude, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- Romance, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
- Bethrothal, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
- King; In the Pool, *Measure*, May, '24
- Before Storm; The Unicorn and the Hippo-
grif; The Farmer's Wife, *Measure*, Mar., '24
- On a Stile; "What Need Have I?" *Cont. V.*, Aug., '23
- OTIS, HELEN CHICESTER—"The Thing Called
Dying", *Lyric*, Aug., '23
- OWRE, PERL RILEY—The Tramp, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- PACKARD, DORIS—The Intruder, *Lyric West*, May, '24
- Westward Crawling Trains, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- PAGE, DOROTHY—First Rain, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
- Hill-Tides, *Wand.*, Sep., '23
- PAGE, PAULA—My Call, *L. A. Sat. Nt.*, May 10, '24
- PAINE, JEAN—Youth, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
- PAISLEY, DOROTHY C.—Rest, *C. S. Jour.*, Feb., '24
- PALMER, JEAN—Fugitive, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
- PARADISE, VIOLA—After the Season's First Ride,
Forum, Jun., '24
- PARLETT, ERNEST E.—To Edgar Allen Poe,
Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24
- PARMETER, CATHERINE—The First Crocus,
Lyric West, Mar., '24
- PARSONS, EUGENE—The Wider Patriotism,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- PATTERSON, ANTOINETTE DECOURSEY—On the Visit
of a Scarlet Tanager, *Cont. V.*, May, '24
- A Dream Poem, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- In Old Siena, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- The Sunset Hills, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
- PATTERSON, KATHLEEN—Tumble-Weed Ladies,
Lar., Nov., '23
- PATTERSON, T. C.—Oppression, *Yale Lit.*, Mar., '24
- Ships That Pass, *Yale Lit.*, Jun., '24
- PATTERSON, T. M.—Joachim Miller, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
- PATTERSON, VERNON—Road to Romany, *Overland*, Apr., '24
- Yontaralucksua; Boon Ruang; Songs From
Siam, *Palms*, Midsummer, '23
- To a Lady, *Palms*, Summer, '23
- Gypsy, *Measure*, Feb., '24

- PAYA, MALCOM—Old Gods, *Heacock's*, Jun., '24
 Blodwen (From the Mabogian), *Heacock's*, Jul., '24
 Beauty Triumphant, (for E. T.) *Heacock's*, May, '24
 The Enchanted, *Heacock's*, Apr., '24
 Defeat, *Heacock's*, Feb., '24
- PAYNE, DEWEY—Way Out West, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- PEACH, ARTHUR WALLACE—Fable, *Christian C.*, Sep. 27, '23
- PEARSALL, 2ND, ROBERT—In the Shadows, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- PEARSON, CHARLES C.—Betty, *Bard*, Spring, '24
- PEASE, JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN—Convenience, *Parnassus*, No. 4
 Natale; Noel, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- PEATIE, LOUISE REDFIELD—Susan Lou, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- PECK, EDLA PARK—Indentity, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Spectre; The Old House, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 Recognition, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 Why? *Scroll*, Apr., '24
- PEET, JEANIA—Suppose Love Waited? *Overland*, Apr., '24
- PELTY, THOMAS MINOR—Old Wounds, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- PENDRAY, G. EDWARD—A Windy Day, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- PENMAN, SATELLA JAKUES—Tribute to Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart; Bountiful Shadow Time, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
 The Coming of Morning, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- PENNY, HENRIETTA G.—The North Wind, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER—Rain Patter, *Measure*, Dec., '23
 A Fragment, *Lyric*, Oct., '23
 A Ditty, *Em. Quar.*, May, '24
 Siren Song, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
 Dirge, *Double D.*, Nov., '23
 Calypso to Ulysses, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 Insomnia, *Poet Rev.*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 After Hearing Music, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24
- PERET, BENJAMIN—Le Quart D'Une Vie, *Little R.*, Aut.-Win., '23
Lar., Apr., '24
- PERKINS, WM. T.—The Circuit Rider, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
- PERRY, H. G.—Friends, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
- PERRY, LILLA CABOT—Impromptu, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
- PERRY, OCTAVIA—Duty, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 September,
- PETERKIN, JULIA M.—Prayer from Lang Syne
 Plantation, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Greed of the Ground, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Advice, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Green Thursday, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 The Wind, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Gifts, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Two Kinds of Love, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Boy-Childen, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Men, *Poetry*, Nov., '23

- PETERKIN, JULIA M. (*Continued*)
 Warning, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- PETERSON, AMES—Autumn, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
 Vancouver Barracks, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- PETRI, LORI—Travail; A Wife, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- PFEIFFER, EDWARD H.—The Soul Speaks,
Step Ladder, Mar., '24
- PHILLIPS, MABEL W.—Perfumes,
L. A. Sat. Night, May 10, '24
 Cancion, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 Pioneers, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 Comrades, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO—Come to Bethlehem,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
 (The Fragrance of a Lily; dedicated to a
 Dear Little Nun.) Soul to Soul,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
 To the Wild Lupine, *Paranassus*, No. 2, '23
- PHINNEY, LESLIE H.—The Hired Man's Spring
 Song, Spring, '24
- PICKARD, MARION FORTESCUE—Mood of the River,
Pioneer, Sep., '23
- PICKENS, WILLIAM—Up Sons of Freedom,
Messngr, Jan., '24
- PIETY, C. R.—My World, *Ch. Cent.*, Sep. 20, '23
- PILLSBURY, DOROTHY PINCKNEY—Camp Fires; On
 a Lonely Headland; In the High Sierras;
 In the Desert, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- PINCKNEY, JOSEPHINE—After Winter, *Rev.*, Jan., '24
 Dead Poet, *Rev.*, Jul., '24
 Evening—Whooping Island, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
- PINDER, FRANCES DICKENSON—Leaves; As a Bird;
 Lilacs, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Sea Music; Flotsam, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 The Voyagers, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
- PINNEY, DELIA DELIGHT—Jaquina Sings, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
- PIPPEN, SALLIE MACON GARLAND—My Heart Will
 Always Be a Child-Heart,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- PO CHU-YI, LIU SHEN-HSU, MA TAI (translated
 by Whitter Bynner)—A Song of the
 Pallace; A Quiet Gate; An Autumn-
 Cottage at Pa Shang, *Fug.*, Feb., '24
- POELE, ROMANIE VAN DE—Dawn in a Hospital,
L'Alouette, May, '24
- POINDEXTER, FIELDING L.—Girl At The Gate,
Circle, May-Jun., '24
- POLAND, JOSEPH FRANKLIN—Post Office Sketches:
 I General Delivery; The Foreign Mail
 Window, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- POLLITT, JOSEPHINE—President Emeritus, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 Jennie, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Off To College, *Measure*, Mar., '24

- POLLOCK, LILLIAN IRVINE—Fraternity,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- POOLE, FANNY RUNNELLS—Among the Camels,
Dumb Animals, Dec., '23
- POOLE, LOUELLA P.—Christmas, 1923,
Dumb Animals, Dec., '23
- POORE, C. G.—Quartrains,
Yale Lit., Oct., '23
- Viaticum: XIV Century Italy, *Yale Lit.*, Dec., '24
- The Last Harbour, *Yale Lit.*, Feb., '24
- Cyriadis, *Yale Lit.*, Apr., '24
- PORCHER, MARY F. WICKHAM—Afterthought;
Capriole; Miracle, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
- Solitude, *McClure's*, May, '23
- PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE—Two Songs From
Mexico: In Tepozotlan; Fiesta De San-
tiago, *Measure*, Jan., '24
- POWELL, JULIA—Gifts; Wild Weather,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
- POWERS, JESSICA—Dreams of You,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
- POWERS, LILIAN AMY—The Little Winds of April,
Overland, Jun., '24
- POWYS, JOHN COWPER—Lullaby, *Dial*, May, '24
- PRATT, ALICE DAY—The Rider, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
- PRATT, HARRY NOYES—The Eucalyptus, *Overland*, Jul., '24
- A Blackbird Calling, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- The Helmsman, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- A Blackbird Calling, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- Enduring, *Wand.*, Aug., '23
- The Wood of Tara, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
- Old Songs For New; Maya,
Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24
- Eternity, *Overland*, Jun., '24
- Dreams, *Overland*, May, '24
- Contentment, *Univ. of Calif. Chron.*, Jul., '24
- Mid-March, *Overland*, Mar., '24
- PRESSFIELD, HARRY—The Flame of God,
Christian C., Dec. 20, '23
- PRESCOTT, ELINOR MANNING—When Life Is Done,
Rondeau, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- PRESCOTT, ELIZABETH D.—Trapped, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
- Grief, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
- Her Letter, *Circle*, Jul.-Aug., '24
- Two Poems: The Opal—For October; The
Odor Filled the Room, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- PRESTON, KEITH—Magazine Anthology, *Bookman*, Jan., '24
- Dawn: A Pastoral, *Bookman*, Nov., '23
- The Mesh, *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
- PRICE, DAISY CONWAY—Outside, *Christian C.*, May 1, '24
- A Follower, *Christian C.*, Jul. 24, '24
- Worship, *Christian C.*, Dec. 13, '23
- PRICE, RUTH CLAY—Sea-Clan,
Min. Sep.-Oct., '23
- Hokku, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23

- PRICE, THOMAS EVELYN—Leaven of Truth,
C. S. Jour., Oct., '23
- PRICE, WILLIAM JAMES—Retribution, L'Alouette, May, '24
The Growing of the Oak, Bard, Winter, '23-'24
John Harlan, Step Lad., Sep., '23
In Actu, Scroll, Nov., '23
Egyptian Flowers; The Editor Writes an
Interlude; The Song's Mission; A Fish-
erman's Kyrielle, Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
Spring's Awakening; A Few Figs and
Thistles; Via Crucis; The Time for
Lovers, Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
The Quadroon; The Caged Bird, Scroll, Oct., '23
- PROUDFOOT, ANDREA—Imagination and Travel,
Lar., Dec., '23
The Orchard, Lar., Sep., '23
- PROBST, LEETHA JOURNEY—Orientale, Lar., Mar., '24
- PROVINES, MARY VIRGINIA—The Chalice of the
Gods, Lar., Aug., '23
- PRUDDEN, HELEN DANFORTH—Dawn, Cont. V., May, '24
Spring Is A Beautiful Woman, Cont. V., May, '24
- PULSIFER, HAROLD TROWBRIDGE—Ghosts, Scribner's, Oct., '23
- PURNELL, IDELLA—Image, Lyric, Nov., '23
The Horseman, Lyric, Feb., '24
Two Men, Voices, May-Jun., '24
Stenography, Voices, May-Jun., '24
The Wall, Poetry, Feb., '24
Tonala Besieged, Poetry, Feb., '24
Eve, Poetry, Feb., '24
Closed Doors, Poetry, Feb., '24
Life, Poetry, Feb., '24
This Day, Poetry, Feb., '24
Biography, Poetry, Aug., '23
Repenting, Lyric West, Mar., '24
To A Pittsburgh Poet, Step Lad., Jan., '24
Image, Lyric, Nov., '23
The Horseman, Lyric, Feb., '24
Music, Lyric West, Dec., '23
- PUTNAM, SAMUEL—Autumn, Parnassus, Number 1
Sacrilegious Exhortation, Nomad, Autumn, '23
Two Nuns In a City Street, Nomad, Autumn, '23
- QUESENBERRY, DOROTHY L.—Consequences; His
Majesty-Lil Ting, Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
Ships That Pass; Remembrance,,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
- QUICK, DOROTHY—Balances, Parnassus, Number 4
Sympathy, Parnassus, Number 4
Ave Maria, Parnassus, Number 4
The Dancer, Parnassus, Number 1
O Lover of Mine, Parnassus, Number 1
The Combat, Parnassus, Number 1
- QUINN, JOHN J.—The Bluebonnet, Scroll, Jul., '24

- RAISON, MILTON—The Last Word, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
 RALPH, GENEVIEVE—Silence, *Hue-Cry*, Jul. 19, '24
 RANKIN, MARY LOUISE—The Nun, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 RANSOM, JOHN CROWE—Emily Hardcastle, Spinster,
Lit. Rev., Nov. 3, '23
 Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter; Cap-
 tain Carpenter; Prometheus in Straits,
Fugitive, Feb., '24
 Number Five; Old Man Playing with
 Children; Vaunting Oak, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
 RASKIN, P. M.—The Rabbi At the Cradle,
B'nai B'rith, Sep., '23
 RATCLIFFE, DOROTHY UNA—Saint Bridget's Lul-
 laby, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Grassington Road, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
 RAVENEL, BEATRICE—The Bigot,
Lyric, Jan., '24
 The Pirates, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
 RAYMUND, BERNARD—White Rose,
Wand., Jan., '24
 And Yellow Poplar, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 To What Still Garden, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 All Good Children, *Parnassus*, Number 1
 The Rain, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 RAY, LOUISE CRENSHAW—Warning, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
 Garden Fancies, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 REDDICK, MARY—Sleepin' Out-O'-Doors, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 REDEGAR, HERB—To a Snowman, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 REDMAN, BEN RAY—In the Night, *Rev.*, Oct., '23
 REED, FREDERICK W.—Lasting Peace, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 REED, MARJORIE—Autumn Reveries: Leaves; Rain
 At Night; November; Night, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 REED, MARY DAVIS—One Year To Live,
Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24
 REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH—Were I To Love
 You Less, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
 The Last Testament, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
 Loveliness, *Harper's* Feb., '24
 REEVES, FRANKLIN HENRY—Reveille!
Ch. Cent., Apr. 24, '24
 REID, EULALIA—Friendship, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 REIGELMAN, PERRY PRESCOT—The Magic Carpet,
Overland, May, '24
 REINSTEIN, HERMAN—Infinitives,
Poetry, Apr., '24
 Lilliputian, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 REISTER, PHILIP BENJAMIN—From a Japanese
 Mountain Inn, *Minaret*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 RENICK, DOROTHY—True Thomas, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 REVERDY, PIERRE—Naufrage,
Lit. R., Autumn, Winter, '23, '24
 REYNOLDS, HARRIET—A Christmas Legend, A
 Persian Legend, *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '24
 The Vesper Sparrows, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
 RHINOW, ARTHUR B.—The Past, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 15, '23
 RICE, AL—The By-Road, *Bard*, Winter, '23, '24

- RICE, CALE YOUNG—A Self-Server, *Century*, Jun., '24
 Unharvested, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 Rapport, *South Lit.* Aug., '23
- RICE, RUTH MASON—Queen Victoria, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- RICH, H. THOMPSON—Beauty, *Lyric West*, Sep., '23
 To a Mocking Bird: Dawn; Noon; Night,
Four, Oct., '23
- RICHARDSON, DOROTHY—Buns for Tea, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Waiting, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS—Reality, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 Changeling, *Parnassus*, No. 1
- RICHARDS, E. K.—Song of Silence, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
- RICHARDS, HELEN MITCHELL—Kitchens in Heaven,
Step Lad., Mar., '24
- RICHARDSON, HESTER DORSEY—Back to the Farm,
Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24
- RICHARDSON, INEZ M.—Exile, *Messngr*, Jul., '24
 Thoughts of Someone, *Messngr*, Jul., '24
- RICHARDSON, ISLA PASCHAL—A Thought,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
- RICTUS, JEHAN—(trans. Lilian White Spencer)
 If Christ Came Back, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '23
- RIDGE, LOLA—Chicago, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 Veteran, *New Repub.*, Jun. 11, '24
 South-East Wind, *New Repub.*, Jul. 2, '24
 Thermopylae, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Portrait, (To Evelyn Scott) *New Repub.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Om, *New Repub.*, Jul. 2, '24
- RIGGS, LYNN—Rhythm of Rain, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 I Have Not Looked On Beauty, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 Two Poems: Autumn Morning; The Sing-
 ing Stars, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 Spring Day, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
- RINGLAND, GLENNEWEIR—"Thy will be done,"
C. S. Jour., Jan., '24
- RITTER, MARGARET TOD—Faith, I Wish I Were a
 Leprechaun, *Parnassus*, No. 3
 Sonata Tragica, *Forum*, Jan., '24
 Sonnet of Underfeat, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 Prelude, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
 From A Nightingale To The Beloved,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- ROBBINS, W. DAVIS—Fate, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX—Orpheus, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Cinderella's Song, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Stranger, *Bost. Trascrpt.*, Oct. 6, '23
- ROBERTSON, CLYDE—I Loved You, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
 Golden Dreams, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
 The Dead Years Speak, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 Three Quatrains: Repression; Sufficiency;
 The Thousand Years of Peace; The Tele-
 graph Pole, *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 The Pagan Rose, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23

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Pioneers of Colorado,	<i>Trail</i> , Jan., '24
Peters Garden,	<i>Fine Arts</i> , Feb., '24
Travail,	<i>Fine Arts</i> , Apr.-May., '24
Vachel Lindsay,	<i>Lar.</i> , Feb., '24
November Days,	<i>Scroll</i> , Aug., '23

ROBINSON, ANNE B.—Youth Departing; The
 Question, *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '24
 Communion, *Interludes*, Apr.-Jun., '24
 The Passing, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
 Blue, *Step Lad.*, Dec., '23
 (Hon. mention Dr. Mary McKibben-Harper
 prize) Indian Pipes, *Step Lad.*, Nov., '23
 A Narcissus, Flower, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '24

ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE—Tombs; Across the
 Sea, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 A Portent, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 The Awakening, *Parnassus*, Mar., '24
 Out of the Past, *Interludes*, Apr., '24
 Answer; Unto Caesar, *Interludes*, Jul., '24
 Dust Bound, *Am. Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Cheer, *Bard.*, Autumn, '23
 Christmasing, *Bard*, Winter, '23
 A March Idyl; A May Wedding, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 Secrets, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
 Tombs; Across The Deep, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Singing Hills; Dawn and Dusk; The Call
 Of May, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 Elemental; Sea Born; On The Sands,
Scroll, Jul., '24
 Lifted Gates, *Phila. Eve. B.*, Aug., '23
 Christmas Carols, *Phila. Eve. B.*, Dec. 23, '23
 Barberry Red, *Phila. Eve. B.*, Mar., 10, '24
 The Call, *Phila. Eve. B.*, Apr., 8, '24
 Blossom Time, *Phila. Eve. B.*, May 16, '24
 Apopos, *Phila. Eve. B.*, Jun. 30, '24

ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT—An Invocation-
 Christmas, 1923, *Scribner's*, Dec., '23

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON—The Sheaves,
Lit. Rev., Dec. 15, '23
 Not Always, *Dial*, Apr., '24
 As it Looked Then, *Dial*, Feb., '24
 And So It Was, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
 Glass Houses, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '24
 The Laggards, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '24
 Haunted House, *Century*, Dec., '23
 Thomas Hood, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 The Garden Of The Nations,
New Repub., Oct. 31, '23
 En Passant, *Lit. Rev.*, Jul. 19, '24
 Reunion, *The Nation*, Nov. 7, '23
 New England, *New Repub.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Maya, *New Repub.*, Dec. 26, '23

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON (*Continued*)

- Karma, *New Repub.*, Dec. 26, '23
 Why He Was There, *New Repub.*, Jul. 2, '24
 "If the Lord Would Make Windows in
 Heaven," *New Repub.*, May 21, '23
 ROBINSON, E. JEWEL—God's Day, *C. S. Jour.*, Feb., '24
 ROCHE, LORETTA—Image, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Absence, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Return, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Memorandum, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 Murmuring, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 Moment, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 ROE, ROBERT J.—Egoist, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '23
 Mutation, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 "Much Against My Heart;" I Smell The
 Wind; Black Waters; Parade; Poetry;
 Clear Eyes, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 ROEDIGER, JANET MARFERDING—Night Light,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 ROESNER, OSCAR H.—A Thousand Years From
 Now, *Wand.*, Sep., '23
 ROLLINS, LEIGHTON—Vigil, *Heacock's*, Jul., '24
 Daughters of My Fears, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 Dark, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS—Open Sesame,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 ROOT, E. MERRILL—Love's Sadness, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 The Panther Soul, *Wand.*, Apr., '24
 Modern Man; Prisoners; "Co' Boss";
 Pessimists; Birth, *Measure*, Mar., '24
 To a Successful Hen, *Measure*, May, '24
 Stubborn; Monkeys, *Measure*, Jul., '24
 RORTY, JAMES—A Birth, *The Nation*, Nov. 14, '23
 Rachel, *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
 A Change of Weather, *Hue-Cry*, Jul. 19, '24
 The Four Cows, *Measure*, Jul., '24
 Nocturne, *Century*, Jun., '24
 ROSELLE, MERCIER MONTGOMERY—Back to the Old
 Gods, *Munsey's*, Aug. 1, '23
 I Journeyed in a Valley, *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 6, '23
 From Out of the Air, *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 13, '23
 I, Too, Have Dwelt, *Sun*, Aug. 14, '23
 August Days on the Sound, *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 15, '23
 Savannah River, *N. Y. Times*, Aug. 26, '23
 Richesse, *Sun*, Sep. 1, '23
 At the End of Summer, *N. Y. Times*, Sep. 4, '23
 Ghost of a Rose, *Sun*, Sep. 4, '23
 The Rosetta Stone, *N. Y. Tribune*, Sep. 7, '23
 The Woman I Am, *Sun*, Sep. 7, '23
 A Traveler, *N. Y. Herald*, Sep. 10, '23
 The First Grandchild, *Sun*, Sep. 11, '23
 Two Words, *Sun*, Sep. 11, '23
 How Will It Be With You, Manhattan?
N. Y. Times, Sep. 12, '23

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- A Squall on the Sound, *N. Y. Times*, Sep. 15, '23
 The Same Old World, *Ar.-All St.*, Sep. 15, '23
 The Spirit of Transportation,
Ar.-All St., Sep. 22, '23
 The Stowaway, *Hearst's*, Oct. 1, '23
 Invocation (Horace), *Munsey's* Oct. 1, '23
 The Ship of State (Horace) *Sun*, Oct. 2, '23
 My Words Are Like Slow Ships,
N. Y. Times, Oct. 6, '23
 A Modern Poet to Horace, *N. Y. Herald*, Oct. 7, '23
 Woman Wisdom, *Sun*, Oct. 11, '23
 Things, *N. Y. Times*, Oct. 16, '23
 The Flights of Pegasus, *Sun*, Oct. 18, '23
 Dawn, *Sun*, Oct. 23, '23
 The Supplicant, *N. Y. Herald*, Oct. 21, '23
 Horace Invokes the Muse (Horace), *Sun*, Oct. 26, '23
 Sometimes They Say No Flowers, *Sun*, Oct. 27, '23
 From Life, *N. Y. Times*, Nov. 3, '23
 Taxes, *Sun*, Nov. 6, '23
 They Who Return, *N. Y. Times*, Nov. 8, '23
 A Sonnet from the Subway, *Sun*, Nov. 9, '23
 Prescience, *N. Y. Times*, Nov. 10, '23
 Lest Jealous Gods, *Sun*, Nov. 14, '23
 Expatriate, *N. Y. Times*, Nov. 15, '23
 The Minstrel's Tears, *Sun*, Nov. 19, '23
 When Sudden Pan (Horace) *Sun*, Nov. 24, '23
 There Are Tears in Mortal Things,
N. Y. Times Nov. 25, '23
 Thanksgiving, *N. Y. Times*, Nov. 29, '23
 The Adventurer, *Ar.-All St.*, Nov. 17, '23
 Friends, *C. S. Mon.*, Dec. 1, '23
 At the Portal, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 2, '23
 A Mother Speaks, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 9, '23
 The Moderns. . . and Pan, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 13, '23
 Upon a Night, *C. S. Mon.*, Dec. 24, '23
 Woman Pride, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 26, '23
 The Thinker, *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 28, '23
 Experience, *Ainslee's*, Jan. 1, '24
 Winter By the Sound, *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 12, '24
 The Pathfinder *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 17, '24
 January 19, 1924, *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 19, '24
 Night in New York, *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 26, '24
 Woodrow Wilson, *N. Y. World*, Feb. 6, '24
 In St. Paul's Churchyard, *N. Y. Times* Feb. 9, '24
 His Wife. . . To Atlas, *N. Y. Times*, Feb. 9, '24
 The Ticket Seller, *Sun*, Feb. 20, '24
 Te Morituri Salutamus, *N. Y. Times*, Feb. 24, '24
 An Epitaph, *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 6, '24
 Grandmother Knows, *Sun*, Mar. 6, '24
 In Southern Waters, *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 16, '24
 Every Man, *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 22, '24
 On Receiving My Friends Book, *Sun*, Mar. 26, '24

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- Scotty, a Character Sketch, *C. S. Mon.*, Mar. 27, '24
 The Prisoner, *Munsey's*, Apr. 1, '24
 According to French Lesson Books, *Sun*, Apr. 2, '24
 Of Sonnets Written in the Modern Manner,
N. Y. Times, Apr. 6, '24
 Aftermath, *N. Y. Times*, Apr. 12, '24
 Ghosts of Broadway, *Ar.-All St.*, Apr. 19, '24
 Retaliation, *Fun Shop*, May 7, '24
 Hills, *N. Y. Times*, May 8, '24
 When Spring Comes Up the Shenandoah,
N. Y. Times, May 13, '24
 A Business Woman, *Sun*, May 15, '24
 The President Passes, *N. Y. Times*, May 21, '24
 Counsel, *Sun*, May 22, '24
 At the Poetry Society, *N. Y. Times*, Jun. 1, '24
 The Gods Laugh, *N. Y. Times*, Jun. 8, '24
 Ministrant, *Sun*, Jun. 12, '24
 Comparisons, *N. Y. Times*, Jun. 16, '24
 Harvest, *Sun*, Jun. 19, '24
 Before Eve, *N. Y. Times*, Jun. 21, '24
 To an Oriental Poppy, *N. Y. Times*, Jun. 25, '24
 The Minstrels Pass, *Munsey's*, Jul. 1, '24
 I Do Not Know, *Con. Verse*, Jul. 1, '24
 Ingenerate, *N. Y. Times*, Jul. 6, '24
 Women Will Know, *Sun*, Jul. 8, '24
 To You, *Sun*, Jul. 11, '24
 Dawn at Shippan, *N. Y. Times*, Jul. 14, '24
 To A Stained Glass Saint, *N. Y. Times*, Jul. 20, '24
 A Thought in Church, *Sun*, Jul. 22, '24
 A Veteran Forswears War (Horace)
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- ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN—Day Piece, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Broken Lines, *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Night Talk, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
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 Precedent, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Psalm, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 America. . .Giant, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Conversation, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 Hill Souls (For H. V.) *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
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- ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN (*Continued*)
 White Horse, *Step Lad.*, Dec., '23
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- ROSENTHAL, ALBERT A.—Alabama, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Pattern, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 Willard Jo Jackson, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
 Oskeola George, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
 Tenth Avenue, North, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
- ROSS, GERTRUDE ROBINSON—A Very Young Per-
 son's Song, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 Prayer To Valentine, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 Song for Barbara Blomberg, *Overland*, May, '24
- ROSS, MARGARET WHEELER—The Days, *McClure's*, Mar., '24
- ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA—Uphill,
Granite M., Sep., '23
- ROTHROCK, BEATRICE R.—Query, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- ROUVEYROLL, AURANIA—My Hearts A Rift Of
 Song, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- ROYCE, ELIZABETH S.—Give Us Flaming Lives,
Cont., Dec. 13, '23
- RUNBECK, MARGIE-LEE—Apology,
 Emptiness, *Lyric*, Apr., '24
 Deep Sea Sonnet, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Records, *Em. Quar.*, Jan., '24
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- RURNER, L. LUCILE—Song of the Young Wolves,
Wand., Mar., '24
- RUSS, PENELOPE—Grass Song, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 Two Paths, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Before Passion, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 Knighthood, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jul., '24
- RUSSELL, D. K.—The Prisoner, *Yale Lit.*, Nov., '23
 Spring Mood, *Yale Lit.*, Mar., '24
- RUSSELL, FRANCES THERESA—Vignette,
Univ. of Calif. Chron., Jul., '24
- RUSSELL, SIDNEY KING—Alms, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 The Enigma; Mists.
 Legend, *Lyric West*, May, '24
- RUTHENBURG, GRACE—Poems, *De Pauw*, Dec., '23
- RUTHRAUFF, SAIDEE GERARD—Wan Water,
Lyric West, Oct., '23
 There's a Sound of Singing, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
- RUTHRAUFF, HENRY FITZGERALD—She Wants Such
 Simple Gifts, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD—Arrivals, *So. Lit. Mag.*, Aug., '23
- RUTTS, NORMAN—Sack of Nineveh, *Guild Pnr.*, Sep., '23
- RYAN, KATHRYN WHITE—Despair, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Peace, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Woolworth Tower, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Surrender, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Empress Eugenie, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
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Earthen Urn,

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SABEL, MARX G.—The Forest; The Far End; The

Thought; The Silent Dweller, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24

SADLER, AELDRYN,—The Pensioners of Beauty,

Poetry, Feb., '24

SALBADOR, AVA FISHER,—The Anesthetic,

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SALLEY, RUTH E.—Why?

Argosy, Jun. 21, '24

SALLS, RUPERT COLVIN,—The Valley, *Pioneer*, Sep., '23

SAMUELS, S. H.—Hereafter,

Gld. Pnr., Sep., '23

SANBORN, ALTA C.—Salvation,

L'Alouette, May, '24

SANDBURG, CARL—

Flat Waters of the West in Kansas, *Dial*, Jul., '24

Spring Cries, *Century*, Apr., '24

Bitter Summer Thoughts. . . No. 3,

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Monkey of Stars,

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Man and Dog on an Early Winter Morn-

ing,

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Moist Moon People,

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Frog Spring Songs,

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St. Joe: The Big Muddy: Jesse James,

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Understandings in Bule,

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She Opens the Barn Door Every Morning,

New Repub., Jan. 9, '24

Carriers,

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October Paint,

New Repub., Jan. 9, '24

Waters Meeting,

New Repub., Jan. 9, '24

Moon Hammock,

New Repub., Dec. 5, '23

Let Them Ask Your Pardon, *New Repub.*, Dec. 5, '23

Joke Gold,

New Repub., Dec. 5, '23

Without Notice Beforehand, *New Repub.*, Dec. 5, '23

SANDELIN, CHARLES C.—"Be still, and know,"

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SANDERSON, BETTY—Conceived in Darkness; Son-

net To—

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Caprice; Youth's Motly; Wisdom; That

Which Might Have Been,

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SANDOZ, PAUL—Two Sonnets: Attic Nights; Im-

peceability,

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- SANTMYER, HELEN—To the Egyptian Lady Sen-
nuwy, *Scribner's*, Nov., '23
- SAPIR, EDWARD—This Age, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
Promise of Summer, *Double D.*, Jul., '24
- SARETT, LEW—To a Wild Goose Over Decoys
Atlantic Sep., '23
- Indian Love Song, *No. Am. Rev.*, Aug., '23
- SARGENT JR., SAMUEL M.—The Quest, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
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- SATER, ELSYE TASH—Loneliness, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
- SAUL, GEORGE BRANDON—The Poet, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
Dust Wandering; The Vision of Death;
Daybreak; Ending, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
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Hell Roll Starless, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
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- Fragment, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
Love Song, *New Repub.*, Jan. 30, '24
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- SAUL, HENRY—Feeling, *Poetry*, Dec., '23
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- SAUNDERS, LOIS FAY—The Circuit Rider, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- SAUNDERS, WHITELAW—Cargoyles of Notre Dame,
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Red Tulips, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
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- SAVERESY, MARIE MONTABE—Freedom; Desire,
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- SCAIFE, C. M. O.—Dolores in Spain,
- SCHARR, BARBARA A.—Heard in the Rockies:
Amid the Lights; My Jewels; East and
West; In the West; Wake! Oh, Wake
Ye!; Song of the Lazy Lake, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
Winter, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
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- SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—The New Continent,
Em. Quar., Mar., '24

- SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN (*Continued*)
 Before the Great Adventure; Music in
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- SCHAYER, ISADORE—The Weaver, *So. Lit. Mag.*, Aug., '23
- SCHEFFAUER, ETHEL TALBOT—The Warners,
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- SCHEINBAUM, SAMUEL—Loneliness, *Parnassus*, No. 1
 I Met a Man Beneath a Moon, *Parnassus*, No. 4
- SCHIMBERG, ALBERT P.—My Mother's Picture
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- SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR—History, *Mdn. Rev.*, Jan.-Apr., '24
- SCHOONMAKER, EDWIN DAVIES—The Undertow,
Hue-Cry, Jul. 5, '24
 The Quarrel, *Hue-Cry*, Jul. 19, '24
 The Window, *Hue-Cry*, Jul. 5, '24
 On Dying Young, *Hue-Cry*, Jun. 21, '24
- SCHUTZE, LENORE C.—May, *L. A. Sat. Nt.*, May 10, '24
- SCHUTZE, MARTIN—Wild Geranium, *Hue-Cry*, Jun. 21, '24
- SCHWARTZ, IDA D.—Tokens, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
 Melody Before Rain, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
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 Thought, *Nomad*, Spring, '24
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- SCOLLARD, CLINTON—Mirage, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 The Winds of the Sierras, *Overland*, July, '24
 I Know From Dreams, *Scribners*, Nov., '23
 The Cypresses of Monterey, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- SCRIMGER, EDNA BAKER—Lilacs, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
- SEAL, LYNAS CLYDE—Spirit of Christmas,
Am. Poetry, Dec., '23
- SEAMAN, HELEN—L'Homme Machine,
Christian C., Mar. 27, '24
- SECCOMBE, ANNMARY—Who Puts Pride, *Measure*, Jun., '24
- SEGEWICK, KATHERINE—Words, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
- SEIBEL, MAY—Healing, *C. S. Jour.*, Nov., '23
- SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN—She Once Thought
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 Three Sonnets Concerning the Knowledge
 of Good and Evil: The New Eden; The
 Horse-Leech's Daughter; Youth Visits
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- SELVA, DE LA SALOMON—Love in Mexico,
Palms, Midsummer, '23
- SEMAY, DYOLL—Sesame, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
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- SEMPEL, JANE—Gone, *Pioneer*, Sep., '23
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- SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE—Dedication, *Step Ladder*, Apr., '24
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- SHARP, CLARENCE—The Spirit of Poetry, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 The Apples Do It; Waited For, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 The Enemy, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 The Blue of the Snow, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
- SHAW, ALICE JACQUELINE—Our Petition, *C. S. Jour.*, Sep., '23
 The Mount of Vision, *C. S. Jour.*, Oct., '23
- SHAW, DOROTHY STOTT—Mountain Passion, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- SHAW, FRANCES—Autumn Road-Song, *Poetry*, Oct., '23
- SHAW, RALPH G.—Wealth, *B. Trans.*, Feb. 6, '24
- SHEAD, FLOSSIE FAITH—To the Little Babe in a
 Manger Lay, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Sunset, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
- SHEAP, HARRIET—My Au Revoir, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- SHELTON, THOMAS RUSSELL—Gifts, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Crusaders, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
- SHERMAN, ELLEN BURNS—The Great Imagist; Or
 Nature-World-Laureate, *Lyric West*, May, '24
- SHERRY, LAURA—Morning in the Hills, *Wave*, Mar., '24
- SHIELDS, HELEN—Rain; Happiness, *DePauw*, Dec., '23
 The Fat Old Star and the Winky Moon,
DePauw, May, '24
- SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.—Cynic, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
- SHIPMAN, CLARE—The Figurehead Speaks,
Freeman, Oct. 3, '23
 In the Light of Christmas Candles,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
- SHIPP, E. RICHARD—Dreamland, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 Crossing the Desert, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 Today the Cowboys Ride; As Night Comes,
Lar., Nov., '23
- The Nation Mourns Its Chief,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- True Harmony; The Abandoned House,
Lyric West, Sep., '23
- The Abandoned Mine, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 Viking, *Am. Poetry*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- SHULER, ESTA BROOKE—Envy, *Circle*, Mar., '24
- SIEGRIST, MARY—The Trees of the Silvermine,
N. Y. Times, Sep. 9, '23
 Evening on the Hills at Newburgh,
N. Y. Times, Aug., '23
 While Song Enthrall'd, *McClure's*, Jun., '24

- SIGMUND, JAY G.—Squaw Winter, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 A Plowman Sings, *Bard*, Apr., '24
 Kingdom for Horses, *Revr.*, Oct., '23
 July, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 Marsh Road, *Wand.*, Aug., '23
 Forecast, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 SILVAY, CHALLISS—Road's End, *Wand.*, Oct., '23
 Book Shop Impressions, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Words; Shadows, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 SIMMONS, LAURA—Bartimaeus, *Ch. Cent.*, Jul. 3, '24
 SIMMONS, MONA JOSEPH—Sweet Peas, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 SIMPSON, MABEL—Vision, *Dial*, Mar., '24
 SIPLE, JESSIE ALLEN—The Picture; Jus' Right,
Bard, Spring, '24
 SKEEN, RUTH LOOMIS—In the Cathedral at Santa
 Fe, *Step Lad.*, Oct., '23
 SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY—Swiya's Songs
 Beside Running Water, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 SLOVIN, S. L.—The Birth of Light,
Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '24
 SMALL, FLORENCE S.—April, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '24
 SMITH, BESS FOSTER—Dream Child, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 SMITH, CHARD POWERS—Adirondack Evening; Fly-
 ing Thistles, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '23
 SMITH, CHARLES PAYNE—Come Play With Me,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 SMITH, CLARK ASHTON—The Song of Aviol,
Lyric West, Mar., '24
 The Refugee of Beauty, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 We Shall Meet, *Wand.*, May, '24
 Don Juan Sings, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 The Fugitive, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 Plum-Flowers, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24
 Alienage, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
 SMITH, EDITH LIVINGSTON—Love's Secret Path,
Argosy, Jun. 21, '24
 SMITH, HARRIET—The Ghost, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
 SMITH, HARRIETTE G.—The Siren, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 Little Love of Mine, *Scroll*, Nov., '23
 The Mist, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 The Dreamer, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 SMITH, JOHN F.—The Spirit of Music,
Am. Poetry, Aug-Sep., '23
 SMITH, LEWIS WORTHINGTON—On a Woman With
 a Lover, *Scribner's*, Feb., '24
 SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY—May, the Artist,
Lyric West, May, '24
 The Doorway, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '24
 The Silence of the Pines, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 The Hermes of Praxiteles, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
 The Fantasies, *Outlook*, Sep. 5, '23
 The Lyrics, *Outlook*, Sep. 5, '23
 The Passing of the Song, *Step Lad.*, Sep., '23

- SMITH, MARY E.—Whom? *Circle*, Mar., '24
 SMITH, NINNA MAY—Her Son, *Outlook*, Dec. 19, '23
 SMITH, NORA ARCHIBALD—Dusk and Solitude, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 SMITH, PHOEBE—Sumach, *Step Lad.*, May, '24
 SMITH, ROY CHURCHILL—Thrills, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 SMITH, SARAH BIXBY—Bypath, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 My Coyote, *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 SNOW, ROYALL—The Ruined Abbey, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 SNOW, WILBERT—Advice to a Clam-Digger, *Nation*, Feb. 27, '24
 Zeb Kinney on Professors, *Century*, Feb., '24
 Impressions, *The Nation*, Dec. 26, '23
 Morning World, *Forum*, May, '24
 Concarneau, *Forum*, May, '24
 Youth, *Measure*, Mar., '24
 SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE—Chansons, *Little R.*, Autumn-Winter, '23-'24
 SNUBBERS, GABRIEL—Two Poem Tones: Rose Pet-
 als; New Moon, *Step Lad.*, Sep., '23
 SOUTHERN, LOU—Adventure Calls, *Am. Poetry*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 SPAULDING, EDITH B.—Thyri of Westra, *Step Lad.*, Mar., '24
 SPENCER, EVELYN—Across the World, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE—Atonement, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 Aspen Moods—Colorado, *Am. Poetry*, Oct., '23
 De Soto; Wild Cat Ledge, (Arizona), *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 (Colorado), *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
 To Walt Whitman, *Forum*, Jun., '24
 Faust, *Forum*, Mar., '24
 Mesa Verde—A. D. 1000, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Apache Wife—Arizona, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Continental Divide, *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 25, '23
 SPENCER, NELLIE GRAY—How? *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 25, '23
 SPERO, ANNA KALFUS—The Rustle in the House, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 In My Dreams, *Wand.*, May, '24
 SPERRY, TILLA BARBARA—The Waves Lullaby, *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 SPEYER, LEONORA—The Story As I Understand It, *Century*, Apr., '24
 Third Floor Landing, *Bookman*, Mar., '24
 Paganini's Violins, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Italian Quatrains: Naples; Palazzo; Hair-
 dressing; Lemon Trees; Olive Trees;
 Sabbath Morning; Rome; Under the
 Dome of St. Peter's; Statue of St.
 Peter, *F'man*, Dec. 5, '23
 SPRINGER, NANNIE NEAL—Page From a Diary; *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 Contrast, *Gld. Pnr.*, Sep., '23
 SQUIER, EDYTHE—Thwarted, *Lyric*, Jul., '24
 SQUIRE, J. C.—The Lover's Lute,

- STAIT, VIRGINIA—Broken, *Century*, May, '24
 Rhythm, *Am. Poetry*, May-Jun., '24
 Time to Go, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 STANARD, EVERETT EARL—Riches, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 STANDISH, MARIAN EDDY—Lullaby, *Det. Sat. N.*, Dec. 8, '23
 STANLEY, IRENE—Void, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 STANNARD, EVERETT EARLE—And You, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 STARBUCK, VICTOR—Song for a Youth, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 The Clock, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '24
 STARK, ELSIE MARIE—Sonnet, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
 STARRETT, VINCENT—Death Watch, *Nation*, Aug. 1, '23
 Windows, *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
 Kyrie Eleison, *Mag'at*, Sep., '23
 STEELE, FREDERICK M.—Prayer; Life; Sunset; A
 Thought For Every Day, *N. Canaan Ad.*, Jul., 24, '24
 STEISS, A. J.—The Poet Dying, *Mag'at*, Oct., '23
 The Blind Poet, *Mag'at*, Sep., '23
 STEPHENS, JAMES—The Ghost, (to Osborn Bergin),
 New Rep., Aug. 1, '23
 STEPHENSON, DAISY D.—Good Tenants,
 Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 STERLING, GEORGE—To Charles Warren Stoddard,
 Lyric West, Apr., '24
 Wet Beaches, *Scribners*, Nov., '23
 The Midway Peace, *Alls Well*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 A Critic, *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
 The Street, *Step Lad.*, Jun., '24
 From the Valley, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 To Wordsworth, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 The Unconditioned, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 High Noon, *Step Lad.*, Feb., '24
 The Young Witch, *Century*, Aug., '23
 Vigil, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 The Daughters of Disillusion, *Wand.*, Aug., '23
 STERRETT, EDNA—My Mother, *L. A. Sat. Nt.*, May 10, '24
 STEVENS, A. BORDEN—The Choice, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Love's Crown, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24
 Revelation, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
 Sacrosanct, *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
 STEVENS, MARGARET TALBOTT—Sorrow,
 Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
 STEVENS, WALLACE—Sea Surface Full of Clouds,
 Dial, Jul., '24
 STEVENSON, ALEC BROCK—Swamp Moon, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 Urbaine on the Planetarium, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
 STEWART, S. D.—Now I Would Tell You the
 Things Untellable, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 STEWART, WINIFRED GRAY—Staccato, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 Chromo, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 Chimney Smoke, *Overland*, Mar., '24
 Hummingbird, *Wand.*, May, '24
 The Dancer, *Wand.*, Mar., '24

STEWART, WINIFRED GRAY (*Continued*)

- Convalescence, *Overland*, Jul., '24
 The Baby, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 Patterns; Notes on Trees For a Windy
 Night, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
 Interlude, *Wand.*, Sep., '23
 STILES, ROBERTA L.—Fortified, *L'Alouette*, May, '24
 Autumn; Opportunity, *Scroll*, Oct., '23
 On the Road to Town; Delirium, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
 Come; Neighbors, *Scroll*, May, '24
 STILLMAN, MILDRED W.—Frost, *C. Bard*, Oct., '23
 The Music Room, *J. L. Bulle.*, Oct., '23
 To A Critic, *Bard*, Winter, '23-'24
 Evangeline, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 May, *Bard*, Spring, '24
 STOCKTON, ROSCOE K.—Moon-Dawn,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
 STODDARD, YETTA KAY—You Shall Sail,
Lyric West, Feb., '24
 STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—The Stupendous Flower,
Step Lad., Jan., '24
 Were I a Lark, *Freeman*, Feb. 13, '24
 On the Jewish Cemetery in Prague,
Freeman, Feb. 6, '24
 The Rose and God, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Because I Love, *Lyric*, Mar., '24
 Autumnal Ecstasy, *Forum*, Oct., '23
 The Meeting of Christ and Pan, *Forum*, Apr., '24
 Motion Sketch, *Minaret*, May-Jun., '24
 To Whom It May Concern, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 After That Hour, *Minaret*, Nov.-Dec., '23
 To One Who Has Suffered, *Measure*, Dec., '23
 Fungi, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '23
 To Rodin, *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '23-'24
 STORM, JULIA—Up, Up and Away,
L. A. Sat. Nt., May 10, '24
 STORM, MARIAN—Vain Counsel, *New Rep.*, Jul. 23, '24
 Spring in Orizaba, *New Rep.*, May 7, '24
 STOWELL, ROBERT H.—Slave of Song, *Wand.*, Jan., '24
 The Gypsy Voice; The Last Faun, *Wand.*, Nov., '23
 STRANDBERG, BETTY—Desert Spring, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
 STRATTON, PORTER GENE—Three Poems: The
 Heart of the World; Oh Lord—Lady;
 Ox-Heart Cherries, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '23
 STROBEL, MARION—In the Tropics, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Tropical Pool, *Poetry*, May, '24
 The Tragic Few, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Story-Teller, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Penitent Wife, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Growth, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Portrait of a Friend, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Pretty Penny, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Two Liars, *Poetry*, May, '24

- STROBEL, MARION (*Continued*)
 Story of a Life, *Bookman*, Oct., '23
 STRODE, MURIEL—Confidence, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 STRYKER, CARRIE W.—When Spring Appears,
L. A. Sat. Nt., May 10, '24
 STUART, HENRY LONGAN—Requiescit, *Freeman*, Jan. 30, '24
 The Faint Heart, *Freeman*, Dec. 12, '23
 STURGES, LUCY H.—Cho-Cho-San, *Lyric West*, Mar., '24
 Afterglow, *Wave*, Mar., '24
 Kingfisher, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 STURGILL, VERGIL LEON—Spring on the Plains,
Lar., Mar., '24
 I Have Known, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 SUMNER, CHARLES G.—Reclaimer, *Lar.*, Oct., '23
 Ho, Ho, Hum, *Lar.*, Aug., '23
 Sun and Shade, *Lar.*, Sep., '23
 SWAIN, Y. F.—Eternal, *Wand.*, Jul., '24
 Lady to Church, *Wand.*, Feb., '24
 Renunciation, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 Carmel Mission; Moon of Carmel; In-
 version; Helen, *Wand.*, Dec., '23
 SWARTZ, ELSA E.—To a Deserted House, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 SWARTZ, ROBERTA TEALE—The Hawthorne Tree,
Poetry, Aug., '23
 The Other Voice, *Bookman*, Sep., '23
 SWERIG, VIVIAN—Muted, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 SWETT, MARGERY—Play Me a Little Moon,
Gld. Pnr., Sep., '23
 In a Doorway, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 SWIGERT, MINERVA FLORENCE—The Bee and the
 Butterfly, *Scroll*, Aug., '23
 The Three Arts, *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '24
 SWINDELLS, LUCY DERRICK—The Wedding Day,
Circle, Jul.-Aug., '24
 TS'UEI HAO—Passing Through Hua-Yin,
Ch. Cent., Jun. 19, '24
 TS'UEI T'U (translated by Witter Bynner and
 Kiang Kang-hu), On New Year's Eve,
Ch. Cent., Jun. 19, '24
 TANAQUIL, PAUL—She Reasons,
Cont. V., Mar., '24
 Pour Elle, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 Moon, *Nomad*, Autumn, '23
 TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Woodsman,
Nation, Oct. 24, '23
 Elegy in Dialogue, *Measure*, Mar., '24
 One and the Many, *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
 Premonition In A Mist; Old Unhappy
 Women, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Outer Circle, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 Only the Frost, *Lit. Rev.*, Dec. 8, '23
 Hard Girl, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, '23
 Imminent Doom, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, '23
 Old Unhappy Woman, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24

- TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE (*Continued*)
 A Parable of Paradise, *The Nation*, Feb. 20, '24
 Flags Flying, *Bookman*, Feb., '24
 Supper Silence, *Bookman*, Jul., '24
- TAGUE, HARRELL N.—When All Earth Has Sunk
 Away, *Yale Lit.*, Nov., '23
 The Gay White Ships of Hope, *Yale Lit.*, May, '24
- TANDY, JENNETTE—I Wish,
 Machines, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Planting, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Sunday Afternoon, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- TATE, ALLEN—The Wedding; First Epilogue to
 Oenia; Prayer for an Old Man, *Fugitive*, Dec., '23
 Touselled, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 Lityerses, *Lyric*, Jun., '24
 Poem for My Father, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- TAYLOR, ELETHA MAE—Winter, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Our Suburb; Twilight, I Think of You,
Am. Poetry, Mar.-Apr., '24
- TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER—Respite, *Voices*, May-Jun., '24
 Two Women, *Measure*, Jun., '24
 He Speaks, *Circle*, Aug., '23
Voices, May-Jun., '24
- TEASDALE, SARA—To Eleanora Duse, on first see-
 ing her picture, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
 Tired, *Century*, Jan., '24
 The Beloved; Land's End; Absence; "I
 Shall Not Go Back;" The Hour,
Scribner's, Dec., '23
 "She Who Could Bind You," *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 I Could Snatch a Day, *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 On the South Downs, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 In Flight, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Epitaph, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 A December Day, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Autumn Dusk, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
 Arcturus in Autumn, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Foreknown, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Never Again, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Frost, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
- TERRY, EDITH—California Sunset,
L. A. Sat. Nt., May 10, '24
- THAXTER, CELIA—The Sparrows In Norway,
Dumb Animals, Dec., '23
- THAYER, MARY DIXON—The Brush; At Dawn,
Cont. V., Jan., '24
 A Knight of the Grail, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
- THEW, VIVIENNE—Seasons, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- THOMAS, ANDREW WALTER—Laughing Pansies,
Interludes, Apr.-Jun., '24
- THOMAS, ELIZABETH H.—Autumn, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
- THOMAS, MARGARET LORING—Fog, *Voices*, Jul.-Aug., '23

- THOMAS, E. H.—Smilin' Nell, *Lar.*, Mar., '24
 THOMAS, ELISABETH—In December, *Measure*, Jan., '23
 Shore, *Measure*, Nov., '23
 THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING—To a Serious Lady,
N. Y. Sun, Winter, '23
 An Old Man Gives His Order,
N. Y. Sun, Jan.-Feb., '24
 Blind Man's Bluff, *Holland's*, Feb., '24
 THOMPSON, BASIL—Lines Written On the Fly
 Leaf On an Old Book, *Bookman*, Oct., '23
 Prudence, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Prudence, *Measure*, May, '24
 Coda, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Dubious Beneficence of the Great Winds,
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '24
 Souvenir, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Timothy Spied a Goblin, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Two in a Mad House, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Metaphysician, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 In the Tent Hence, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Six Cravens and a Seventh, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Rebuke to the Certain, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 The Swamp Spirit, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Gaelic Boon, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 The Lorn Knight; A Ballad of Kept Faith,
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '24
 Stored Against Ennui, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Variation on an Old Theme, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 The First Son of My Mother, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Armament, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 John Doe and the Ghost of Solomon,
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '24
 Caprice, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Albert Perkins, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Gewgaw, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
 Rhyme of the Straight and Narrow,
Bookman, Jul., '24
 Live Oak and Lion, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 Spent Rockets, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
 Searcher of the Skies, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 Now That You Have Slipt Away, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '24
 The Visionary, *Forum*, Mar., '24
 Rhyme of the Struck Lad, *Century*, Dec., '23
 Barataria Way, *The Nation*, Apr. 9, '24
 Rhyme of Reasoning, *New Rep.*, Dec. 26, '23
 Poetaster, *The Nation*, Oct. 10, '23
 THOMPSON, KATHRYN—Poems, *De Pauw*, Mar., '24
 THOMPSON, LLOYD S.—Nocturne, *Gently Bro.*, Mar., '24
 THORE, KATHARINE PARKER—The Mohawk Trail,
Poetry, Nov., '23
 THORNTON, L. M.—The Change, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK—When Night Comes,
Am. Poetry, May-Jun., '24

- THURSTON, CHARLOTTE W.—The Living Presence,
Lyric West, Sep., '23
 The Vanished Presence, *Lyric West*, Nov., '23
 Unsettled—Probably Fair, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- TJETTJENS, EUNICE—To a Picture of the Tired
 Siegmund, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- TILDEN, ETHEL ARNOLD—For Elizabeth: On Her
 Eighteenth Birthday, *The Woman Citizen*, Jul. 12, '24
 In Bluebell Time, *Gd. Hskpg.*, Jun., '24
 Essence, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
- TOOGOOD, GRANVILLE—The Gypsy Dreams,
Cont. V., Jun., '24
- TOWLE, EUGENIA—The River, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
 Neighbors, *Lar.*, Feb., '24
- TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON—Wisdom, *Scribner's*, May, '24
- TOWNE, MARY EMMA—Colorado Calls,
Am. Poetry, Oct.-Nov., '23
- TOWNSEND, ESTIL ALEXANDER—War Heartless,
Scroll, Aug., '23
 Measurement; Hoping; Would 'Twere a
 Dream, *Scroll*, Jun., '24
 Goddardized, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
 Goddardized; Pretty Maid, *Scroll*, May, '24
 Mary Lee, *Scroll*, Feb., '24
- TOWNSEND, FLORENCE HARTMAN—The Call, *Lar.*, Dec., '23
 The Desert Dweller, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 A Plea, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 Spring Memories, *Lar.*, Apr., '24
- TOWNSEND, GEORGINA S.—His Will, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
- TOWNSED, MILDRED—Evening, *Scroll*, Apr., '24
 My Doll, *Scroll*, Jul., '24
 Yellow Breast, *Scroll*, Mar., '24
- TRACTMAN, JUDITH—Be at Peace, *Measure*, May, '24
- TRENT, LUCIA—Suggested by an Old Guitar,
L'Alouette, May, '24
 Martha, *Am. Poetry*, Jan.-Feb., '24
- TRAPNELL, EDNA VALENTINE—There's No Turning
 Back When You're Weary, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
- TRAVER, OLIVE YOUNG—Youth Has Not Flown,
Lyric West, Dec., '23
- TRIGG, EMMA GRAY—A Pretty Woman, *Revr.*, Oct., '23
- TWOMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—Rio Grande Valley,
Poetry, Oct., '23
 Outlaws, *Parnassus*, No. 2, '23
 Orion, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
- TROTH, JOHN T.—Little Rivers, *Parnassus*, No. 3
 TROY, WILLIAM—Aria for a Flute, *Yale Lit.*, Nov., '23
 Roads, *Yale Lit.*, Dec., '23
 Prophecy, *Yale Lit.*, Jan., '24
 The Wind That Passes, *Yale Lit.*, Feb., '24
 After Actium, *Yale Lit.*, Mar., '24

- TRUEBLOOD, PAUL GRAHAM—Autumn, *Lar.*, Nov., '23
 TRUSLER, HARRY R.—Miracles, *Am. Poetry*, Dec., '23
 TU FU—(Trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu), A View of T'ai-Shan, *Freeman*, Aug. 15, '23
 TULL, JEWELL BOTHWELL—Seven Ages, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE—A Prayer for Crip-
 pled Men, *Lyric West*, Oct., '23
 Philosophy, *Lyric*, Sep., '23
 Four Poems: There Is No Song; Wind in
 the Night; Red Tulips; The Flame
 Eternal, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '23
 The Rider; Lilies, *Gypsy*, No. 2
 The Char-Woman, *Lyric West*, May, '24
 If I Must Remember, *Revr.*, Jul., '24
 Lost Youth, *Revr.*, Jan., '24
 Let Me Go Back, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
 Old April, *Lyric*, May, '24
 TUOMEY, HONORIA—An Old Style Valentine, *Overland*, Feb., '24
 TURBYFILL, MARK—Charm, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Phantasy, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Weather Caprice, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Velocity, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Subject and Object, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 TURNBULL, BELLE—Song for Female Voices;
 Mountain Mad, *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
 Colorado Easter, *Lyric West*, Apr., '24
 Mountain Road, *Measure*, Feb., '24
 Wet Mountain Valley (August), *Am. Poetry*, Oct.-Nov., '23
 The Gallant Warrior, *Lyric West*, May., '24
 One Man, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Man Ponders His Problem, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Incident of the Hawk-Watch, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 To a Mountain Meadow, *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Momentary Respite, *Overland*, Apr., '24
 At the Concert, *Parnassus*, No. 4
 TURNER, ALVA N.—The Philosopher, *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 TURNER, ETHEL—Extravaganza; Aquamarine,
 Wand., Sep., '23
 The Dark, *Lyric West*, Feb., '24
 Of Rupert Brooke, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Lagoon, *Wand.*, Jun., '24
 Emily Bronte, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 After Rain, *Wand.*, Mar., '24
 TURNER, L. LUCILE—Their Voices Could Be Heard,
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Poetry Prize Contests and the Awards and Winners

*August 1, 1923, to July 31, 1924

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Pulitzer Prize.....	\$1000.00	New Hampshire	Robert Frost
The Dial Prize.....	2000.00		Van Wyck Brooks
Poetry Society of South Carolina:			
The Blindman Prize.....	250.00	Fata Morgana	Joseph Auslander
Honorable Mention.....		Tract on Living.....	Hazel Hall
The Southern Prize.....	100.00	The Nordic Gesture.....	Elizabeth Malcolm Durham
Honorable Mention.....		John Everyman	Archibald Rutledge
		Tapers	Donald Culross Peattie
		Spoken at a Castle Gate.....	Donald Davidson
The Society Prize.....	25.00	Homeward Song	Olive Tilford Dargan
Honorable Mention.....		One Way of Lovers.....	Elizabeth Warren Jones
The Caroline Sinkler Prize..	25.00		
Divided.....		One Prays at Venus Shrine.....	Katherine Faust
		To An Old Doorway.....	Elizabeth Warren Jones
The Harman Prize.....	25.00	I Wonder	Lillie Hall
Honorable Mention.....		His Mother	Margaret Dowling
		The Love Tiff.....	Anne Earle

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Skylark Prize.....	10.00	Vers Libre	Selma Wacker
Honorable Mention.....	Realization	Mary Vaughan Powers
			Selby Fechtig
			Sara May
			Lillie Hall
The Ellen M. Carroll Prizes..	10.00	Sonnet to a Daffodil.....	Elizabeth Porcher
Honorable Mention.....	5.00	God's Great Out-Of-Doors.....	Dorothy Dooding
	Just a Touch of You.....	Marie Arms
	The Loom of God.....	Thelma Blanton
The Forum Prize.....	Sonnet	Harriott K. Manigault
The Nation Prize.....	100.00Jezebel	Scudder Middleton
Second Prize	50.00A Parable of Paradise.....	Genevieve Taggard
Honorable MentionAdvise to Clam Diggers.....	Wilbert Snow
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Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Prizes:			
The Helen Haire Levinson			
Prize	200.00	Avenel Gray.....	Edwin Arlington Robinson
Anonymous Prize	100.00The Fifth-floor Window.....	Lola Ridge
Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick.	100.00Poems	H. Stuart
Honorable MentionThe Miller's Youngest Daughter	Grace Fallow Norton
	Poems	Wade Oliver
	Thetis	H. D.
	Here and There.....	Malcolm Cowley
	Three Poems	Muriel Stuart
	Saint Matthew.....	D. H. Lawrence
	Seven Sad Sonnets.....	Mary Aldis

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
...	Novelle	...	Aline Kilmer
...	In That Dim Monument Where	...	Arthur Davison Ficke
...	Tybolt Lies	...	Hazel Hall
...	Walkers	...	Elfrida De Renne Barrow
...	Loose Leaves	...	Florence Kiper Frank
...	Women	...	Jessica Nelson North
...	A Young Boy	...	Benjamin Rosenbaum
...	He	...	Louise Ayers Garnett
...	Open Casements	...	Pearl Andelson
...	Worker in Marble	...	Miriam Allen de Ford
...	Traveler's Ditty	...	Abbie Huston Evans
...	Breton Song	...	Janet Lewis
...	The Indians in the Woods	...	Baker Brownell
...	Soil	...	
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Contemporary Verse Prizes:	...	Wildcat Lodge	Lillian White Spencer
The Harriet M. Durham Prize			
Best Sonnet Italian form			
Contemporary Verse Best			
Work (Divided)			
First Prizes—\$40 each....			Roy Helton
			Mary Carmack McDougal
			Benjamin Rosenbaum
			George Brandon Saul
			Clement Wood
			MacKnight Black
Second Prize—\$20 each..			

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Honorable Mention			Lucia Clark Markham Lydia Morris Mary Dixon Thayer Margaret Widdemer Josephine Johnson Marjorie Meeker Helen Frazee-Bower Leah Rachel Yoffie Edna Valentine Trapnell
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The Lyric Prizes:			
The Old Donation Prize.....	\$50.00	My Mother Was a Dancer.....	Vivian Yeiser Larramore
Honorable MentionFragment	William Alexander Percy
		...Philosophy	Virginia Lyne Tunstall
The Kennitz Prize.....	50.00	...Over One Dying	George Brandon Saul
Honorable MentionPortrait	Robert S. Hillyer
		...Silhouette	Abbie Farwell Brown
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The Fugitive.....		A Song of Death.....	Rose Henderson
Nashville Prize (Divided) ..	100.00	Berceuse For Birds.....	Joseph Auslander
Ward-Belmont Prize.....	50.00	Chart Showing Rain, Winds, Isothermal Lines and Ocean Currents	Louise Patterson Guyol
		...Do Not Say Our Love Can Be ..	Robert Swartz Teale
Second Place.....		...Interment	Margaret Skavian

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Order of Bookfellows:			
Mary McKibben Harper.....	25.00....	March Pipes	Lucile Kendrick
Honorable Mention			Julia Boynton Green
			Lucia Clark Markham
			Margery Sweet
			Margaret DeLaughter
The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize:			
Poetry Society of America...	100.00....	In the Range Country.....	Maurice Lesemann
University of California.....			
	Seeking for Carcassonne.....	Joy and Claire Gerbaulet
The Stratford Monthly.....			
Quarterly Prize poem.....	100.00....	The Halt in the Garden.....	Robert Hillyer
The Catholic Writers' Guild.....			
	Cedars	Gertrude Callaghan

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Alfred A. Knopf
- Second Anthology of Verse Writers and Club of South-
ern California*. Harr Wagner Publishing Co.
- Atkin, Randolph H. *Ballads of a Beachcomber*.
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- Code, Grant Hyde. *Volume One.* Published by the Author
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- Columbia Verse.* An Anthology of Verse published in Undergraduate Magazine of Columbia University from 1897-1924. Selected by Cargill Sprietsma with a Preface by John Erskine. Columbia University Press
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- Canby, Henry Seidel—A Poet Scientist, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 2, '24
- H. G. Lawrence ("Kangaroo," by D. H. Lawrence; "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers," the same, *Lit. R.*, Nov. 17, '23
- Catel, Jean—Amy Lowell, *Lit. R.* Jul. 26, '24
- Coblentz, Stanton A.—Moonlight and Music (David Morton), *Lit. R.*, Jul. 19, '24
- Colum, Padraic—Robert Frost's New Book (New Hampshire, a Poem with Notes and Grace Notes, by Robert Frost), *Measure*, Jan., '24
- Portrait of a Dublin Poet, *Lit. R.*, Nov. 10, '23
- Conant, Isabel Fiske—Poems of a Dryad (F. S. Davis' "The Ancient Beautiful Things"), *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- Cooper, Belle—The Passing of Alice Meynell, *Per'st*, Apr., '24
- Contemporary American Poetry—Bookman Literary Club Service, *Bookman*, Aug., '23
- Cowley, Malcolm—Paul Fort, *Bookman*, Nov., '23
- Phantassus ("Contemporary German Poetry," Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Dial*, Aug., '23
- Properties ("The Hundred and One Harlequins," by Sacheverell Sitwell), *Dial*, Aug., '23
- Davidson, Gustav—Windmills and Mandolutes (A. Kreymborg's "Less Lonely"), *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- Dawson, Mitchell—Three Victorians (Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessey selected and edited by William Alexander Percy. A Selection from the Poems of Michael Field), *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- Mr. Lawrence's Zodiās (Birds, Beasts and Flowers", by D. H. Lawrence) *Poetry*, Feb., '24
- deFord, Miriam Allen—A Poet in Prison (Bars and Shadows by Ralph Chaplin), *The Nation*, Aug., '23

- Dell, Floyd—Two American Poets: A Study in Possibilities, *The Nation*, Apr., '24
- Desmond, Shaw—Dunsany, Yeats, and Shaw: Trinity of Magic, *Bookman*, Nov., '23
- Donelson, John—Poetic Harvests (David Morton; Helen Hoyt; Dorothy Dow; Louis Montross; Elizabeth J. Coatsworth), *Bookman*, Jul., '24
- Douglas, A. Donald—Body of This Death, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
- Drake, William A.—A Note of Robert Blair, *F'man*, Feb. 6, '24
- Dudley, Dorothy—The Acid Test (New Hampshire by Robert Frost) *Poetry*, Mar., '24
- Wires and Cross-Wires (Roman Bartholow by Edwin Arlington Robinson), *Poetry*, May, '24
- Eliot, T. S.—Marianne Moore, ("Poems" by Marianne Moore), ("Marriage" by Marianne Moore), *Dial*, Dec., '23
- Ende, Amelia V.—French Poetry, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 26, '24
- Erskine, John—The New Poetry, *Outlook*, Feb. 20, '24
- Fletcher, John Gould—American Poetry, *Lit. Rev.*, Jun. 22, '24
- Fletcher, John Gould—Minor Poetry, *F'man*, Mar. 5, '24'
- Mirthful Verses, *F'man*, Aug. 1, '23
- Out Where the West Begins (George Sterling, Joaquin Miller), *F'man*, Aug. 15, '23
- The Question of Environment (R. Frost) *F'man*, Feb. 27, '24
- The Revival of Aestheticism ("Harmonium" by Wallace Stevens, "The Pilgrimage of Festus" by Conrad Aiken. "Less Lonely" by Alfred Keymborg. "Charlatan" by Louise Grudin. "Cups of Illusion" by Henry Bellman, *F'man*, Dec. 19, '23
- Safe and Sane Romanticism (Lindsay), *F'man*, Sep. 12, '23
- Sentiment and Anti-Sentiment (E. E. Cummings, Edna St. Vincent Millay), *F'man*, Jan. 30, '24
- Seven Poets (Conrad Aiken, Saint Barbara, John Masefield, Harold Monro, Louis Untermeyer, Muriel Strode, Elinor Wyle) *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '24
- Ficke, Arthur Davison—Translating the Untranslatable, (Japanese Poetry, 'An Historical Essay with Two Hundred and Thirty Translations by Curtis Hidden Page). (The Temple and Other Poems, Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley), *Dial*, May, '24
- Firkins, O. W.—Seeing Shelley Plain, *Lit. Rev.*, Jul. 12, '24
- Fisher, Mahlon L.—A Twelvemonth of (Verse) Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923

- and Year Book of American Poetry—
Braithwaite), *The Galleon*, Apr., '24
- Flanigan, Mary Leedy—"Windows of Gold", by
Edwin Leibfreed. "Trail of Spring",
by Eugene M. Konecky. "The Elves of
Mount Fern", by Katharine Creighton,
Am. Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '23
- Garrett, Claude G.—Marjorie Pickthall,
Personalist, Jan., '24
- Gay, H. Nelson—"Mio Byron" and a Fair-Haired
Romagnola, *N. Y. Times B. R.*, Apr. 13, '24
- Geddes, Virgil — The Frailties of Fringe,
("Fringe" by Pearl Andelson),
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- A Lyrical Travesty, ("The Sardonic
Arm", by Maxwell Bodenheimer), *Poetry*, Feb., '24
- Strained Metaphor, (L. Grudin's "Char-
latan"), *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- Gerould, Gordon Hall—Matthew Arnold's Com-
plete Works, *Bookman*, Jun., '24
- Gidlow, Elsa—Magic, ("April Twilights", by
W. Cather, "Songs of Unrest" by B. L.
Kenyon), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- Gorman, Herbert S.—A Crop of Spring Verse,
(Robinson; Arthur Davison Ficke; Joseph
Auslander; William Alexander Percy;
Mary Caroline Davies) *Bookman*, Jun., '24
- Goliath Beats His Poetic Breast, Whilst
Critics Gape (E. E. Cummings, D. H.
Lawrence, R. L. Wolff, W. P. Ker),
N. Y. Times B. R., Dec. 9, '23
- Life and Letters of a Gentle New England
Poet, (Emily Dickinson),
N. Y. Times B. R., Apr. 13, '24
- Poetic Standards (H. W. Davies; Louise
Bogan; John Cournos; Lizette Wood-
worth Reese), *Bookman*, Feb., '24
- Roast Leviathan (L. Untermeyer)
New Rep., Aug. 15, '23
- Grandgent, C. H.—Leopardi Translated, (The
Poems of Leopardi by Geoffrey L. Bicker-
steth), *The Nation*, Aug., '23
- Graves, Robert—Mr. Hardy and the Pleated Skirt,
(Collected Poems), *New Rep.*, Mar. 12, '24
- Green, Hattie Cora—Magazines of Poetry in the
Class Room, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- Gregory, Alyse—Mrs. Scott's Escapade, (Escap-
ade, by Evelyn Scott), *Dial*, Dec., '23
- Guthrie, John—The First Australian Poet (J. B.
Trinick), *Galleon*, Apr., '24
- Hall, Carolyn—"Words As They Chanceably Fall
From The Mouth", *The Measure*, Dec., '24

- Hammond, Louise Strong—Interpreting a Master,
 ("The Works of Li Po" done into English
 Verse by Shigeyoshi Obata), *Poetry*, Sep., '23
- Hill, Frank Ernest—Why We Don't Read Poetry,
New Rep., Dec. 5, '23
- Hillman, Carolyn—Hill Venture, (B. Rosenbaum's
 "Hill Solitudes"), *Voices*, Mar-Apr., '24
- Hillyer, Robert—An Interesting Brochure,
 Hillyer, Robert—An Interesting Brochure (Vol-
 ume one by Grant Code). Miss Reese's
 New Lyrics, (L. W. Reese's "Wild
 Cherry"), *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- A New Study of Shakespeare, (J. Q.
 Adam) *F'man*, Aug. 1, '23
- Father Tabb, *F'man*, Nov. 7, '23
- Inspired Classicism, ("Poems", by George
 Santayana), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- Solitude in Literature, *F'man*, Nov. 21, '23
- Holden, Raymond—The Word of Music, (Harmon-
 nium, by Wallace Stevens) *The Measure*, Mar., '24
- Holm, John—William Wordsworth, *F'man*, Sep. 26, '23
- Hughes, Glenn—Japanese Poetry, *New Rep.*, Apr. 9, '24
- Sunrise Trumpets, (Joseph Auslander),
New Rep., Jul. 16, '24
- Humphries, Rolfe—A Retouched Portrait, (The
 Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. By
 Martha Dickinson Bianchi),
The Measure, May, '24
- Good Colts, (E. E. Cummings "Tulips and
 Chimneys", R. L. Wolf,
 "After Delusion", *Voices*, Mar-Apr., '24
- The Poet in Secret, *The Measure*, Mar., '24
- Hutchison, Percy A.—Pegasus Galloping Over
 American Ranges, (Second Contempo-
 rary Verse Anthology),
N. Y. Times B. R., Sep. 16, '23
- Tennyson's Psychology,
N. Y. Times B. R., Sep. 2, '23
- Hyde, Fillmore—Miss Bogan's Poems, ("Body
 of This Death", by Louise Bogan),
Lit. Rev., Nov. 17, '23
- Jaffray, Norman R.—As Young as Sophocles: A
 Consideration of William Johnson Cory,
Yale Lit., Jun., '24
- Jennings, Leslie Nelson—Minus The Morbidezza,
 ("The Tide Comes In" by Clement Wood.
 "The Dancer In The Shrine" by A. B. Hall),
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- Jewett, Kennon—Of Radishes and Flowers, ("Har-
 monium" by Wallace Stevens),
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23

- Jones, Howard Mumford—The Byron Centenary,
Yale Rev., Jul., '24
- Jones, Llewellyn—Llewellyn Jones, *The Nation*, Apr., '24
- Josephson, Matthew—The Prophetic Blake,
Lit. Rev., Jul. 26, '24
- Kaiser, George—The Energetics of Poetry,
Dbl. Dlr., Jan., '24
- Kenyon, Bernice L.—Lyric Romance and Reality,
 (Charles Divine; George Brandon Saul;
 Robert L. Wolf) *Bookman*, Mar., '24
- Kreymborg, Alfred—A Poet and His Audience,
New Rep., Dec. 5, '23
- Lee, Muna—A Portugese Poet, (Sonnets and
 Poems by Anthero de Quental) *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- Bilac and Ronsard, (Diadems and Fagots
 trans. from Portugese of Olavo Bilac
 by John Meed; from French of Pierre
 de Ronsard by Yvor Winters) *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- Bronze of Syracuse, (Poems by George
 Santayana), *Poetry*, Mar., '24
- Le Gallienne, Richard—Lord Byron, 1824-1924,
N. Y. Times B. R., Apr. 13, '24
- Lesemann, Maurice—The Passing Aristocracy,
 ("Poems" by W. S. Blunt), *Poetry*, Sep., '23
- Leslie, Shane—The Penumbra of Bryon,
Lit. Rev., Jun. 28, '24
- Lindsay, Vachel—The New Poetry,
The Christian Century, Apr., '24
- Walt Whitman, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
- Linn, James Weber—Melodious Stream, (Lind-
 say's Collected Poems),
New Rep., Aug. 8, '23
- Littell, Robert—A Bad Mistake, (Poems. K.
 Mansfield), *New Rep.*, Feb. 6, '23
- Inland From the Sea, ("Selected Poems"
 by John Masefield), *New Rep.*, Aug. 29, '23
- Long, Haniel—A Book of Love, ("A Book of Love",
 translated from the French of Charles
 Vildrac by W. Bynner), *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- An Extended Footnote, ("The Poetic Mind",
 by F. C. Prescott, Prof. of English Cornell
 University), *Poetry*, Sep., '23
- Lovecraft, Howard P.—("Ebony and Crystal" by
 Clark Ashton Smith), *L'Alouette*, Jan., '24
- Loveman, Samuel—Interlude, *L'Alouette*, Mar., '24
- Lovett, Robert Morss—The Sorrows of Shelley,
 (Andre Maurois), *New Rep.*, Aug. 1, '23
- Tennyson Rescued, (Nicolson's study),
New Rep., Sep. 5, '23
- Lowell, Amy—Two Generations in American
 Poetry, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23

- Manly, John M.—A Life of Shakespeare, (by Joseph Quincy Adame), *New Rep.*, Sep. 26, '23
- Martin, Dorothy—Thomas Hardy's Lyrics, *F'man*, Jan. 30, '24
- Thomas Hardy's Lyrics II, *F'man*, Feb. 6, '24
- Matthews, Brander—The Elizabethan Stage, *Outlook*, Jun. 4, '24
- Maynard, Theodore—Coventry Patmore, (1823-1896), *F'man*, Sep. 19, '23
- The Intuitions of Mr. Chesterton, *F'man*, Oct. 31, '23
- The Poems of Father Hopkins, *F'man*, Oct. 24, '23
- Poetry and Pessimism, *F'man*, Oct. 3, '23
- Monroe, Harriet—Too Generous, ("Lute and Furrow", by Olive Tilford Dragan), *Poetry*, Feb., '24
- H. M.—Decorative Ironies, (Charlatan by Louis Grudin),
- Familiar Glamours, (King of the Black Isles by J. U. Nicholson),
- Gleams in the Thread, (On a Grey Thread by Elsa Gidlow), *Poetry*, May, '24
- Poets the Self-Revealers,
- Flare and Blare, (Tulips and Chimneys by E. E. Cummings),
- Two Novel-Poems, (Down the River by Roscoe W. Brink; The Life and Death of Mrs. Tidmus, an Epic of Insignificance by Wilfrid Blair), *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- A Gay Voice, (A Gate of Cedar by Katharine Morse), *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- Modern Ballads, ("Bitter Herbs," by C. A. Dawson-Scott), *Poetry*, Oct., '23
- Byron, Driftwood, ("The Tide Comes In," by Clement Wood), Three Foreign Anthologies, *Poetry*, Apr., '24
- A Cavalier of Beauty, (Harmonium by Wallace Stevens), Faint Perfume, (Wild Cherry by Lizette Woodworth Reese), Mar., '24
- Edgar Lee Masters; Hazel Hall; Pebbles (Granite and Alabaster by Raymond Holden); Helen Hoyt's Love-Cycle (Apples Here in My Basket by Helen Hoyt), *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- A Flute-Player, (Voyage by Harold Vinal), *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- A Beautiful Book, ("Autumn Midnight," by Frances Crawford), *Poetry*, Feb., '24
- Sea Country, ("Maine Coast," by Wilbert Snow), *Poetry*, Oct., '23

- Lute and Furrow by Olive Tilford Dargan,
Poetry, Feb., '24
 The Editor in France, *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Guide to the Moon, (Lunar Baedeker by
 Mina Loy), *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 Puck in the Boulevards, (Twenty-five
 Poems by Marsden Hartley), *Poetry*, Nov., '23
 A Baffled Spirit, (Out of Silence and
 Other Poems by Arthur Davison Ficke),
 A Prize-Winner's Book, (We Have Kept the
 Faith by H. Stuart), *Poetry*, Jun., '24
 Vachel Lindsay, *Poetry*, May, '24
 Moore, Marianne—An Eagle in the Ring, ("Col-
 lected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay),
Dial, Aug., '23
 Morris, Lloyd—Mr. Colum's Later Poems,
F'man, Aug. 8, '23
 Morton, David—Poems Collected and Selected,
 Masefield; Lindsay; Sterling; Elinor;
 Wylie; Willa; Cather; Bernice Lesbia
 Kenyon; Amanda Benjamin Hall),
Bookman, Sep., '24
 Morton, David—Wild Cherry by Lizette Wood-
 worth Reese, *Outlook*, Mar. 12, '24
 From Whitman to Sandburg, *Outlook*, Apr. 30, '24
 The Poet of the New Hampshire Hills,
 (Robert Frost), *Outlook*, Dec. 19, '24
 Towards Parnassus, *Outlook*, Jun. 25, '24
 Muir, Edwin—A Note on Friedrich Holderlin,
F'man, Aug. 1, '23
 The Problem of Mr. Sitwell, *F'man*, Aug. 22, '23
 The Art of Love, "A Book of Love," by
 Charles Vildrac, (Translated by Witter
 Bynner *Freeman* Nov. 14, '24
 The Only Georgian, (W. H. Davies),
F'man, Feb., '24
 Sehnsucht in German Poetry, *F'man*, Oct., '23
 Poetry is Becoming, (D. H. Lawrence),
F'man, Jan. 2, '24
 The Meaning of Romanticism, *F'man*, Dec. 26, '23
 The Meaning of Romanticism II, *F'man*, Jan. 9, '24
 The Meaning of Romanticism III,
F'man, Jan. 16, '24
 Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *F'man*, Oct. 24, '23
 Mumford, Lewis—Poe and an American Myth,
Lit. Rev., Apr. 5, '24
 Munson, Gorham B.—Harvard Poets,
New Rep., Oct. 3, '23
 Poe The Critic, *Lit. Rev.*, Jul. 5, '24
 MacLeish, Archibald—Black Armour,
New Rep., Dec. 5, '23
 McClure, John—The Intellectual Muse,
Dbl. Dlr., Nov., '23

- McCord, David—Two Volumes, ("Because of Beauty," by A. Morgan, "The Great Dream" by M. Wilkinson), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
In the Lighter Vein (A. Guiterman's "The Light Guitar"), *Voices*, Dec.-Jan., '24
- McCormick, Virginia Taylor—Meredith's Philosophy of Joy, *Per'st*, Jul., '24
- McKillop, Alan D.—The Power of Byron, *New Rep.*, Apr. 16, '24
- Neilson, William Allan—Shakespeare (A Life of William Shakespeare, by Joseph Quincy Adams), *The Nation*, Sep., '23
- Nicholl, Louise Townsend—In Respect to Female Poets, *Bookman*, Sep., '23
Lawrence Into Wolf (Birds, Beasts and Flowers! by D. H. Lawrence), *The Measure*, Jan., '24
- Norris, William A.—The Chemistry of Words, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
- Nott, G. William—Walt Whitman in New Orleans, *Rev.*, Apr., '24
- Oppenheim, James—Free Verse is Dying Out, *Rev.*, Apr., '24
- Parrott, T. M.—Shakespeare Texts, *Lit. Rev.*, Dec. 22, '23
- Parsons, Mable Holmes—Poets, Major and Minor, *The Spectator*, Apr. 26, '24
The Poet Passes and Still Lives (Hazel Hall), *The Spectator*, May 17, '24
- Parton, Ethel—Emily Dickinson, *Outlook*, Apr. 22, '24
- Pearson, Edmund Lester—An American Poet (Louise Imogen Guiney), *Outlook*, Jan. 9, '24
Ballads and Verses Vain, *Outlook*, Aug. 8, '24
(Emily Dickinson; Hilaire Belloc), *Outlook*, Jul. 23, '24
- Percy, William Alexander—"The Hundred and one Harlequins," by Sacheverell Sitwell, *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- Pierce, Frederick Erastus—Byron and This Century, *Lit. Rev.*, Apr. 26, '24
New Light on a Dark Career ("Lord Byron's Correspondence," edited by John Murray), *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '23
- Powys, Llewellyn—A Laureate in Love (Wordsworth), *F'man*, Sep. 12, '23
A New Study of Tennyson, *F'man*, Oct. 3, '23
William Dunbar, *F'man*, Aug. 8, '23
Matthew Prior, *Dial*, Aug., '23
The Art of Thomas Hardy, *F'man*, Nov. 21, '23
The Thirteenth Way, *Dial*, Jul., '24
- Putnam, H. Phelps—The Pilgrimage of Festus, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23

- R., J. C.—The Future of Poetry, *Fugitive*, Feb., '24
 The Poet Laureate (Robert Bridges),
Lit. Rev., Mar. 29, '24
- Raymond, Bernard—Chiaroscuro ("Sea Change,"
 by Muna Lee), *Voices*, Oct.-Nov., '23
- Reed, Edward Bliss—Old Ballads, *Lit. Rev.*, Jul. 19, '24
- Roe, Robert—Trailing the Fox ("Fox Footprints,"
 by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth),
Voices, Oct.-Nov., '23
- Roedder, Karsten—Spring Verse ("Songs of a
 Glow-Worm," by Julius Sherwin);
 ("Skylines and Horizons," by DuBose
 Heyward); ("The Lost Flute," by Gert-
 rude L. Joerrisen), *B'klyn Eagle*, Apr. 12, '24
- Rollins, Leighton—Wings and Flame (I. F. Con-
 ant's "Many Wings," E. S. Montgomery
 "Scarlet Runner"), *Voices*, Mar-Apr., '24
- Root, E. Merrill—Clothes vs. Girl, *Measure*, May, '24
- Rosenfeld, Paul—Alfred Kreyborg,
New Rep., Feb. 13, '24
- Runbeck, Margie Lee—Prayers and Bubbles ("A
 Prayer Rug," by J. N. North, "Bubbles
 of Gold," by A. C. Inman), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
- Sapir, Edward—(Mr. Housman's Last Poems
 ("Last Poems," by A. E. Housman),
Dial, Aug., '23
- Seifert, Marjorie Allen—Foreign Food (The Pro-
 phet, by Kahlil Gibran), *Poetry*, Jan., '24
- A Warm Hearted Book ("Streets and
 Shadows," by Mercedes de Acosta),
Poetry, Jan., '24
- The Intellectual Tropics ("Harmonium,"
 by Wallace Stevens), *Poetry*, Dec., '23
- Showerman, Grant—Roman Poetry, *New Rep.*, May 21, '24
- Siegrist, Mary—Poetic Gayety of Robert Graves,
N. Y. Times B. R., Sep. 9, '23
- Verses About the Barbed Wire Country (E.
 F. Piper), *N. Y. Times B. R.*, Feb. 10, '24
- Smith, Lewis Worthington—The Trend in Poetry,
Ch. Cent., Dec., '23
- Snow, Royall—Goat's-Feet and Bohea ("Bucolic
 Comedies," by Edith Silwell), *Poetry* Feb., '24
- John Donne, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Feb.-Mar., '24
- Stanton, Theodore—An American Poet (Francis
 Viele-Griffin), *Lit. Rev.*, Jun. 22, '24
- Stephens, James—Irish Letter, *Dial*, Jun., '24
- Stevens, Walter C.—Celestial Lyrics (Hymn as
 Literature), *Lit. Rev.*, May 24, '24

- Stork, Charles Wharton—Authentic Mood (G. B. Saul's "Cup of Sand"), *Voices*, Mar.-Apr., '24
- Strobel, Marion—Middle-Aged Adolescence (Man-ikin Number Two, by William Carlos Williams), *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- Silver Trumpets (Sunrise Trumpets by Joseph Auslander), *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- That Bothersome Daughter (The Miller's Youngest Daughter, by Grace Fallow Norton), *Poetry*, Jul., '24
- Swett, Margery—College Poetry, *Poetry*, Jun., '24
- Beyond Sight and Hearing (Walkers, by Hazel Hall), *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- Words That Fly Singing ("Sea-Change, by Muna Lee), *Poetry*, Oct., '23
- Overtones (Cups of Illusion, by Henry Bellamann), *Poetry*, Nov., '23
- Symons, Arthur—Rosetti on the Cornish Coast, *Bookman*, Aug., '23
- Taggard, Genevieve—If You Are A Man, *The Measure*, Jul., '24
- The Lo! School in Poetry, *Lit. Rev.*, May 24, '24
- Thompson, Basil—A Word on Francis Thompson, *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '24
- Tietjens, Eunice—Armor of the Spirit ("Black Armor," by Elinor Wylie), *Poetry* Feb., '24
- Apoilogia, *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- Bids for Premature Judgment ("Collected Poems," by Vachel Lindsay. "Selected Poems," by John Masefield. "Selected Poems," by George Sterling), *Poetry*, Sep., '23
- Tietjens, Janet—A Book for Children (Rainbow Gold, Poems Old and New Selected for Boys and Girls, by Sara Teasdale), *Poetry*, Aug., '23
- Titus, Edward W.—A Polish Author (Julvian Tuwim), *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 16, '24
- Tucker, Beverley Randolph—Shakespeare Turned Puritan, *Rev'r*, Jan., '24
- Turner, J. E.—The Place of Thought in Poetry, *Per'st*, Jan., '24
- Untermeyer, Louis—A Golden (10 Karat) Treasury, *Bookman*, Jul., '24
- Robert Frost's "New Hampshire," *Bookman*, Jan., '24
- Strained Intensities (Cummings; Boden-heim; Lawrence), *Bookman*, Apr., '24
- Van Doren, Mark—A Symphony of Sin (The Man Who Died Twice, by Edwin Arlington Robinson), *The Nation*, Apr., '24
- Louise Bogan (Body of This Death, by

- Louise Bogan), *The Nation*, Oct., '23
 Faust Again ("The Pilgrimage of Festus,"
 Conrad Aikin), *The Nation*, Sep. 12, '23
 In the Image of Bigness ("Birds, Beasts
 and Flowers," by D. H. Lawrence),
The Nation, Dec. 5, '23
 Poets and Wits (Harmonium by Wallace
 Stevens; Less Lonely, by Alfred Kreym-
 borg; Whipperginny, by Robert Graves),
The Nation, Oct., '23
 The Hungry Heart (The Harp-Weaver and
 Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Mil-
 lay), *The Nation*, Feb., '24
 The Return of Ovid, *Nation*, Mar. 12, '24
 Van Slyke, Bernice K.—Too Great a Dream ("The
 Great Dream," by Marguerite Wilkin-
 son), *Poetry*, Oct., '23
 Vildrac via Bynner (A Book of Love trans.
 by Witter Bynner from the French of
 Charles Vildrac), *Poetry*, Jul., '24
 Van Male, Jan—The Newest Testament ("Evap-
 oration," by Mark Turbyfill and Samuel
 Putnam), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Waley, Arthur—The Poetry of Li Po,
New Rep., Jan. 16, '24
 Walrond, Eric D.—Negro Poets (R. T. Kerlin),
New Rep., Jun. 4, '24
 Walton, Eda Lou—Navaho Verse Rhythms,
Poetry, Apr., '24
 Wauchope, George A.—("Lute and Furrow," by
 Olive Tilford Dargan), *So. Lit. Mag.*, '23
 Weeks, Raymond—The Poets and Nature,
Scribner's, Sep., '23
 Whipple, T. H.—A Remarkable Poet (E. E.
 Cummings), *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 19, '24
 Robert Frost, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 22, '24
 Widdemer, Margaret—Hammered Fire (E. Wylie's
 "Black Armour"), *Voices*, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Windes, Margaret A.—A Poet of Spiritual Power
 ("Lincoln and Others," by Thomas Cur-
 tis Clark), *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 4, '23
 Winters, Yvor—A Prejudiced Opinion (Fringe,
 by Pearl Andelson), *Poetry*, Jan., '24
 Wolf, Robert L.—Forgive Us Our Debts,
The Measure, Jun., '24
 Impassioned Austerity (Body of This Death,
 by Louise Bogan), *Poetry*, Mar., '24
 On the Right, Ladies and Gentlemen (Tu-
 lips and Chimneys, by E. E. Cummings.
 Seltzer), *The Measure*, Jul., '24
 Wood, Clement—The Sacred Shades (The World's
 Great Religious Poetry, by Caroline

- Miles Hill), *The Nation*, Sep., '23
 Shadowed Lyrics (Hazel Hall's "Walkers",
 L. Untermeyer's "Roast Leviathan"),
Voices, Aug.-Sep., '23
 Woodman, Lawrence C.—Irish Poems,
Lit. Rev., Mar. 22, '24
 A Group of Poets ("Montana Trails," by
 Edna A. Bailey), ("Jesus of the Emer-
 ald," by Gene Stratton Porter), ("The
 Home Road," by Martha H. Clark),
 ("King of The Black Isles," by J. U.
 Nicholson), *Lit. R.*, May 3, '24
 Pungent Fare ("Narratives In Verse," by
 Ruth Comfort Miller), *Lit. R.*, Sep. 1, '23
 Wright, Jean—The Case of Bliss Carman, Poet
 of Nature, *N. Y. Times B. R.*, May 4, '24
 Wylie, Elinor—Jewelled Bindings, *New Rep.*, Dec. 5, '23
 Y., E. G. R.—Bayard Taylor, The Traveller Poet,
C. S. Mon., May 31, '24
 Yeats, William Butler—Four Poems, *Dial*, Jun., '24
 Yost, Casper S.—Concerning Patience Worth,
Step. Lad., Nov., '23
 Zeydel, Edwin H.—Vildrac's Poems ("A Book of
 Love," by Charles Wildrac, translated
 by Witter Bynner, *Lit. R.*, Oct. 20, '23

A Select List of Books about Poets and Poetry

- A Catalogue of Early and Rare Editions of English Poetry. Collected and Presented to Wellesley College by George Herbert Palmer. With Additions from Other Sources.* Houghton Mifflin Co.
- A Daughter of Coventry Patmore. Sister Mary Christina, S. H. C. J. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, with a Foreword by Rt. Rev. Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B.* Longmans, Green & Co.
- Adcock, A. St. John. Gods of the Modern Grubb Street. Impressions of Contemporary Authors.* Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Bacon, Not Shakespeare. Being an Argument show that Francis Bacon, Not William Shakespeare Wrote the Plays and Poems Commonly Attributed to the Latter. By Adam Nutt, with an Introduction by Way of Dis-sent by Eben Francis Thompson.* The Rosemary Press (Printed for members of the Chile Club)
- Bailey, John. The Continuity of Letters.* Oxford University Press
- Baldwin, Charles Sears. Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic. Interpreted from Representative Works.* The Macmillan Co.
- Barnes, Walter. The Children's Poets. Analyses and Appraisals of the Greatest English and American Poets for Children.* The World Book Co.
- Barton, F. R. Edward FitzGerald and Bernard Barton. Letters written by FitzGerald 1839-1856. With a Foreword by Viscount Grey of Fallodon.* G. P. Putnam's Sons
- Benson, Louis F. Studies of Familiar Hymns.* The Westminster Press (Philadelphia)
- Bianchi, Martha Dickinson. The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.* Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Boas, Frederick S. Shakespeare and the Universities. And Other Studies in Elizabethan Drama.* D. Appleton & Co.
- Bonsal, Elizabeth Hubbard. Famous Hymns. With Stories and Pictures.* The Union Press (Philadelphia)
- Boynton, Percy H. Some Contemporary Americans.* University of Chicago Press
- Brandes, Georg. William Shakespeare.* The Macmillan Co.
- Bridge, Sir Frederick. Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas.* E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Brooke, Stopford A. The Poetry of Robert Browning (new edition).* Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

- Buchan, John. *Some Notes on Sir Walter Scott.*
Oxford University Press
- Burt, Emma J. *The Seen and Unseen in Browning.*
D. Appleton & Co.
- Butler, Kathleen T. *A History of French Literature.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Campbell, Olwen Ward. *Shelley and the Unromantics.*
Charles Scribner's Sons
- Chambers, E. K. *The Elizabethan Stage.*
Oxford University Press
- Chew, Samuel C. *Byron in England. His Fame and After-Fame.*
Charles Scribner's Sons
- Clutton-Brock, A. *Shelley. The Man and the Poet (new edition).*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Cody, Sherwin. *Poe—Man, Poet and Creative Thinker.*
Boni & Liveright
- Cowper, A. G. *Italian Folk Tales and Folk Songs.*
University of Chicago Press
- Croce, Benedetto. *Goethe. With an Introduction by Douglas Ainslee.*
Alfred A. Knopf
- Dakers, Andrew. *Robert Burns. His Life and Genius.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Damon, S. Foster. *William Blake. His Philosophy and Symbols.*
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Davidson, John. *Poems (reprint in the Modern Library).*
Boni & Liveright
- Drinkwater, John. *The Outline of Literature. A Plain Story Simply Told.*
G. P. Putnam's Sons
- Victorian Poetry.*
George H. Doran Co.
- Dyboski, Roman. *Modern Polish Literature.*
Oxford University Press
- Fausset, Hugh I'Anson. *Studies in Idealism.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Fogerty, Elsie. *The Speaking of English Verse.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Gardner, Edmund G. *Dante.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Garrod, H. W. *The Profession of Poetry.*
Oxford University Press
- Wordsworth. Lectures and Essays.*
Oxford University Press
- Byron. 1824-1924.*
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- Grey, Right Hon. Viscount. *Wordsworth's "Prelude".*
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- Grandgent, Charles H. *Discourse On Dante.*
Harvard University Press
- Griston, Harris Jay. *Shaking the Dust from Shakespeare. An Authentic Renovation of the Merchant of Venice. With a Preface by Daniel A. Huebach.*
Cosmopolis Press
- Haggard, Andrew C. P. *Victor Hugo. His Work and Love.*
George H. Doran Co.

- Herford, C. H. *Dante and Milton*.
Manchester (Eng.) University Press
- Hughes, J. L. *The Real Robert Burns*.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Ker, William Paton. *The Art of Poetry. Seven Lectures, 1920-1922*.
Oxford University Press
- Kerlin, Robert T. *Negro Poets and Their Poems*.
Associated Publishers, Inc. (Washington, D. C.)
- Lawton, William Cranston. *The Soul of the Anthology*.
Yale University Press
- Liptzin, Solomon. *Shelley in Germany*.
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- Litz, Francis A. *Father Tabb. A Study of His Life and Works, with Uncollected and Unpublished Poems*.
The John Hopkins Press
- Mais, S. P. B. *Some Modern Authors*. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Mathew, Frank. *An Image of Shakespeare*.
Moffat, Yard & Co.
- Men of Letters of the British Isles. Portrait Medallions from the Life. By Theodore Spicer-Simson, with Essays by Stuart P. Sherman and a Preface by G. F. Hill*.
William Edwin Rudge
- Maurois, Andre. *Ariel. The Life of Shelley. Translated by Ella D'Arcy*.
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- Monahan, Michael. *Heinrich Heine. Romance and Tragedy of the Poet's Life. With a Critical Appreciation*.
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- Nicholson, Harold. *Byron. The Last Journey, April, 1823—April, 1924*.
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- Tennyson. Aspects of His Life, Character and Poetry*.
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- Noble, Richmond. *Shakespeare Use of Song. With the Text of the Principal Songs*. Oxford University Press
- Old Songs. In French and English*.
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- Page, Curtis Hidden. *Japanese Poetry. An Historical Essay with Two Hundred and Thirty Translations*.
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- Phelps, William Lyon. *Howells, James, Bryant and Other Essays*.
The Macmillan Co.
- Pym, Dora. *Readings from the Literature of Ancient Rome*.
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- Radford, George. *The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff*.
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- Rose, William. *From Goethe to Byron*.
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- Shepard, Odell. *Bliss Carman: A Study*.
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- Snyder, Edward D. *The Celtic Revival in English Literature*. 1760-1800. Harvard University Press
- Spender, Harold. *Byron and Greece*.
Charles Scribner's Sons
- Stevenson, Burton E. *Famous Single Poems. And Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them*.
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- Symons, Arthur. *Dramatis Personae*.
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- Thomas, Edward J. *Vedic Hymns. Translated from Rigveda. With Introduction and Notes*.
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- Van Doren, Carl. *Many Minds*.
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- Weirick, Bruce. *From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry*.
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- Welby, T. Earle. *A Popular History of English Poetry*.
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- Wells, Henry W. *Poetic Imagery. Illustrated from Elizabethan Literature*.
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- Whitridge, Arnold. *Unpublished Letters of Matthew Arnold*.
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- Williams, Stanley T. *Studies in Victorian Literature*.
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- Wyld, Henry Cecil. *Studies in English Rhymes from Surrey to Pope. A Chapter in the History of English*.
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